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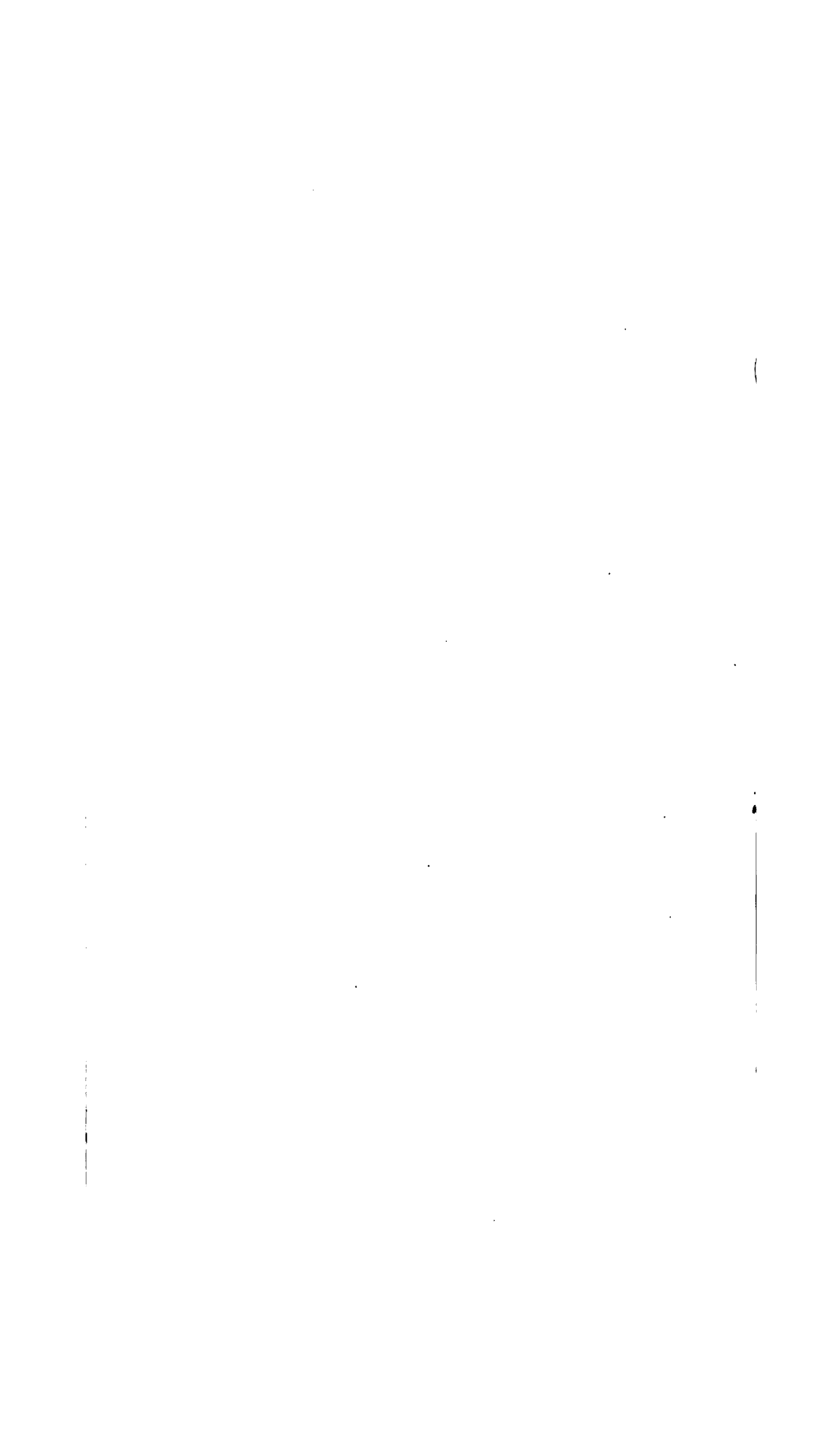
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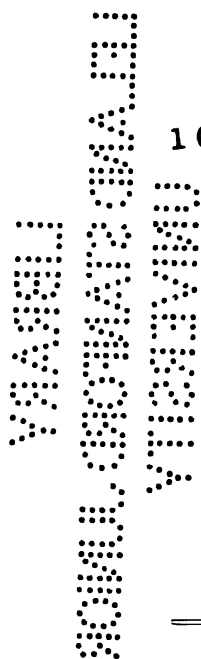
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2. *The History of William Rufus.* By the Same. Oxford.
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THE lamented death of Professor Freeman, in the full vigour of his powers and in the midst of his work as an historian, has deprived English scholarship of a singularly commanding personality, and English literature at large of a writer whose name was often on the lips of men. If the time may not as yet have come for estimating his work as a whole, or appreciating his influence on others, we may at least glance at the practical question which must now present itself for solution. What is the place to be assigned to his works in the teaching of history, and what value are we justified in attaching to his authority and his accuracy as an historian?

The three qualities in the late Professor which deserve unstinted admiration are his industry, his enthusiasm, and his earnestness: and these are qualities which appeal to men, and inspire belief in the work of a writer who so conspicuously displayed them. As to industry, Mr. Freeman's 'literary luggage' is so vast in bulk that its accumulation would seem incredible, were it not that on the one hand, as he frankly admitted, he repeated what he had to say over and over again, and that, on the other, he worked, as an historian, not from manuscripts, but from printed books. Even so, however, his output of work was enormous, and is difficult to reconcile with that patient care and minute painstaking accuracy on which he invariably insisted. On his enthusiasm and his earnestness we need not dwell; he loved history for its own sake, and loved it heart and soul. But

he had 'les défauts de ses qualités.' The enthusiasm which led him, in his own words, to 'praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us,' and which saw in the election of his darling Harold the noblest deed of the English people, led him to weaken by diffuseness the effect of his stirring pictures, and—a more serious matter this—to destroy his sense of proportion. Some of his best work is marred by this over-strain, by exaggeration which leads to a recoil defeating its own object. The high-pitch was chronic. And so with his earnestness. His zeal for 'truth' was sincere and ardent; but it involved a narrowness of mind which it is not easy to realize, and which infected, to a deplorable extent, his whole work. On one side it appears as absolute bigotry: he hated the Turks *tout bonnement* as a 'misbelieving horde;' and he broke the thread of his 'William Rufus' to denounce 'men whose names stain the annals of our own time, . . . the Englishman who sells his soul and his sword to keep down the yoke of the barbarian on the necks of his Christian brethren.' An exquisite parody of Calverley's rises irresistibly to one's mind: 'For I hold the grey barbarian lower than the Christian cad.' On another, it made him, we shall see, a pedant, attaching to words and names the very narrowest meaning, and assigning a greater importance to them than to things as they were. Lastly, it accounted for the bitterness of his attacks on other writers, attacks which his best friends alike admit and deplore. And yet, through it all, he believed that he was fighting for 'truth and righteousness.' Only, to Mr. Freeman, righteousness meant precisely what it meant to Cromwell; namely, what he himself happened to think right.

But what, in the jargon of the day, was his 'message'? He himself might perhaps have replied: 'To proclaim the eternal precept—to the law and to the testimony!' And this he did. But Dr. Stubbs and Mr. Gardiner—to quote the two historians that one would naturally compare with him—have unostentatiously done the same. No one would have been more glad than Mr. Freeman to own that they practised his precepts and taught the importance and the relative value of original authorities. Was, then, his distinctive doctrine the unity of history? If so, we cannot accept as a 'message' that which we firmly hold to be *res litigiosa*. Obviously, such a question can only be discussed at length, but we would enter a *caveat*, in passing, against a dogma which, so far as concerns the Roman Empire, is based on things as they pretended to be, not on things as they really were, and which, speaking more generally, confuses parallel developments with continuous growth, and, like
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the popular misconception of evolutionary doctrine, is opposed diametrically to true science. Or again, it might be held that Mr. Freeman's mission was to teach us that England and Englishmen were unchanged by the Conquest, and that the Normans were not Frenchmen but Teutonic kinsmen in disguise. Yet, while admitting the value of his teaching to this effect, we think it will eventually be found that he unduly minimised the Conquest. On two questions—the persistence of the Witan, and the change in the tenure of land—his views are probably destined to reversal; while a statement so astounding as that, under Rufus, 'a great numerical proportion, most likely a numerical majority,' of the national council 'were natives,' may be left to speak for itself.

It is, therefore, rather on what he accomplished than on what he taught that Mr. Freeman's reputation must rest. He bore his part in a remarkable movement, by no means confined to this country, which almost amounts to writing history anew, to building a fresh edifice from the very foundations. The documentary, not the literary, side of history has been that to which the new school has devoted its efforts. The historian *a reculé pour mieux sauter. Mais sautera-t-il?* Such a movement was akin somewhat to that of the Pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Freeman had all their love of detail; he transcribed rather than idealized; and the normal monotony of his work is destitute of *chiaroscuro*. Again, to adopt another metaphor, it is building, but it is not architecture. Large tracts of the 'Norman Conquest' and of the 'History of William Rufus' are virtually pieced together from the chronicles, cut up and sorted for the purpose. We do not say this in any depreciatory spirit, but only to illustrate Mr. Freeman's method, which enabled him to turn out a great bulk of work, but which gives us, in his volumes, materials for history rather than history itself. The gift of distinguishing the important from the trifling, the essential from the non-essential, was one that was denied to him, with the result that his real points are swamped in a flood of detail. The fact is that, as the French would say, the Professor was at heart a *micrographe*: in analysis rather than in synthesis was his strength; and the points which he selected for criticism in others were usually those of minute detail.

The very general interest inspired by Mr. Freeman's work was made manifest at his death; and the two salient points upon which there was practical agreement were that the 'Norman Conquest,' with its sequel 'William Rufus,' was the work by which he should be judged, and on which his fame would rest; and that whatever defects, literary and artistic, he

possessed, his marvellous accuracy and knowledge of his period were absolutely beyond question. 'No one for a moment,' said a leader writer,—summing up in this the general opinion,—'would care to question his facts or his knowledge.' The belief, indeed, is so notorious, that we scarcely need quote the 'Athenæum' verdict, that 'no man living' knew the eleventh century as he did, or appeal to the prophecy of the 'Saturday Review,' on the 'History of the Norman Conquest,' that 'there is no reason to believe that the labours of any future historian will lessen the reputation for exact scholarship and exhaustive research founded on this great achievement.' Alone that voice of foreign opinion, which, it has been sometimes held, forestalls the verdict of posterity, was heard on the other side, in these words from a French scholar, eminently qualified to judge:—

'Que tout y soit passé à la loupe d'une critique jalouse de la plus minutieuse exactitude, Freeman le croyait peut-être, et il souffrait impatiemment qu'on le contredit; mais le public moins prévenu auquel s'adressent ses grands ouvrages sait qu'il est prudent de revoir après lui les textes qu'il invoque; . . . son érudition, si abondante, n'est pas assez sûre pour qu'on s'y confie, comme à celle de M. Stubbs, par exemple. C'est un grand excitateur d'esprits; mais avec tant de dons éminents, il nous laisse le regret qu'on ne puisse l'appeler un grand historien.'

The question then that we propose to consider is whether the belief in Mr. Freeman's accuracy is as well grounded as it is universal, or whether, after all, it is partly a delusion springing from various causes at which we shall have to glance. In raising the question of Mr. Freeman's accuracy we are actuated by an earnest and profound belief, that the results of our enquiry will greatly surprise not only the public, but scholars themselves. There is, we would submit, a real danger to our national school of history in the widespread and almost superstitious belief in his unimpeachable authority. All that we seek to establish is that students should receive his statements in a more independent spirit, and test them for themselves.

It would be affectation to ignore that Mr. Freeman was distinguished from such writers as Dr. Stubbs and Mr. Gardiner by the extraordinary fierceness of his criticism on others. His 'tender mercies,' as Mr. Oscar Browning has observed in no unkindly spirit, were 'proverbial.' We need only appeal to the recent admission by his friend Precentor Venables, that to those 'destitute of that framework of painstaking accuracy which characterized all his work—"impostors," as he called them—he sometimes manifested an intolerance which was not always kept within

within the bounds of courtesy, and was painful to his victims and distressing to others.' It may, perhaps, have been only accident when the fierceness of his blows was in inverse ratio to the strength of his opponent, but in his violent attack on Sir Bernard Burke he was surely breaking a butterfly on the wheel. He might have taken, for his motto, from Master Wace:—

'Trenchiez quantque trencheir porreiz,
Ja mar rien n'i esparnereiz.'

The standard of historical criticism that he himself set up was stern indeed. One thinks of a Froude, a Pearson, and a Rule smarting beneath his scathing pen:—

'Da ogni bocca dirompea co' denti
Un peccatore a guisa di maciulla;
Sì che tre ne facea così dolenti.'

And yet his own sensitiveness to the slightest criticism was notorious. An ardent encomiast allowed that 'he was of a most irascible disposition, and could not endure either contradiction or correction.' We have reason to know that he broke off for many years his friendship with Pauli in consequence of a review in Sybel's '*Historische Zeitschrift*,' in which that eminent writer ventured to criticize his views. He never laid to heart the sound advice of Horace:—

'Cur in amicorum vitis tam cernis acutum
Quam aut aquila aut serpens Epidaurius? At tibi contra
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus et illi.'

For ourselves, we shall but follow his own principles of criticism, though not we hope ungenerously, and with no object but that of promoting historical truth. We shall neither criticize trifling slips, nor enter into wide and doubtful questions—such, for instance, as the extinction of the Britons—but shall restrict ourselves to matters of fact, selecting, of course, those points on which the Professor was strongest. Fact, after all, is the point at issue; everything turns on Mr. Freeman's accuracy: has he given us in the '*Norman Conquest*' work so final that, as has been said, it 'need never be done again'? To quote his own noble words:—

'Once more, in all these enquiries our one object is truth—truth to be sought after at all hazards, at whatever sacrifice of preconceived opinions. . . . Historical criticism requires us to give up many beliefs to which we are naturally attached, but . . . it gives us, above all things, the one jewel—truth.'

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It may naturally be asked why the question has never been raised before, and whether a belief so widespread as that in Mr. Freeman's authority can possibly be mistaken. But that belief is due to causes which it may be interesting to trace. First, the Conquest was not, like the Reformation or the Civil War, a subject that raised heated feeling, and exposed its historian to criticism. Secondly, the well-known mutual admiration of the leading members of the Oxford School was hostile to any depreciation of Mr. Freeman's achievements. We will not here mention names, but an ardent young Oxford don publicly denounced such criticism as 'attacks which can deceive only the ignorant, and which a moment's examination can confute.' Thirdly, his searching criticism of others, and the high standard he proclaimed and exacted, naturally conveyed an exalted impression of his own accuracy. Fourthly, would-be critics were deterred by the notorious fact that 'when irritated,' to quote Precentor Venables, 'he was at one time too careless of the feelings of others, and inflicted blows which left their traces even on his friends.' Fifthly, accurate or not, he was at least a specialist; and standing as 'the strong man armed,' his special knowledge enabled him to strike effective blows. In spite, however, of all this, he did not escape criticism; but if a critic boldly stood up to him, he was slow to venture on controversy. Within the last year of his life his whole theory of English feudalism was questioned in the 'English Historical Review,' and it is only by an unfortunate accident that our own criticisms have not appeared, as we intended and should have wished, in his lifetime.

In pursuance of the principle we have laid down, we select at the very outset the account in the 'Norman Conquest' of the Battle of Hastings. We do so because it may fairly be described as Mr. Freeman's greatest achievement, the point where he is strongest of all. He himself described it as the 'battle which is the centre of my whole history,' and reminded us that

'on its historic importance I need not dwell; it is the very subject of my history. . . . Looking also at the fight simply as a battle, it is one of the most memorable in all military history.'

That is the first point; the second is that in his battle-pieces our author was always at his best. Essentially a concrete historian, objective as Macaulay in his treatment, he loved incident and action; loved them, indeed, so well, that he could scarcely bring himself to omit the smallest details of a skirmish—

'E ripenso

'E ripenso le mobili
Tende, e i percossi valli,
E 'l campo dei manipoli,
E l'onda dei cavalli.'

Precentor Venables has lately described

'that wonderful discourse, one of his greatest triumphs—in which, with flashing eye and thrilling voice, he made the great fight of Senlac—as he loved to call it, discarding the later name—which changed the fortunes of England and made her what she is, live and move before his hearers.'

Our third point is that his knowledge of the subject was unrivalled. He had visited the battle-field, he tells us, no less than five times, accompanied by the best experts, civil and military, he could find; he had studied every authority, and read all that had been written, till he was absolutely master of every source of information. He had further had executed for him, by officers of the Royal Engineers, an elaborate plan of the battle based on his unwearied studies. Never was historian more splendidly equipped.

Thus was prepared that 'very lucid and quite original account of the battle,' as Mr. G. T. Clark describes it, which we are about to examine; that 'detailed account of the battle' which Mr. Hunt, in his 'Norman Britain,' describes as written 'with a rare combination of critical exactness and epic grandeur.'

But before we approach the great battle, it is necessary to speak plainly of the name which Mr. Freeman gave it, the excruciating name of 'Senlac.' It is necessary, because we have here a perfect type of those changes in nomenclature on which Mr. Freeman insisted, and which always remind us of Macaulay's words:—

'Mr. Mitford piques himself on spelling better than any of his neighbours; and this not only in ancient names, which he mangles in defiance both of custom and of reason. . . . In such cases established usage is considered as law by all writers except Mr. Mitford; . . . but he proceeds on no principle but that of being unlike the rest of the world. Every child has heard of Linnæus; therefore Mr. Mitford calls him Linné. Rousseau is known all over Europe as Jean Jacques; therefore Mr. Mitford bestows on him the strange appellation of John James.'

None of Mr. Freeman's peculiar 'notes' is more familiar than this tendency, and none has given rise to bitterer controversy or more popular amusement. 'Pedantry' was the charge brought against him, and to this charge he was as keenly
sensitive

sensitive as was Browning to that of 'obscurity.' Of both writers it may fairly be said that they evaded rather than met the charge brought against them. The Regius Professor invariably maintained that accuracy, not 'pedantry,' was his true offence. Writing, in the 'Fortnightly Review,' on 'The Study of History,' he set forth his standing defence in these words:—

'I would say, as the first precept, Dare to be accurate. You will be called a pedant for doing so, but dare to be accurate all the same.'

'He who shall venture to distinguish between two English boroughs, between two Hadriatic islands, when the authorized caterer for the public information thinks good to confound them, must be content to bear the terrible name of pedant, even if no worse fate still is in store for him.'

Was, then, our author a mere pedant, or was this the name that ignorance bestowed on knowledge? For an answer to this question, 'Senlac' is a test-case. 'Every child,' in Macaulay's words, had heard of the Battle of Hastings; it was known by that name 'all over Europe' from time immemorial. Unless, therefore, that name was wrong, it was wanton and mischievous to change it; and, even if changed, it was indefensible to substitute the name of Senlac, unless there is proof that the battle was so styled when it was fought.

As to the first of these points, the old name was in no sense wrong. Precisely as the battle of Poitiers was fought some miles from Poitiers, so was it with that of Hastings. Yet we all speak of the battle of Poitiers, although we might substitute the name of Maupertuis more legitimately than that of Senlac. The only plea that Mr. Freeman could advance was that people were led by the old name to imagine that the battle was fought at Hastings itself! Of those who argue in this spirit it was finely said by the late Mr. Kerslake that,

'instead of lifting ignorance to competence by teaching what ought to be known, they cut down what ought to be known to the capacity of those who are deficient of that knowledge. Instead of making them understand the meaning of the ancient and established word "Anglo-Saxon," they disturb the whole world of learning with an almost violent attempt to turn out of use the established word, which has been thoroughly understood for ages.'

The simple answer to Mr. Freeman's contention is, that it is needless to make the change in histories, because those who read them learn that the fight was at Battle; while as to those who do not read histories, it is obvious that such a name as 'Senlac' will in no way lighten their darkness.

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The change, therefore, was uncalled for. But it was not merely uncalled for; it was also absolutely wrong. 'To the battle itself,' Mr. Freeman wrote, 'I restore its true ancient name of Senlac.' In so doing the writer acted in the spirit of those who 'restore' our churches, and who have given that word so evil a sound in the ears of all archæologists, Mr. Freeman himself included. Precisely such a 'restoration' is Mr. Freeman's 'Senlac.' Professing to represent the ancient name of the battle, it is substituted for that name which the battle has borne from the days of the Conqueror to our own. In William of Malmesbury as in Domesday Book we read of 'the battle of Hastings' (*Bellum Hastingense*), and all Mr. Freeman's efforts failed admittedly to discover any record or any writer who spoke of the battle of Senlac (*bellum Senlacium*) save Orderic alone. Now Orderic wrote two generations after the battle was fought; the name he strove to give it fell from his pen still-born, and the fact that this name was a fad of his own is shown by what Mr. Freeman suppressed; namely, that Orderic, in the same breath, tells us that Battle Abbey was founded as 'cœnobium Sanctæ Trinitatis Senlac,' whereas we learn from Mr. Freeman himself that

'the usual title is "ecclesia Sancti Martini de Bello," "ecclesia de Bello," or, as we have seen, in English, "pæt mynster æt pære Bataille." The fuller form, "Abbas Sancti Martini de loco Belli," appears in Domesday, 11b; but it is commonly called in the Survey "ecclesia de Labatailge."'

So much for Orderic's authority. The truth is simply that the site of the battle had no name at all. As our author himself wrote:—

'The spot was then quite unoccupied and untilled; nothing in any of the narratives implies the existence of any village or settlement; our own Chronicle only describes the site as by "the hoar apple-tree" ("He com him tógenes æt pære haran apuldran").'

Consequently, when men wished to speak of the great conflict, they were driven, as in similar cases, to term it the Battle of Hastings, or, if they wished to be more exact, they had to describe it, by periphrasis, as fought on 'the site which is now called Battle.'

Henry of Huntingdon, our author tells us, is guilty, though otherwise well informed, of 'a statement so grotesquely inaccurate as that Harold "aciem suam construxit in *planis* Hastings.'" Why 'grotesque'? It would be strictly accurate to describe a battle, even seven miles from Salisbury, as fought on Salisbury Plain; while as to the word 'plain' his horror of
field-sports

field-sports may have caused Mr. Freeman's ignorance of the fact that another such stretch of Sussex down is known as 'Plumpton Plain.' But the fact is that the whole difficulty arose from that singular narrowness that cramped our author's mind, and that lies at the root, when rightly understood, of his most distinctive tenets. For he was a pedant, after all. And, observe, this 'pedantry' did, in practice, conduce not to true accuracy, but to the very reverse. Paradoxical though this may sound, it is literally true. Let us take a striking instance. In his account of the attack on Dover in 1067 Mr. Freeman argued, 'from the distinct mention of *oppidum* and *oppidani* in Orderic,' that it was not the castle, as supposed, but the town that was attacked. And so convinced was he of this, that he forced his authorities into harmony with his view against their plain meaning. This was because he was not aware that Orderic—'my dear old friend Orderic,' as in one place he terms him—was in the habit of using *oppidum* for castle. He must have afterwards discovered this; for his theory was tacitly and significantly dropped, and the old version substituted, in a subsequent edition. Again, an article on 'City and Borough,' which he contributed to 'Macmillan's Magazine,' was based on the fundamental assumption that *civitas*, in the Norman period, must have had a specialized denotation. The fact that, on the contrary, the same town is spoken of as a *civitas* and as a *burgus*, cuts the ground from under this assumption, and, with it, destroys the whole of its elaborate superstructure. Our author's method, in short, placed him in standing conflict with every authority for his period. Never was 'the sacredness of words' treated as of less account; never, indeed, were words more wantonly changed. What would Mr. Freeman have said had he known that the compilers of that sacrosanct record, Domesday Book itself, revelled in altering the wording of the sworn original returns? Such was the spirit of the men whose language he strove to limit by a terminology as precise as that of modern philosophy.

We may have wandered somewhat from 'Senlac,' but our object was to show that Mr. Freeman misunderstood twelfth-century writers by assigning to them his own peculiarities. It did not in any way follow from their speaking of a 'battle of Hastings' that they 'grotesquely' supposed it to have been fought at the town itself: they allowed themselves an elasticity, both in word and phrase, which was so alien to himself that he could not realize its existence, and therefore accused them of ignorance because their language was different from his. In the same spirit he would never admit that the 'Castellum Warham' of

of Domesday Book was no other than Corfe Castle, although, as Mr. Eyton and Mr. Bond have shown, the fact is certain.

But the *crux* is yet to come. To anyone acquainted with 'Old English' it must instantly occur that 'Senlac' is an impossible English name. Mr. Freeman glided over this by simply ignoring the difficulty, but was he aware that the name in question, as 'Senlecque' (or 'Senlecques'), is actually found—in France? One is reminded of his own criticism on the name 'Duncombe Park':—

'When the lands of Helmsley were made to take the name of Duncombe, a real wrong was done to geography. . . . How came a *combe* in Yorkshire? The thing is a fraud on nomenclature as great as any of the frauds which the first Duncombe, "born to carry parcels and to sweep down a counting-house," contrived to commit on the treasury of the nation.'

How came a French 'Senlac' in 'Old-English' Sussex? The name is as obviously foreign as 'Senlis' itself, and the occurrence, in later days, of 'Santlachæ' as a local field-name, cannot avail against this fact, or prove that this open down, in days before the Conquest, could have borne such a title. Therefore, when Mr. Freeman wrote that the English king 'pitched his camp upon the ever memorable heights of Senlac,' he was guilty, not only of anachronism, but of 'a real wrong to geography;' and, in the name of accuracy, he introduced error.

We have gone thus carefully into this matter because the name has been meekly adopted by every one, from historians to journalists, thereby proving the power of that tendency to fashion and imitation on which, in his 'Physics and Politics,' Mr. Bagehot loved to insist. For our part we make an earnest appeal to all who may write or teach history, to adhere to the 'true ancient name' of the Battle of Hastings, and to reject henceforward an innovation which was uncalled for, misleading, and wrong.

We now pass to Mr. Freeman's account of the battle itself. It occupies in his History more than 300 pages, and we can therefore only find space to criticize the most important part of his narrative. This will be found to consist in his description of the English tactics. Their distinctive peculiarity, we learn from our author, was an entirely novel device introduced, on this occasion, by Harold. Instead of merely forming his troops in the immemorial array known as the shield-wall, he turned 'the battle as far as possible into the likeness of a siege,' by building around them a 'palisade' of solid timber. How large a part this 'palisade' plays in Mr. Freeman's story may be gathered from the fact that it is mentioned twenty-one times in his account of the
great

great battle. This 'fortress of timber,' with its 'wooden walls,' had 'a triple gate of entrance,' and was composed of 'firm barricades of ash and other timber, wattled in so close together that not a crevice could be seen.'

Now this, we shall find, is a matter of such far-reaching importance that it requires to be thoroughly discussed. But what, it may be asked, was the 'shield-wall'? Mr. Freeman describes it, at Stamfordbridge, as 'the bristling ring of the Northmen, the fortress of shields, so often sung of alike in English and in Scandinavian minstrelsy.' Mr. Keary, in his 'Vikings in Western Christendom,' says of the Northmen:

'When hardest pressed, they set up the impregnable wall of their shield-burg (*skjaldborg*) . . . a sort of low tower of men holding their shields before them, overlapping as with the Roman *testudo*.'

Such was the *skjaldborg* or *scyldburh*, 'an old but wonderful invention and the pride of Teutonic armies.'

But it is in the song of the 'Battle of Maldon' that we find the most instructive allusions to this memorable array. We there read how Brihtnoth

'bæd þæt hyra randan
rihte heoldon
fæste midfolmum;'

and how

'he mid bordum het
wyrcean þone wi-hagan,
and þæt werod healdan
feste wið feondum.'

We see the 'scyld-burh tobrocen,' and Leofsunu disdaining flight, as

'his linde ahof
bord to gebeorge;'

while the fiery Edward, charging the foe,

'bræc þone bord-weall.'

In this 'wall of shields' or 'boards' we have the formation of those troops who, in Wace's words, 'd'escuz e d'ais s'avironoent' — 'conserta ante se scutorum testudine.' From the days of the Battle of Maldon to those of Henry I., the same formation was preserved. As in his 'William Rufus' Mr. Freeman has finely said:—

'We see Henry marshalling his ranks in the old tactics and speaking to his Englishmen as Brihtnoth or Harold might have spoken. The lifeless Latin catches some spark or echo from the song of Maldon when King Henry rides round the wedges of warriors, and
bids

bids them meet the charges of the Norman knights by standing firm in the array of the ancient shield-wall.'

In no instance is there any trace of a 'barricade' being raised in front of this formation save in that alleged case into which we are now enquiring.

To term such a structure a mere 'development of the usual tactics of the shield-wall' is an obvious misconception. It might, indeed, be used as a substitute for the 'shield-wall,' and would enable the troops behind it to adopt a looser formation; but to suppose that they were ranged 'closely together in the thick array of the shield-wall,' with this second wall in front of them, is surely absurd. Till the 'wooden walls' were broken the 'shield-wall' was needless. To retain the disadvantages of its close order, when that order had been rendered needless, would have been simply insane. Yet this insanity, in our author's eyes, was 'the master-skill of Harold.' Was there time, moreover, to construct such a fortress, if 'the battle followed almost immediately,' as we learn, 'on the arrival of Harold'? Lastly, how could an open down provide the timber for a barricade about a mile in length? These awkward points may not have occurred to Mr. Freeman; but to others they will, we think, cause some uneasiness. Let us then examine Mr. Freeman's authorities for the existence of this palisade.

His own words are that Harold 'fortified as thoroughly as the time and means at his command would allow, a post of great natural strength, which he made into what is distinctly spoken of as a castle.' But the only evidence adduced is a passage from Henry of Huntingdon (the italics are Mr. Freeman's own):—

'Quum ergo Haraldus totam gentem suam in una acie strictissimo locasset, *et quasi castellum inde construxisset*, impenetrabiles erant Normannia.'

Mr. Freeman, we know, was an ardent champion of the study of Latin and of Greek; he made it his complaint against one of the editors in the Rolls Series that he could not 'construe his Latin'; and yet the merest schoolboy could have told him that 'inde' refers, and can only refer, to Harold's troops themselves. A fortress Harold wrought; but he wrought it of flesh and blood: it was behind no ramparts that the soldiers of England awaited the onset of the chivalry of France.

The metaphor, of course, is a common one. An Irish bard tells how his countrymen, on the battlefield of Dysert O'Dea (10 May, 1318), closed in their ranks 'like a strong fortress' as their enemies surged around them; and Miss Norgate describes
how

how Stephen's troops before the walls of Lincoln stood firm against the horsemen who strove 'to assault them as if besieging a fortress.' It was this metaphor—'quasi castellum'—that our author so strangely materialized into a barricade. With more justice might the 'spissum nemus' of the *Brevis Relatio* and of Bishop Guy be quoted as evidence that Harold turned his troops that day 'into what is distinctly spoken of as a grove.

We have armed ourselves thus heavily for assailing Mr. Freeman's 'fortress,' because, incredible though it may sound, we suggest nothing less than that his famous palisade had absolutely no existence, 'save,' as he wrote of his predecessor Thierry, 'in the pages of romances like his own.'

Every allusion to this palisade, throughout the hard-fought day, is imaginary, and imaginary alone. Indeed, in only two instances is there even an attempt made to give any authority. In one, 'the triple gate of entrance' is based on a passage in the *Roman de Rou*, referring not to a palisade crowning the summit of the hill, but to a ditch ('boen fossé') which Mr. Freeman places at its foot; in the other the description of the palisade, as given above, is taken from a passage in the same poem referring not to a palisade, but to the 'shield-wall.' We invite particular attention to this crucial passage, because it is the one on which our author specially relied. The curious thing is that he virtually 'gave himself away;' for while appealing to these lines in his text as describing the barricade, he quotes them, on the contrary, in his detailed note (2nd Edition in both cases) as describing—and describing well—'the array of the shield-wall'!

The passage in question runs thus:—

'Fait orent devant els *escuz*
De fenestres e d'altres fuz,
Devant els les orent levez,
Come cleies joinz e serrez;
Fait en orent devant closture,
N'i laisserent nule jointure,
Par onc Normant entr'els venist
Qui desconfire les volsist.
D'*escuz* e d'ais s'avironoent,
Issi deffendre se quidoent
Et s'il se fussent bien tenu,
Ia ne fussent le ior vencu.'

A palisade in Wace is 'paliz,' and the timber of which it was formed 'mairrien,' but neither of these terms is found in his account of the battle. It is, moreover, so obvious that '*escuz* de fenestres e d'altres fuz' refers to shields, and not (as Mr. Free-

man

man renders it) to 'firm barricades of ash and other timber,' that one is led to wonder how he can have so misread it. Here then, we venture to think, we have at length a clue to his 'triple palisade.' He obtained the sole authorities that he could adduce for its existence, in the one case by mistranslating his French, and in the other by misconstruing his Latin.

It is clear, besides, that if he found it needful, in his story of the great battle, to mention this barricade about a score of times, it must have occupied a prominent place in every contemporary narrative. And yet we assert, without fear of contradiction, that (dismissing the *Roman de Rou*) in no chronicle or poem, among all Mr. Freeman's authorities, could he find any ground for this singular delusion; while the Bayeux Tapestry itself, which he rightly places at their head, will be searched in vain for a palisade, or for anything faintly resembling it, from beginning to end of the battle.

But when we turn to the famous 'shield-wall,' we find it described with equal vividness in chronicle, in 'stitch-work,' and in poem. We have only space to quote the words of William of Malmesbury:—

'Pedites omnes cum bipennibus, conserta ante se scutorum testudine impenetrabilem cuneum faciunt.'

This passage Mr. Freeman quotes in conjunction with the lines given above, and—taken together with the Bayeux Tapestry, where the 'scutorum testudo' is so well shown—the two aptly illustrate the words of Henry of Huntingdon, in which that writer so felicitously describes as 'quasi castellum' the immovable mass of warriors girt by their shield-wall, that 'fortress of shields,' as Mr. Freeman terms it at Maldon and at Stamfordbridge, the 'scyld-burh' of their fathers.

Of course Mr. Freeman's 'fortress' has secured universal acceptance. Its 'palisades' and 'barricades' figure now in every history. In Mr. Green's stirring sketch we see them rear their head; in Mr. Hunt's 'Norman Britain,' and in the Master of University's 'History,' they face us throughout the battle. Professor Gardiner, in his 'Student's History,' has lately described them anew, and has shown them us in black and white, in his accompanying 'School Atlas.' Nay, such a specialist as Mr. Oman himself, in his 'Art of War in the Middle Ages,' writes of the Normans surging for ever 'around the impregnable palisades.' And there is one other writer to whom we would venture to refer. We grasp the dangers of realism in Art when we find a Tennyson striving to secure the correctness of his work by taking his details straight from the pages of the
'Norman

‘Norman Conquest.’ We listen to Edith, in his ‘Harold,’ praying to the God of battles: ‘Strengthen their palisades!’ We see the Normans ‘thronging to the barricades’; we hear them ‘thunder again upon the barricades’; we watch their arrows as ‘they fall on those within the palisade.’ And then we wipe away that libel upon ‘God’s Englishmen,’ who faced their foe, on that awful day, standing as man to man.

We have discussed fully this statement respecting the ‘palisade,’ because it affects, we shall find, the whole story of the battle. It is the very keystone of Mr. Freeman’s description, and, if removed, brings with it the whole edifice to the ground.

‘Talis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam
Saxea pila cadit; magnis quam molibus ante
Constructam ponto jaciunt; sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit.’

Let us pass therefore to our second point, the disposition of the English forces.

To grasp the problem aright, we must first briefly sketch the nature of the ground they held. The hill of Battle is so fully described in Mr. Freeman’s narrative that we here need only explain that it was a long narrow spur of the downs, running nearly east and west, of which the south front was defended by the English and attacked by the Normans. The one and only point that is certain is that ‘on the very crown of the hill,’ the site of the high altar in the future, was erected the standard of Harold. This, then, the centre of the hill, was the centre of the English host. But the ground to which our attention is directed, as having ‘really played the most decisive part in the great event of the place,’ lay to the west of this, ‘where the slope is gentlest of all, where the access to the natural citadel is least difficult.’ Mr. Freeman assumes that this ground—the ‘English right,’ as he terms it—where ‘the ascent is easiest in itself,’ was allotted to ‘the least trustworthy portion of the English army,’ to ‘the sudden levies of the southern shires.’ For this assumption, we hasten to add, there is no authority whatever. He further assumes that the first English to leave their post, in pursuit of the enemy, ‘were, of course, some of the defenders of the English right.’ William, he holds, at the crisis of the battle, resolved to draw them again from their post by a partial feigned retreat, that ‘meanwhile another division might reach the summit through the gap thus left open.’ Accordingly, tempted by this stratagem, ‘the English on the right wing rushed down and pursued,’ and their error proved ‘fatal to England.’

‘The

'The Duke's great object was now gained ; the main end of Harold's skilful tactics had been frustrated by the inconsiderate ardour of the least valuable portion of his troops. Through the rash descent of the light-armed on the right, the whole English army lost its vantage-ground. The pursuing English had left the most easily accessible portion of the hill open to the approach of the enemy . . . The main body of the Normans made their way on to the hill, no doubt by the gentle slope at the point west of the present buildings. The great advantage of the ground was now lost ; the Normans were at last on the hill.'

Such is Mr. Freeman's explanation of how the battle was won ; for in this episode he discovers the decisive turning-point of the day.

Now, let us consider what is involved in the theory here set forth. 'Harold's skilful tactics,' we find, consisted in entrusting his weakest point, the least defensible portion of his position, to 'the least trustworthy portion of the English army.' The natural result of these insane tactics was that his weak point was forced, and the English right turned. And Mr. Freeman, having made this clear, complains of 'the criticisms of monks on the conduct of a consummate general,' and insists that 'nowhere is Harold's military greatness so distinctly felt as when . . . we tread the battle-field of his own choice.' But there is worse to come. Such tactics as these would have been mad enough, even if these raw peasants had stood behind a barricade ; but if, as we hold, that barricade is a purely imaginary creation, we ask ourselves what would have happened to these unhappy creatures, protected by no 'shield-wall,' and armed with 'such rustic weapons as forks and sharp stakes,' when, first riddled by Norman arrows and then attacked by Norman infantry, they were finally, broken and defenceless, charged by heavy cavalry. The first onslaught would have scattered them to the winds, and have won, in so doing, the key of the English position.* Remembering this, it is strange to learn that 'the consummate generalship of Harold is nowhere more conspicuously shown than in this memorable campaign,' and that his was 'that true skill of the leader of armies, which would have placed both Harold and William high among the captains of any age.' But if the generalship of Harold was shown by entrusting to his worst troops his weakest and most important point, while posting 'the flower of the English army' just where his ground was strongest, what are we to say

* To have placed some of them as an advanced post on the 'small detached hill' in front would have been to leave them *en l'air*, exposed to certain destruction from an attack which they could not check.

of 'the generalship of William, his ready eye, his quick thought,' if he failed to detect and avail himself of this glaring blunder? For instead of concentrating his attack upon Harold's weak point, he left it to be assailed, we learn, by 'what was most likely the least esteemed' portion of his host, while he himself with his picked troops dashed himself against an impregnable position like a mad bull against a wall. 'We read,' says Mr. Freeman, 'with equal admiration of the consummate skill with which Harold chose his position and his general scheme of action, and of the wonderful readiness with which William formed and varied his plans.' For ourselves, we should have thought that the tactics he describes—tactics which stirred him to a burst of admiration for 'the two greatest of living captains'—would have disgraced the most incompetent commander that ever took the field.

But Harold, after all, was no fool. Are we then justified in accusing him of this supreme folly? Mr. Freeman held that 'the relative position of the different divisions in the two armies seems beyond doubt.' There is, however, as we said, absolutely no evidence for Mr. Freeman's assumption that the English right was entrusted to the raw levies. Against it is the fact that in this quarter the first assault was soonest repulsed; against it also is all analogy drawn from the study of English tactics. Snorro's description of Stamfordbridge is evidence, at least, that 'the fortress of shields' had a continuous line of bucklers along its whole front: Æthelred gives us the reason in his story of the Battle of the Standard; namely, that it was the front line which had to meet the shock ('periculosum dicebant si primo aggressu inermes armatis occurrerent'). It was therefore an essential principle of tactics 'quatinus armati armatos impeterent, milites congregarentur militibus.' Therefore on Cowton Moor (1138), as (we hold) on the hill of Battle (1066), we find the 'strenuissimi milites in prima fronte locati,' and the lighter troops behind them. Harking back to Sherstone fight (1016), we encounter precisely the same formation. 'The King,' Mr. Freeman writes, 'placed his best troops in front, and the inferior part of his army in the rear.' And he added, 'we must remember these tactics when we come to the great fight of Senlac.' This was, unhappily, just what he failed to do. 'William of Poitiers,' he strangely complained, 'has his head full of Agamemnôn and of Xerxês, but this obvious analogy does not seem to have occurred to him.' Have we also the reason why our author himself overlooked these obvious analogies in the fact that to illustrate the Battle of Hastings he quotes some five-and-twenty times from the

Odyssey

Odyssey and the Iliad, from Herodotus and Xenophon, from Æschylus, Plutarch, and Dion Cassius; from Livy, Tacitus, Ammianus, and even Ælius Spartianus? In his later edition, however, he inserted in a footnote the words: 'On placing the inferior troops in the rear, see the tactics of Eadmund at Sherstone.' 'In the rear'? Yes, but that is precisely our contention. The assumption that we are assailing is that they formed the *wings*.

The fact is that, in the military tactics as in the military architecture of the age, the defence trusted largely to its power of passive resistance: this was the essential principle of the ponderous Norman keep; and precisely as the walls of that keep were formed of an ashlar face of masonry backed by masses of rubble, so the fighting line of a force standing on the defensive was composed of a compact facing of heavily-armed troops backed by a rabble of half-armed peasants, or at best by what we may term the light infantry of the day. When the foe was advancing to the attack, these rear lines could discharge such weapons as they possessed—darts, arrows, stones, &c.—from behind the shelter of their comrades, while at the moment of actual shock they would form a passive backing, which would save the front ranks from being broken by the enemy's impact. As the great object of the attack was to break through the line, a formation which virtually gave the advantage now possessed by a solid over a hollow square would naturally commend itself to the defence.

Now in these tactics we have the key to the true story of the battle. But, first, we must dismiss from our minds Mr. Freeman's fundamental assumption, and understand that the English 'hoplites' were not massed in the centre, but were extended along the whole front, precisely as they were in battles fought both before and after. The fighting face of Harold's host was composed of this heavy soldiery, clad in helmets and mail. Arrayed in the closest order, they presented to an advancing enemy the aspect of a living rampart. It was the denseness of the English ranks that most vividly struck their foes. 'Shield to shield, and shoulder to shoulder,' as Æthelred describes them at the Battle of the Standard, they wedged themselves together so tightly, that the wounded could not move, nor even the corpses drop. And so, they stood together, the living and the dead.

Rejecting Mr. Freeman's views on the grouping of the English host, we reject with them *in toto* the story he has built upon them. The turning of the English right is a mere unsupported conjecture. What the battle really was may be thus tersely

expressed—it was Waterloo without the Prussians. The Normans could avail nothing against that serried mass :

‘ Dash’d on every rocky square,
Their surging charges foam’d themselves away.’

It was by decoying away the ‘backing’ of lighter troops that they must have thinned the English ranks, closing up stubbornly, as we see them to the last, through the long, slow agony of that September day.

But this brings us to our third point, the famous feigned retreat. We should not learn from Mr. Freeman’s narrative how old a device of the Northmen this manœuvre was. The criticism, however, we have here to make is that it was not (as our author supposed) a simple, but a combined movement. Had Mr. Freeman kept in mind its employment at the relief of Arques, as he had intended to do, he would probably have seen that it was so. The best account of it is that which is found in the ‘Battle Chronicle,’ and which we now quote because Mr. Freeman did not:—

‘Tandem strenuissimus Boloniæ comes Eustachius clam, callida præmeditata arte,—fugam cum exercitu duce simulante,—super Anglos sparsim agiliter insequentes cum manu valida a tergo irruit, sicque et duce hostes ferociter invadente, ipsis interclusis utrinque prosternuntur innumeri.’

This precise statement affords the clue we seek, explaining the words of William of Poitiers, ‘interceptos et inclusos undique mactaverunt.’ The retreat of the pursuing English was intercepted by the Count’s squadrons, and, caught ‘between two fires,’ they were butchered almost to a man (‘constrictos cogunt vertere dorsa neci’). That it was light-armed men who were thus cut off seems to be fairly clear. Indeed, it would naturally be they who, like cavalry in modern times, would harass and follow up a retreating foe. But the fighting front of the English would also be thrown into confusion. Deprived, moreover, of its needful ‘backing,’ and disheartened by the slaughter below, it would offer, as we read it did, a less effectual resistance to the charges of the Norman horse. Then came the Duke’s last device: ‘thro’ the long tormented air’ the arrows flew. Harold fell, and all was over.

We have now—confining ourselves to points as to which there can be no question—examined Mr. Freeman’s account of the Battle of Hastings. It is, as we showed at the outset, the very crown and flower of his work, and it is, we venture to assert, mistaken in its essential points. Must it then be cast aside as simply erroneous and misleading? Hardly. In the words

words of his own criticism on Mr. Coote's 'Romans in Britain': 'It ought to be read, if only as a curious study, to show how utterly astray an ingenious and thoroughly well-informed man can go.' For there is the true conclusion. The possession of exhaustive knowledge, the devotion of unsparing pains—neither of these was wanting. Then 'wanting is—what?' Men have differed, and will always differ, as to how history should be written, but on one point we are all agreed. The true historian is he, and he only, who from the evidence before him can divine the facts. Other qualities are welcome, but this is the essential gift. And it was because, here at least, he lacked it that, in spite of all his advantages, in spite of his genius and his zeal, our author in his story of this battle failed as we have seen.

Mr. Freeman held that his predecessors, Thierry and Sir Francis Palgrave, 'singularly resemble each other in a certain lack of critical power.' His own lack, as we conceive it, was of a somewhat different kind. For if he studied the text and balanced the weight of his authorities, yet he was often liable to danger from his tendency to a *parti pris*. Setting out with his own impression, he read his texts in the light of that impression rather than with an open mind. Thus we might say of his 'very lucid and original account' of the great battle, as he said of Mr. Coote's work: 'The truth of the whole matter is that all this very ingenious but baseless fabric has been built upon the foundation of a single error.' Had he not stumbled at the outset over that 'barricade,' he might never have erected that 'ingenious but baseless fabric.' As it is, while the battle should be largely rewritten, preserving only such incidents as are taken straight from the authorities, the accompanying plan must be wholly destroyed. Till then, as Dr. Stubbs has said of the discovery that 'Ingulf' was a forgery: 'It remains a warning light, a wandering marsh-fire to caution the reader not to accept too abjectly the conclusions of his authority.'

We will now glance at Mr. Freeman's treatment of Domesday Book, which, as is well known, was one of his favourite authorities,—'one,' as he himself expressed it, 'of the great sources of my history.' The Survey had no more ardent student: with perfect justice he loved to urge that 'no more precious source of information can be conceived.' We shall therefore now examine his use of the great Survey, prefacing our remarks by an eloquent passage from the Introduction to his fifth volume:—

'With regard to one main subject of this volume, the great record
of

of Domesday, I trust that I have done something to set forth its boundless importance in the history of the time, and, indeed, in the history of times both before and since. For myself, the Survey has a fascination which cannot be put into words. Nowhere else do we seem brought so near to the time as in its small notices of endless men, English and Norman, known and unknown.'

In spite of this unquestionable enthusiasm, there is reason to doubt if Mr. Freeman always understood his Domesday, and he did not, it may safely be said, advance our knowledge on the subject. He does not, for instance, even mention the precious Cambridgeshire returns, which Carteret Webb brought to light, and which are, we hold, absolutely essential to a right understanding of the Survey. It is more than doubtful, indeed, if he knew how Domesday was really compiled. Far more serious, however, is the fact—which, incredible though it may seem, is beyond controversy—that he quoted as Domesday, a record which was not Domesday at all, and which had no more to do with it than had the Pipe Rolls themselves. We refer to the 'geld-rolls' of the Western Counties, which the late Mr. Eyton assigned to 1083-4, and which happen to be bound up with what is known as the Exeter Domesday. This latter record, as Mr. Freeman observed, merely contains 'the fuller reports' of the entries in Domesday Book. But the 'geld-rolls,' of course, being quite distinct, have no counterpart in Domesday Book. For this error, therefore, there was surely no excuse. It is found not only in the Professor's 'Exeter' (p. 46), but also in his 'Norman Conquest,' in both which works he quoted from these rolls under the impression that he was quoting from the Exeter version of Domesday. The most astounding feature in the business is that Sir Henry Ellis carefully explained, in his Introduction to the volume (1816), that this 'Inquisitio Geldi' was quite distinct from Domesday. It is difficult, therefore, to repress a smile when we read in the 'Norman Conquest' that

'the well-known Introduction by Sir Henry Ellis has its use till something better appears, but it is far from being up to the present standard of historical scholarship.'

As might be expected, this strange error led our author to confusion. In dealing with Miles Crispin's succession to Wigod of Wallingford, he argued from three entries in the 'Exeter Domesday,' in which the words 'Milo vi. hidas' occur. These, as he could have learned from Ellis, are but three copies of one entry; they are not taken from the 'Exeter Domesday'; and they do not refer to any land of Wigod's, but to the demesne

demesne of a ten-hidē manor, at Ogbourne, in which Miles had succeeded not Wigod, but Earl Harold himself.

Turning now to a point of detail, we find Mr. Freeman suggesting that a 'mysterious Domesday entry may be connected with' the siege of Sainte-Susanne (1083-1086). It records that some lands of Oswald were liable to a certain payment, 'et hoc per concessionem Abbatis fratris Osunoldi, scilicet pro bello quod contra Gaufridum parvum facere debuit.' There is nothing to connect this entry with the siege, nor, it will be seen, could it possibly refer, as Mr. Freeman suggests, to a 'war.' When rightly interpreted, however, the entry is of peculiar interest, for it refers to something very different; namely, to that judicial 'battle,' or trial by combat, which Domesday invariably styles 'bellum,' and which, in later days, was known as the 'duellum.' It is just possible that our author's wide classical erudition may have led him to render 'bellum' as 'war,' ignoring its medieval sense of 'battle.'

Mr. Freeman, again, loved to insist that Domesday 'brings us nearer to those days and to the men who lived in them,' that in it 'we can trace the personal fate of the men who followed William.' The special charge brought by the Professor against Sir Bernard Burke was that he would not take the trouble to identify in Domesday the followers, real or alleged, of the Conqueror.

'The Survey would not, indeed, charge itself with describing the exploits; but if the man was a real man at all, his name, his lands . . . would be all written in the great Survey. . . . Even if he had died or suffered forfeiture before the time of the Survey, he would be there as the former owner. The test is sure; the test is easy; the certain evidence . . . can be had in the days of King William by a process almost as easy as looking out a word in a dictionary.'

Let us then apply these assertions to the writer's own work, taking the case of Lisois de Moustiers, the hero of the passage of the Aire. Mr. Freeman very properly sought, as usual, to trace him in Domesday—'a process,' he tells us, 'almost as easy as looking out a word in a dictionary.' He does not seem, however, to have found it so himself.

'The only notice of this Lisois which I can find in Domesday is in ii. 49b, where he appears in possession, but seemingly illegal possession, of a small holding in Essex.'

Now we are in a position to assert that Domesday, on the contrary, tells us much about 'this Lisois.' It tells us that he had

had obtained a fief ranging over at least five counties,—Cambridgeshire, Bedfordshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex,—in all of which his name is found. It further tells us that ‘he had died or suffered forfeiture before the time of the Survey,’ and that his fief had passed to the well-known ‘Eudo Dapifer,’ who is duly recorded as his ‘successor,’ while Lisois is duly styled the ‘antecessor’ of Eudo. All this Domesday tells us, though our author was unable to discover it. Was it then for him, this being so, to cast his stone at Sir Bernard Burke? ‘Die’t spel niet kan Die Blyv’er van.’

But there are graver matters to come. Of these the first relates to Domesday and Heming’s Cartulary. The former contains the well-known return of the Church of Worcester’s privileges in the Hundred of Oswaldslawe. The latter records a great *placitum* concerning two manors, which was held by the Bishop of Coutances some years earlier than Domesday. In vol. ii. of ‘Domesday Studies’ a writer has clearly shown that Mr. Freeman hopelessly and inexplicably confused these two distinct records, relating to different matters and belonging to different dates. In his criticism of Mr. Pearson’s history Mr. Freeman wrote thus :

‘To go through all Mr. Pearson’s mistakes in the early history would be an endless task. The worst of it is that they are so evidently mistakes arising from the writer having despised his subject and not taken pains with it.’

The instance we have just given is due to no other cause. Mr. Freeman had ‘not taken pains with’ these records; he had not read them, as he said of Mr. Pearson, ‘with common care.’

We now come to the extraordinary case of the Dorset boroughs in Domesday. It was ‘no doubt,’ we learn, when William marched on Exeter (1068), that

‘Dorchester, Bridport, Wareham, and Shaftesbury underwent that fearful harrying, the result of which is recorded in Domesday. Bridport was utterly ruined; not a house seems to have been able to pay taxes at the time of the Survey. At Dorchester, the old Roman settlement, the chief town of the shire, only a small remnant of the houses escaped destruction. These facts are signs,’ &c. &c.

‘These facts,’ we find, will not bear investigation. To refute them in the case of Bridport, ‘there is nothing to be done but to turn to the proper place in the great Survey.’ Following this, his own, precept, we learn that there is nothing in Domesday of our author’s ‘utter ruin;’ and that so far from ‘not a house’

house' being 'able to pay taxes,' Domesday tells us that four-fifths of the houses then existing could and did pay them. Here, again, the error arose from not reading Domesday 'with common care.' The entry runs: 'Modo sunt ibi c. domus, et xx. sunt ita destitutæ,' &c. The meaning, of course, is that twenty houses were impoverished. Mr. Freeman must have hurriedly misconstrued his Latin, and read it as a hundred and twenty. No error that he detected in Mr. Froude could be worse than representing Bridport, on the authority of Domesday, as the greatest sufferer among the Dorset towns, when Domesday itself proves that it suffered least of all. And so, too, with Dorchester. On turning to Domesday, we learn with surprise that the 'small remnant' of houses remaining there was eighty-eight as against one hundred and seventy-two in the days of King Edward. From an appendix of our author's to which we are referred, we glean the fact that

'at Dorchester, out of a hundred and seventy-two houses, no less than a hundred and twenty-eight were "penitus destructæ a tempore Hugonis vicecomitis usque nunc."'

Here, again, Mr. Freeman's error can be traced, beyond the possibility of question, to a misreading of Domesday. The entry runs, 'modo sunt ibi quater xx. et viii. [88] domus, et c. [sunt] penitus destructæ.' Mr. Freeman must have hurriedly ignored the 'quater,' and then added the 'twenty-eight' thus evolved to the hundred houses that were destroyed. All this Mr. Freeman did, and we have in 'that great record, from which there is no appeal,' the proof of the fact. Clearly 'il est prudent de revoir après lui les textes qu'il invoque.'

The strange thing is, that Sir Henry Ellis's work, though 'far from being up to the present standard of historical scholarship,' could have saved him, here also, from error, as it gives the correct figures from Domesday.

But passing from 'facts' to theories, we find Mr. Freeman holding that 'no doubt,' 'doubtless,' 'probably,' the destruction recorded in Domesday was wrought by the Conqueror himself in 1068. Why should this guesswork be substituted for history, when we have 'always the means,' as our author himself wrote, 'of at once turning to the law and testimony to see whether these things are so'? A glance at Domesday effectually disposes of Mr. Freeman's theory; for the Survey is here peculiarly explicit: with anxious care, with painful iteration, it assures us that, in the case of Wareham, the devastation was wrought 'a tempore Hugonis vicecomitis,' and that,

that, in the case of Shaftesbury and in the case of Dorchester, it was wrought 'a tempore Hugonis vicecomitis usque nunc.' These categorical statements are conclusive: they place the whole of the devastation subsequent to the accession of the Norman sheriff, Hugh FitzGrip. Mr. Eyton, in his work on the Dorset Domesday, held that they fix it as having occurred between 1070 and 1084; the words, however, 'usque nunc,' carry it on down to 1086, and, had we space, we could show the bearing of these allusions to Sheriff Hugh.

The point, however, that we wish to press is our author's tendency to substitute hypothesis for fact. Thus we read:

'It was *doubtless* now at this grim mid-winter Gemót [1069-1070] that the main settlement of Yorkshire took place. It must have been now that the Breton Alan received Another grantee was William of Percy,' &c. &c.

We have only to turn to the Yorkshire *clamores* (Domesday, i. 373-4) to learn that William de Perci was already established in Yorkshire during that earlier period on which, Mr. Freeman complained, we have so little evidence.

Now in these cases that we have been considering—and they are but typical—we find Mr. Freeman doubting and not doubting, and indulging in a wonderful way at guessing at facts. But is not this the very system that he denounced in his severe criticism of a work in the Rolls Series?

'Mr. Rule is great at guessing, suspecting, doubting and not doubting. Here is the most amusing of all his displays of his gifts of this kind. . . . He has a wonderful way of guessing at facts and explanations of facts, of saying that he believes, that he has no doubt that a thing happened in such and such a way . . . There are many readers who will take such guesses for fact.'

We now come to our last instance, that of Exeter. The 'single error,' as our author would have said, on which his story of the siege of Exeter was built, was his inexplicable misunderstanding of the Domesday entry on the city. We must first note that both his predecessors—Palgrave, who was lacking in 'critical faculty,' and Ellis, who was 'far from being up to the present standard of historical scholarship'—had read this entry rightly, and given, independently, its gist. It will best enable our readers to understand the point at issue if we print side by side the paraphrases of Exeter's offer given by Palgrave and by our author.

PALGRAVE.

PALGRAVE.

'Tribute or gafol they would proffer to their King such as was due to his predecessors: . . . they [1] would weigh out the eighteen pounds of silver; [2] the geld would be paid, if London, York, and Winchester submitted to the tax; and [3] if war arose, the King should have the quota of service imposed upon five hydes of land . . . but the citizens refused to become the men . . . of their Sovereign; they would not . . . allow the Basileus to enter within their walls.'

FREEMAN.

'We are ready to pay to him the tribute which we have been used to pay to former Kings. . . . The city paid in money only when London, York, and Winchester paid, and the sum to be paid was a single half mark of silver. . . . When the King summoned his *fyrð* to his standard by sea or by land, Exeter supplied the same number of men as were supplied by five hides of land. . . . But the men of Exeter would not, each citizen personally, become his men; they would not receive so dangerous a visitor within their walls.'

We have numbered the clauses in Palgrave's paraphrase which render the three successive clauses in the Domesday Book entry. The first refers to the *firma* of the town, payable to its lord; the second to the 'geld' (tax) payable to the King *qua* King; the third to its military service. What Mr. Freeman did was to confuse the first and second, and to suppose that both referred to 'the money payment' of the town, the first under William, the second under Edward. He thus evolved the statement that, under William, 'the money payment was raised from an occasional half-mark of silver to eighteen pounds yearly.' This is roughly equivalent to saying of a house rented at fifty pounds, and paying a tax of one pound, that its 'money payment' was raised from one pound to fifty! It was this conclusion that 'the citizens of Exeter, who had offered to William what they had paid to former kings, found their burdens far heavier than they had been in the old time,' which led him so far astray. The very essence of the matter is that the 'burdens' were not raised at all, but remained precisely the same as had been paid to former kings. The sense of Domesday is absolutely certain to any one familiar with its formulæ. Our author's error is the more strange because, had he stopped to think, he must have discovered his mistake. But this, we venture to hold, is what he often failed to do. He asserted in his 'Exeter,' p. 44, that Edith, 'while she lived, reaped her full share of the increased contributions of her own city,' and yet that this share (twelve pounds out of eighteen) 'had formed part of her morning gift.' If it had, it could not represent an 'increased' contribution under William. But all this inevitable confusion is
carried

carried further still. Edith's share of the eighteen pounds is entered in Domesday as 'xii. lib[ras] ad numerum.' This Mr. Freeman, in his 'Norman Conquest,' rightly gives as the amount in 1086; but turning back a few pages, we actually read that 'in Domesday twelve houses in Exeter appear as "liberæ ad numerum in ministeriis Eddid Reginae." This is, of course, the same entry, only that here—incredible though, we admit, it may appear—our author, who has elsewhere changed houses into pence, has here changed pounds into houses, and 'libras' into 'liberæ.' The 'libra ad numerum' is familiar to us all, but the meaning of houses 'liberæ ad numerum' passes the wit of man. And now, having tested the Professor's work by what he himself described as 'the infallible touchstone of Domesday,' we have discovered in it, to quote his own words on Mr. Froude (though we object to their tone)—

'the blunders in detail, the failure to understand the commonest words, and names, and things, which were, as commonly happens, conspicuous in one who undertook to set right all who had gone before him.'

The next feature of Mr. Freeman's work to which we shall call attention is his use, or rather non-use, of manuscripts. The astounding misconception upon this subject that prevails among well-informed persons is illustrated by an article on 'Freeman and Froude' that appeared in a well-known weekly journal, *à-propos* of the appointment of the present Regius Professor. In contrasting the two schools, the writer insisted on the fact that 'Mr. Freeman was a believer in patient grubbing amongst original sources—manuscripts, charters, documents of all kind.' A more unfortunate assertion it is difficult to conceive; for it was Froude, not Freeman, who worked from original manuscripts; it was Freeman, not Froude, who confined himself to printed books. And yet the writer might well be pardoned, if he had read Mr. Freeman's own address on 'The Office of the Historical Professor.'

'To the law and to the testimony, to the charter and to the chronicle, to the abiding records of each succeeding age, writ on the parchment or graven on the stone—it is to these that he must go himself and must guide others. He must himself toil, and, as far as in him lies, he must constrain or beguile others to toil with him, at that patient study of contemporary texts, of contemporary monuments,' &c. &c.

It is, no doubt, difficult to believe that a Professor who thus described his own ideal of his office confined himself in practice to printed books, and that manuscripts or charters 'writ on the parchment'

parchment' were to him, as we believe he expressed it, practically useless. To students, however, the fact was familiar, and our author, indeed, incidentally confessed it in a stray footnote to the 'Norman Conquest.' Speaking of William's foundation charter to St. Stephen's as given in 'Neustria Pia,' he wrote: 'The copy there given is not very accurate, as I can witness from having (for once) examined an original manuscript.' We may leave 'for once' to speak for itself.

It occurred, once upon a time, to some bright genius to write a book entitled 'Astronomy without Mathematics.' In no less original a spirit the late Regius Professor attempted the task of writing 'History without Manuscripts.' How he fared in this novel enterprise we shall now proceed to show.

Quoting a charter of William Rufus as beginning 'Willelmus Rex Angliæ,' Mr. Freeman observes that 'the new-fangled title was now coming in' ('N. C.' v. 139); that is, that the 'King of the English' was becoming the 'King of England.' Had he possessed any knowledge of the charters of our Norman kings, he would have known that the style found in them is simply 'Rex Angl' [i.e. *Rex Anglorum*], and that the 'Angliæ' of the printed text was nothing more than an unauthorized extension by some transcriber of a later age. An illustration of another kind is afforded by his treatment of the charge against the Primate Stigand in the matter of the Abbey of Ely. Stigand, we learn from the 'Historia Eliensis,' 'quasdam illius optimas possessiones, sicut Liber Terrarum insinuat, ad maximum loci dispendium retinuit.' Mr. Freeman, espousing Stigand's cause, writes:—

'But there is an entry in Domesday which may perhaps suggest another view of his conduct. In fol. 40b we read of certain lands in Hampshire which "Abbatia de Ely tenuit de Stigando Archiepiscopo T. R. E.," but which, at the time of the Survey, belonged to the See of Winchester. Is it not possible that these were the lands in question, and that Stigand's appropriation of them was simply the resumption of a lease?'

Here we have what Mr. Freeman termed, in his scathing denunciation of Sir Bernard Burke, 'a remarkably unlucky shot:' for the 'lands in question' had nothing to do with this tiny Hampshire estate. They can be shown to have consisted of four manors—Methwold and Croxton in Norfolk, Snailwell and Ditton in Cambridgeshire; and how the Abbey lost them, through Stigand, is perfectly clear from Domesday and from other records. This Mr. Freeman would have known, had he gone to the record 'writ on the parchment.' He would not then

then have been ignorant of a document which not only vindicates the accuracy of the 'Historia,' but is of prime importance for the Conqueror's reign, bearing as it does (among other matters) on the position of Waltheof, the restoration of Count Eustace, and the treatment of the deposed Primate, Stigand himself.

Let us take another example from the story of the Church of Ely. Dealing with a great *placitum* concerning the abbey lands, Mr. Freeman writes:—

'The record of it gives us another of those glimpses of the jurisprudence of the age which seem to bring us specially near to the men whose acts we are studying. In a court of five neighbouring shires presided over by Bishop Odo, among the members of which we discern many familiar names, both Norman and English, the liberties of the house of St. Æthelthryth were finally settled and confirmed by writ of the King.'

'[NOTE.] Among the lay names—"plurimi milites probati Francigenæ et Angli"—besides "Vicecomites Picot, Eustachius, Radulfus, Walterus," two at least of whom are well enough known, we find "Vicecomites Harduwinus, Wido, Wimer, Wihumer, Odo, Godricus, Norman, Colsuein, Godwinus." Could there have been so many English sheriffs in 1080? The holding of high office by Godric of East Anglia (see App. C) and Colswegen of Lincoln (see above, p. 218) is not unlikely.'

Now, passing over the two slips which Mr. Freeman has compressed into a single line—for 'the record' speaks not of 'five,' but of 'three neighbouring shires' ('trium proximorum comitatum'), and does not (if carefully read) speak of Odo as presiding, while the 'writ of the King' makes Bishop Geoffrey the presiding Justiciary here as elsewhere—we come to the main issue. Irrespective of the writer's avowed misgivings, irrespective of his confession that the King's writ 'throws great doubt on the English sheriffs,' irrespective even of so unheard-of a proceeding as the assemblage, for such a *placitum*, of thirteen sheriffs, the text itself, Mr. Freeman should have seen, is so obviously corrupt, that he really might 'for once' have referred to an original authority, instead of trusting to somebody's edition of somebody else's transcript. But no: for the historian who was ever insisting on the paramount importance of 'text' the exertion was too great; and yet a glance at the Cottonian MS. (Tib. A. vi.), or at those in Trinity College, would have solved the mystery at once. For the true text simply runs: 'Randulfus Walterus pro Rodgero et Roberto vicecom[itibus]. Harduwin Wido, &c., which the 'Anglia Christiana' edition has converted into 'Walterus. Pro Rodgero et

et Roberto vicecomites Harduvinus,' &c. The result, of course, is nonsense. But observe here, further, one of the devices by which the omniscience of the author was impressed upon an awestruck public. He discerns, with an ease born of his own peculiar knowledge, 'many familiar names, both Norman and English.' Now had he really been familiar with the names that occur in this 'record,' he would at once have seen that these men were no 'sheriffs,' gathered from every corner of the land, but local men connected with the Abbey, such as Hardwin de Scalers and Guy (Wido) de Reimbudcurt, or Wihomar and Odo, a *dapifer* and *camerarius*, respectively, of Count Alan. In other words, after the four sheriffs (two of whom appeared by deputy), the 'record' enumerates in due course the private men of local importance. But if our author, as we see, knew too little, he also knew too much: he assumed that 'Colsuein' was 'Colswegen of Lincoln,' without even the slightest probability; while as for Godric, a yet commoner name, there is no ground for supposing that he was 'Godric of East Anglia,' of whom, by the way, there is not a word in the Appendix to which we are referred. One more illustration will suffice to prove our point. In his 'Norman Conquest' Mr. Freeman wrote:—

'In the roll of Norman fees in the Red Book of the Exchequer, we find Doon Bardulf returned as one of those "qui non venerunt, nec miserunt, nec aliquid dixerunt." I copy this from Taylor's "Wace," p. 44. The name of Bardulf, including several Doon Bardulfs, occurs constantly in the Exchequer records both of Normandy and of England (see the Indexes to Madox and Stapleton), but I have not lighted on the particular story referred to by Mr. Taylor' (iii. 134).

Here is a confession which, quite incidentally, leads us to a startling revelation. 'Por el hilo se saca el ovillo.' The writer, incredible though the fact may seem, had clearly never even heard of that precious return of the Knights of Normandy and their fiefs, which Taylor very properly employed throughout his work to illustrate Wace's poem, and which, in his preface (pp. xxiv.-xxvi.), he discussed at considerable length! Even when Taylor wrote (1837), it had been printed more than once, and how our author could have been ignorant of so important a record it is not easy to understand. But, really, the above extract leads one to ask if he even knew 'the Red Book of the Exchequer,' a volume only second to Domesday Book itself. Had he done so, he might have gone himself to the entry 'writ on the parchment,' instead of searching, and searching in vain, the indexes of printed books.

We

We observed above that, in strange contrast to the popular belief on the subject, it was the present Regius Professor who toiled through manuscripts and records, and the late one who worked from books. It is only right that this should be remembered in comparing their output of work; for—especially when the difficulties presented by sixteenth-century manuscripts are considered—it will be seen that, had Mr. Freeman laboured under circumstances as arduous and difficulties as great as those which hampered Mr. Froude, the amount of work that he produced must have been infinitely less.

Few of our readers, perhaps, have heard the story of the ‘Ark Raleigh,’ which not only bears upon this point, but illustrates in a striking manner Mr. Freeman’s critical method. We venture, therefore, to quote the passage in question *verbatim* :—

‘There is nothing to be done but to catch Mr. Froude whenever he comes from his hiding-place at Simancas into places where we can lie in wait for him. And the inaccuracy and unfairness of the parts which we can test always make us feel not a little doubtful about the things which we cannot test. The whole thing is almost too grotesque to talk about seriously; but can we trust a single uncertified detail from the hands of a man who, throughout his story of the Armada, always calls the “Ark Royal” the “Ark Raleigh”? The name of a ship is perhaps not a matter of the very highest moment; still it is, to say the least, one of the straws which show the way of the wind, and the blunder, within its own measure, is so astounding that it sets one thinking. It is the sort of blunder which so takes away one’s breath, that one thinks for the time it must be right. We do not feel satisfied till we have turned to our Camden, and seen “Archa Regia” staring us in the face. The puzzle of guessing how Mr. Froude got at so grotesque a union of words as “Ark Raleigh,” fades before the greater puzzle of guessing what idea he attached to the words “Ark Raleigh” when he had got them together.’

‘Muchos van por lana y vuelven trasquilados.’ Mr. Froude, who did not trust to ‘our Camden,’ but worked from original State papers, was found to have taken from them, accurately, the name ‘Ark Raleigh’; and it was further found that this ‘grotesque’ name had occurred in other cases even in printed books. It is in no ungenerous spirit that we recall this incident: we give it as illustrating the danger of Mr. Freeman’s contempt for manuscripts as well as the tone of his criticism, even where he was absolutely wrong.

We have still to glance at that impartiality which Mr. Freeman believed he had attained. For this one should compare him not with those who, like Professor Gardiner and Mr. Froude, have

have handled burning themes, but rather with writers on 'ancient history,' such as Mitford and Grote. And the distinction, we think, will then be this: Grote and Mitford wrote with a purpose, Mr. Freeman with a bias. We proceed to justify this assertion by glancing at Mr. Freeman's attitude, on the one hand, towards the hereditary principle in the monarchy and the House of Lords, and, on the other, towards Godwine and Harold. Harold's election, in itself a matter of critical importance, is also a point at which these subjects intersect: it is therefore a convenient episode to select as an example of the writer's treatment. For Mr. Freeman's enthusiastic support of Harold is clearly due, in no small measure, to the fact that he was 'one whose claim was not drawn only from the winding-sheet of his fathers,' that he was 'king not by the mouldering title of a worn-out dynasty,' but by 'the free choice of a free people.'

Now the right of succession to the Crown in Anglo-Saxon times is, of course, well ascertained. Dr. Stubbs, to whom Mr. Freeman refers us as 'the most profound expounder of the English Constitution,' and who has studied the subject most carefully, speaks with that clearness and decision which the facts of the case warrant:—

'The succession was by constitutional practice restricted to one family. . . . Royalty . . . is hereditary; . . . royalty, though elective, belongs to one house, one family, always kept within very narrow proportions. . . . The King is safe from competition except by his own immediate kinsmen. . . . This mark [of being hereditary] seems to be universal.'

Dr. Stubbs, indeed, insists further that even within the royal house the right of election was greatly limited by the strong claims of the nearest heir. But on this we need not insist: it is sufficient for our purpose that the King must and could only be chosen from 'one house, one family.' Mr. Freeman, in his 'William the Conqueror,' indeed, admits the fact:—

'By English custom the King was chosen out of a single kingly house, and only those who were descended from kings in the male line were counted as members of that house.'

But how does he reconcile this maxim with the 'regularity' of Harold's election? After some preliminary manœuvring, which need not here detain us, he boldly produces his argument:—

'Within that royal family the Witan of the land had a free choice. The eldest son of the last King would doubtless always have a preference. . . . If he were too young or otherwise disqualified, the electors passed him by and chose some worthier member of the royal family. . . . From these principles it follows that, as any disqualified

person in the royal family might be passed by, so, if the whole family were disqualified, the whole family might be passed by. That is to say, the election of Harold, the son of Godwine, the central point of this history, was perfectly good in every point of view.' ('Norm. Conq.')

Thus, quite pleasantly, we reach the *terminus ad quem*. But can there be conceived a more daring *non sequitur* than this special pleading involves? Our readers have, doubtless, detected for themselves the *ignoratio elenchi*, but it may be as well to convict Mr. Freeman by placing his argument in syllogistic form:—

'The Witan had the right to elect anyone within the royal house.

Harold was not within the royal house.

Therefore the Witan had the right to elect Harold.'

This in no way misrepresents the argument to which our author has recourse in his attempt to pervert the issue at 'the central point of this history.'

Such a criticism is no quibble. Even the Professor, in his 'William the Conqueror,' while claiming that 'the accession of Harold was perfectly regular according to English law,' uneasily admits that it was 'strange and unusual.' But it was far more than this; it was, in the words of the late Mr. Green (who belonged, of course, to Mr. Freeman's school), 'a constitutional revolution of the gravest kind, the setting aside a great national tradition.' And while, on the one hand, the election of a *novus homo* to the throne would arouse at home the bitterest jealousy among the magnates of the realm, and widen at once the fatal breach between the North and South; on the other, the unconstitutional choice (for so only can we term it) of a man outside that royal house which had ruled from time immemorial, gave an opening to William which he could not otherwise have obtained, and thus rendered possible the Norman invasion.

Before passing to an even stranger example of the statements of fact into which our author is led by his inveterate democratic bias, we must glance at his attitude towards the house of Godwine. Allowing for his revulsion from that of Palgrave, 'in whom,' he writes, 'depreciation of the whole House of Godwine had become a sort of passion,' it must be allowed that Mr. Freeman has rushed into the opposite extreme, and has constituted himself their advocate upon every moot question. Godwine was essentially a democratic leader, and one can trace Mr. Freeman's praise of him throughout to the fact, that he espoused the cause which has the writer's personal sympathy.

But if 'Godwine,' as Mr. Freeman inadvertently admits,
'was

‘was a crafty and not always scrupulous statesman, Harold was a hero.’ That is the Professor’s case. Harold is for him what Dutch William was for Macaulay and the Whigs. He has his *parti pris*; discussion is useless. But as evidence that there was another side to the character of the hero patriot, we may quote the significant words of one whom Mr. Freeman speaks of in one place as his master, and hails in another as his successor—we mean the late Mr. Green :—

‘His civil administration during his first ten years of rule is the mere continuation of his father’s. There is the same scheme of family aggrandizement, carried out in even a less scrupulous way.’

As an instance of this bias on behalf of Harold, we may quote the words of John of Salisbury, who describes Harold, in his Welsh campaign, as ‘*usque ad miserationem parvulorum omnem masculum qui inveniri potuit interficiens.*’ This passage Mr. Freeman paraphrased: ‘We are not therefore surprised to hear that every male *who resisted* was put to the sword.’ The charge, which was that of indiscriminate slaughter, is thus skilfully perverted. Or again, we may adduce the attempt to represent Harold as hesitating to accept the crown, while admitting that ‘ambition made him seize it,’ and that he had in his marriage, ‘with a crown in prospect, acted after the manner of crowned heads: Eadgyth was perhaps forsaken; Eadgyth was almost certainly married in order to secure Mercian votes in the Gemót, which should finally dispose of the kingdom.’

That this blind devotion to Harold sprang from democratic bias is, we hold, beyond question. ‘A chief element,’ says a friend, ‘in his oft-reiterated admiration for the early history of England was the native right of the people to elect their sovereign, . . . most of all . . . in the election of Harold.’ His, we know, was the famous phrase, ‘History is past politics;’ and it was surely the democrat, not the historian, who made the astounding comment on that irregular election that ‘on no day in their annals did the English people win for themselves a higher or a purer fame.’

We will now turn to that extraordinary statement to which reference has already been made. Speaking of the marriage of Malcolm of Scotland and Margaret of England, Mr. Freeman goes out of his way to observe that, in 1603, the Stuarts ‘contrived to place themselves by an alleged hereditary right on the throne.’ To emphasize this assertion, he adds the note :—

‘It should always be remembered that the Stewarts, reigning in defiance of the lawful settlement of Henry VIII.’s will, were simply

usurpers, except so far as popular acquiescence in their succession might be held to be equivalent to a popular election. It was by an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of her last elected king that the Crown of England was first made hereditary.'

In this passage are happily combined the writer's hatred of hereditary right, his superb blindness to historical fact—leading him, in the case of the Roman Empire, to substitute shadow for substance, and his virtual conviction that the Conquest closed the development of the English Constitution. If this last expression should cause surprise, we need only appeal to his dictum, that with the Revolution 'began that period of internal progress, every step of which has been in truth a return to the old laws of England before the Norman set foot upon her shores.'

Like the English Constitution, the succession to the Crown may not have been a matter of ink and parchment; but so well understood and universally accepted was the doctrine of hereditary right at the death of Queen Elizabeth, that the Stuarts succeeded without a struggle by that right alone, in the teeth of the effort, under Henry VIII., to defeat that hereditary right by Crown and Parliament combined. But indeed we need go no further than Mr. Freeman's own pages for an answer to his astounding dictum. Speaking of Harold as 'the last king who reigned purely by the will of the people,' he proceeded to term even Edward the First a king 'who reigned purely as the son of his father.'

Of his attitude towards the House of Lords, one need only say that the Wensleydale case aroused him to such frenzy that justice, accuracy, and even decency were all flung to the winds. From the issue of the 'Norman Conquest' to the very latest volume from his pen, he furiously denounced a decision of which every one else approved. That such language is within the mark will be seen from such a passage as this:—

'The Lords—in defiance of law, in defiance of history, in defiance of the clear rights of the Crown and the manifest expediency of the case—had the matchless impudence to refuse to Lord Wensleydale, a baron of the realm, as lawfully created as any of them, his lawful seat in their House. This and that insignificant duke, marquess, earl, viscount, or baron, thought it fine to turn up his nose at a great lawyer of whose advice King Edward would have been glad; because, forsooth, his "blood" had not been "ennobled." And, more shameless still, great lawyers, who, one would have thought, must have known the law on which they were trampling, were, in the lowest spirit of upstarts, fiercest of all to maintain the imaginary rights of their own "noble blood," "ennobled," as it was, but yesterday.'

The

The 'matchless impudence' thus denounced by a *Regius Professor of Modern History* consisted in differing from himself on a point where every one was against him, from his avowed master, Dr. Stubbs, to his own authority, Sir Erskine May. But so blinded was he by his bias that he further, 'in defiance of history,' accused the Lords of having 'in their own interest' introduced the doctrine he hated, though they had never introduced it at all! We are compelled to invite the attention of those who may object to any criticism on the writings of the dead, to Mr. Freeman's 'shameless' accusation against 'great lawyers' who were dead, that they had trampled on the law 'in the lowest spirit of upstarts,' because, forsooth, they were faithful to their trust, and acted by a higher standard than 'the manifest expediency of the case.'

We have now tested Mr. Freeman's work by the standard he himself erected and the tests he would himself have chosen. We have weighed it in that balance in which he weighed the work of others, and we have found it wanting. But let it be remembered that we have dealt only with his accuracy and authority as an historian. It was specifically to this question that we confined ourselves at the outset. We desire in no way to deny or to impugn the late Professor's great gifts. His classical erudition was marvellously wide, his knowledge of localities amazing, his style stately, and capable of rising, at times, to 'epic grandeur.' Full justice has been done to his powers in the many panegyrics that have appeared, and—saving the points of which we have treated—we gladly express our agreement with their praise of a remarkable man. With all its faults, his history of the Conquest is far in advance of any work that has yet appeared upon the subject; only it is not final. We have but pointed out some of its errors, and we have endeavoured, as we purposed at the outset, to restrict ourselves to those, small or great, which are beyond the possibility of question. There are those, no doubt, who would denounce us for questioning the infallibility of Mr. Freeman's work even in the cause of historic truth, who would describe as captious the correction of errors that would, in the work of others, have roused Mr. Freeman to horror. To such we fitly enough reply in his own words: 'Of course, I shall be told that these things do not matter . . . This is what is always said to those who think that truth is worth winning at any price. Real students of history think otherwise.'

ART. II. — *A Dictionary of Hymnology*. Edited by John Julian, M.A., Vicar of Wincobank, Sheffield. London, 1892.

FOUR hundred thousand Hymns! Such, we are told by the Editor of this colossal work of reference, is the figure at which the number of extant Christian hymns may be approximately reckoned. If it be true, as it has been shrewdly said, that the appearance of a really good hymn is as rare as that of a comet, what an appalling amount of poor and even base material the uncompromising searcher for first-class hymns must need to pass through his critical sieve in order to pick out the rare gems that will repay his toil! Yet even to this figure, high as it is, the estimate can only be kept down by drawing the line somewhere, and not only discarding a vast amount of rubbish which once had a place even in respectable collections, but also excluding altogether many of the more eccentric sources of religious song. If within the line are comprised hymns that have originated in such bodies as (to speak only of modern times) Unitarians, Plymouth Brethren, Irvingites, Swedenborgians, Inghamites, Sandemanians, Bereans, Universalists, and the like; outside it there still lie, unreckoned with, the metrical strains of even less orthodox sects, as Southcottians, Princeites of the Agapemone, Rational Religionists, Shakers, Mormons, and many others on the very edge of Christianity, which pride themselves on not lagging behind other sectaries in possessing hymn-books of their own. Not that the student of the Dictionary need fear to find himself confronted with the whole of the 400,000, or even with a tenth part of them. The great majority have sunk into the limbo of 'weeds and worn-out faces,' from which, happily, there is no resuscitation. About 30,000 is the number of hymns that the Editor, with his nearly three dozen of assistants, professes to have taken account of and annotated; of which we calculate that some 25,000 may be found noted in the index of first lines, the remainder being scattered, un-indexed, in the body of the work, entered under their initial word or their author's name somewhere in the three thousand small-type columns of which the Dictionary proper consists. Thus, for instance, of forty-three hymns beginning with the word 'And,' found in a cluster in the body of the work under their initial word, only ten appear in the index, though why the privilege is denied to the rest is not apparent. Not, it may be remarked, that the number of hymns disfigured by this unmeaning commencement is limited to the forty-three in the cluster to which we refer. Index and Dictionary

Dictionary together give some 120 instances in which the writer, finding himself in want of an additional syllable for his first line, has absurdly prefixed to it the copulative particle. To this class we are sorry to see that even Keble is made to contribute one, through his piece from the 'Christian Year,' 'And is there in God's world so drear a place,' a cento from which has been used as a hymn.

For all practical purposes the 30,000 hymns of the Dictionary are ample, and even more than ample. The labour spent in collecting them, tracking them to their sources, compiling their history, and noting their frequent variations as successive hands have manipulated them, has been enormous; and if it has been a labour of love, it manifests even more emphatically a love of labour. Of a considerable number, chiefly of those put forth originally in magazines or other fugitive publications without any designating name or initials, the authorship has as yet baffled all research; yet the army of ascertained composers or translators exceeds 5,000. And in most cases much more than the name is given. The volume is crowded with short and often very instructive biographies of the authors, sometimes indeed needlessly particular, and with neat criticisms of their productions, beginning with Clement of Alexandria, to whom the earliest known Christian hymn is ascribed, outside the Canon of Scripture, and coming down to the serried ranks of his modern and still living successors in the art. Nor is it of the select 30,000 hymns alone that we are favoured with interesting particulars. Of the larger aggregate, the 400,000 of all ages and languages, we are told that, owing to the spread and success of missions in the present century, the number of tongues and dialects in which hymns exist has immensely increased, and now may be reckoned at not less than 200, although naturally the bulk belongs to the comparatively few languages which have for ages been employed in the service of the Gospel. Among these the distribution is interesting. German stands at the head with at least 100,000 hymns—a host captained by Luther's noble strain, the Teutonic National hymn, 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,' which, with a soldier's free speech, was dubbed by Frederick the Great 'God Almighty's Grenadier March.' Of these Dr. Philip Schaff, who contributes the article on German hymnody, with somewhat lavish generosity declares that nearly 1000 may be safely pronounced 'classical and immortal.' The reason of this eminence in quantity is to be found in the fact that the Reformed congregations in Germany took to hymn-singing at once, Luther's own thirty-seven hymns giving an impulse to the production of this class of sacred
verse

verse that has never flagged, and is perhaps almost as potent even now as it was in epochs of greater ferment, such as the Thirty Years' War, and the pietistic and evangelical revivals.

Next to the German, the English language must undoubtedly be credited with pre-eminent richness in hymnody; and, owing to its immense and ever-increasing diffusion, it will probably ere long outstrip its rival. That it has not already done so is to be attributed to the much later period at which hymns conquered an assured place in the public worship of English congregations. From the Reformation down to the close of the seventeenth century, scarcely anything, except versions of the Psalter, or metrical paraphrases of other parts of Scripture, was sung during divine service. Churchmen were reluctant to admit uninspired compositions even as interludes between the pauses of the liturgy, though a very liberal view of inspiration was certainly required to bring Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady, within the category of the inspired. Even down to the rise of the Oxford Tractarians the same distaste seems to have been lingering still among High Churchmen; an illustration of which may be noticed in the curious fact that their candidate for the Chair of Poetry in 1841, Isaac Williams, is reported to have purposely composed his translations of Latin hymns from the Paris breviary in an unusually rough style, to render them impracticable for use in the sanctuary. On the other hand, so long as the intolerant Conventicle Act was in force, dissenting assemblies could only sing at peril of being betrayed by the sound into the grasp of the criminal law; and long after that external repression had ceased, an internal hindrance to hymn-singing arose from the tenet, that nothing was acceptable in worship but what sprang spontaneously from the soul under a special impulse of the Holy Spirit. Upon this principle, only what was called 'heart-singing' was favoured by some of the more rigid leaders of Nonconformity, and audible hymns were discountenanced and even proscribed unless both words and tune were originated at the moment, like the primitive utterances in an unknown tongue. Whether the attempt to sing under such conditions was ever made we are not sure; at any rate, whatever the result might have been, it could scarcely have been the utterance of the congregation. Under these unfavourable circumstances, hymnody had no chance either in church or chapel. The first attempt at forming an English hymn-book was indeed made as early as 1623 by the famous George Wither, who obtained a royal patent for his little book, 'The Hymnes and Songs of the Church,' to be bound up with the metrical psalter; but so far as its special purpose

purpose was concerned, it fell dead, notwithstanding his considerable talent for poetry. The modern reader perhaps will not much wonder at the failure, when he appreciates such a stanza as the following, culled from the hymn for Palm-Sunday :—

‘ Possession of his House he got,
The Marchants thence expelled;
And though the Priests were madde thereat,
His Lectures there he held.
Oh, how should any be so dull,
To doubt who this might be?
When they did things so wonderfull
And workes so mighty see.’

It was not till nearly the close of that century that English hymnody began to show real signs of life, and to the credit of the Nonconformists it first raised its head as if from a long sleep in their humble places of worship. Then came the era of Isaac Watts, Doddridge, and the Wesleys, through whose compositions the voice of sacred song soon grew full and strong in congregations outside the Establishment; whence, under the impulse of the evangelical revival, it found its way within the Church's more stately walls, and throughout the land hymns and hymn-books began to be multiplied with a rapidity which has, by this time, nearly brought up English hymnody, at least in quantity, to the level of the German.

The third place seems to be fairly claimed for Latin, the use of that language as the ecclesiastical dialect of Western Christendom having made it the customary vehicle of the Church's sacred song all through the Middle Ages, and down to the Reformation. The first lines of more than two thousand Latin hymns are given in the Dictionary, yet these are but a fraction of the mass scattered in countless missals, breviaries, and other service-books of pre-Reformation times.

The fourth place in this competition is due to Greek; for although in the earliest age the Eastern Churches were by no means very prolific of lyrical compositions for the use of the sanctuary, from the sixth down to at least the tenth century they produced a succession of great hymn-writers, who enriched the liturgical services with a wealth of those peculiar rhythmical developments of the Gospel creed or story, of which we may venture to say that they have less fascination for the European than for the Oriental mind.

When, however, we turn from estimating the quantity of hymns in different languages to note the chronological order in which Christian hymnody made its first appearance in them, a
different

different arrangement becomes necessary. Here Greek takes the precedence, as we might infer from the priority of the Greek-speaking Churches, and the presence of Greek hymns or probable quotations from them in the New Testament, and the allusions to the use of hymns in the Apostolic epistles. Syriac claims the second place, the lead in that Semitic tongue having been taken by the Gnostic teacher Bardesanes, or his son Harmonius, about the close of the second century,—a lead soon followed by the orthodox party, whose brilliant singer St. Ephraem inaugurated the great school of Syrian hymnodists, which survived till the Muhammedan conquest. Nearly contemporary with St. Ephraem was the rise of the Latin hymn-writers, the earliest of whom is said to have been St. Hilary of Poitiers, the forerunner of the Ambrosian school. The next place belongs to the barbarian West, for before the close of the seventh century we find the rude language of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers tamed into metrical hymns by good Bishop Aldhelm, who to catch the ear of the common people for the Gospel used to take his stand on a bridge as a gleeman, and sing to them a mixture of sacred and secular songs. Two centuries later saw the first hymns in the German vernacular, some of the earliest exhibiting a quaint and barbarous mixture of Latin words with the native tongue. In the thirteenth century Italian hymnody began, concurrently with the use of Italian as a written language; in the fifteenth, Bohemian, among the United Brethren on their separation from the Church which had burnt Huss and Jerome at the stake. In other European countries, the use of vernacular hymns seems to have been universally subsequent to the Reformation. And as the Gospel spread among new races, new languages were taught to sing of redemption and grace, until, as it has already been remarked, the number of tongues in which Christian song ascends to heaven may already be reckoned at a couple of hundred.

As we aim rather at giving our readers a general idea of the scope and variety of the work before us, than at subjecting it to formal analysis or detailed criticism, we now proceed to cull from its closely compacted pages a miscellaneous assortment of such items of information and critical appreciation as seem likely to be interesting; and which, occasionally supplemented from other sources, will serve as a basis for any discussions pertinent to the subject on which we may be tempted to adventure. The metrical psalters, having been prior to hymns in English congregational use, claim the first notice. Every one is familiar with the distinction between the Old and New Versions, but not nearly so many, we imagine, are aware that
while

while the names Tate and Brady, attached to the latter, express its entire authorship, those of Sternhold and Hopkins, by which the former is known, are only representatives of at least a dozen versifiers, by whose contributions it was gradually completed. Originating with Sternhold, a Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII., out of his desire to substitute sacred ballads for the 'amorous and obscene songs' of the people, the germ of the Old Version was his small volume of nineteen psalms, undated, but no doubt issued in 1547, to which twenty-one more were afterwards added, bringing up his share in the work to forty psalms. To posthumous editions of these, sixty more psalms were furnished by Hopkins, supposed to have been a Suffolk parson; and the remaining fifty were contributed by at least ten different translators, half being by Norton, a barrister, who is known as the translator of Calvin's 'Institutes' and joint author with Lord Sackville of the early tragedy of 'Gorboduc,' otherwise called 'Ferrex and Porrex,' acted in 1561 before Queen Elizabeth at the Inner Temple. By these numerous hands the version was gradually built up during the space of fourteen years, and the first complete edition came out in 1562, of which only a single copy is believed to be extant. Spite of all its faults, its reign was a long one and its success great, although to persons of culture it soon ceased to appear satisfactory: an illustration of which may be found in Rochester's epigram on hearing an extract from it sung by a parish clerk:—

'Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's psalms,
To make the heart right glad;
But had it been King David's fate
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By —— 'twould set him mad.'

Nor can a much better story be told of the New Version, 'Tate's poor page,' which supplanted it at the close of the seventeenth century; for if according to the taste of that period it was more poetical, the ornate style in general only produced a greater departure from the character of the original. A few exceptional verses may be picked out, in which a touch of Dryden's hand has been suspected; but taking it as a whole, the task of singing it through would strike with dumbness the most enduring of congregations. Rochester's epigram on its predecessor may be paralleled by the witty Bishop's reply, when casually asked if he knew what a drysalter was: 'Of course; Tate and Brady.' Here and there sharp eyes have detected in it a political colouring. The third William's poet-laureate can scarcely

scarcely be acquitted of aiming a sly shaft at the exiled James II., when he rendered Psalm cvii. 40 by—

‘The prince who slights what God commands,
Exposed to scorn, must quit his throne;’

or of having his patron’s campaigns in mind when he turned Psalm xviii. 37–45 into such verse as this:

‘God, when fresh armies take the field,
Recruits my strength, my courage warms;
He makes my strong opposers yield,
Subdued by my prevailing arms.’

After the experience of more than three hundred years, it may be indubitably concluded that to translate the Psalter into English lyrics, which shall be faithful to the original, and yet capable of being read and sung with pleasure by persons of literary culture and devout aspiration, is beyond human reach. The three hundred and sixty poets and rhymists, whom the Dictionary records as having attempted it and failed, have practically settled the question. All that is really attainable is to embody the general tone and sentiment of a Psalm, or portion of a Psalm, in a strain which shall not aim at getting even so near to the original in form or order as the loosest of paraphrases; and by employing this method some of our finest hymns have been produced. Thus we owe Watts’s, ‘O God, our help in ages past,’ to Psalm xc.; Addison’s, ‘The spacious firmament on high,’ to Psalm xix.; Watts’s, ‘Jesus shall reign where’er the sun,’ and Montgomery’s, ‘Hail to the Lord’s Anointed,’ to Psalm lxxii.; Newton’s, ‘Glorious things of thee are spoken,’ to Psalm lxxxiii.; Sir Robert Grant’s, ‘O worship the King, all glorious above,’ to Psalm civ.; Lyte’s, ‘Pleasant are Thy courts above,’ to Psalm lxxxiv.; Watts’s, ‘Before Jehovah’s awful throne,’ to Psalm c.; and the anonymous, ‘Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,’ to Psalm cxlviii. On the contrary, in proportion to the approximation of a metrical version to the letter of the original has been its poverty and flatness; and it is a happy thing for congregations that the older practice of dividing their service-books into separate collections of psalms and hymns has become obsolete.

Passing on from the Psalter, we may take a glance at some of the statistics of hymns which are scattered in the pages before us, beginning with the most famous of the medieval sequences, the ‘Dies irae,’ ascribed to the Franciscan friar, Thomas of Celano. Early in the present century it was introduced into English collections through the compressed translation or paraphrase of it given by Scott in his ‘Lay of the last Minstrel,’ and
few

few hymn-books now are without the solemn apocalyptic strain, 'That day of wrath, that dreadful day.' But our special point is the extraordinary number of versions which have been made of the hymn, about 160 in English, and ninety in German, being on record. Next to this among Latin hymns may be ranked, although at a long interval, the 'Adeste fideles,' of which there are thirty-eight English versions; a number far surpassed by the sixty-three of Luther's great hymn, 'Ein feste Burg.' Again, even a careless eye, running down the 424 closely printed columns of first lines in the index, cannot fail to be struck by the great groups of English hymns beginning with the same word; for instance, some 500 with the word 'Come,' 700 with 'Jesu' or 'Jesus,' and 2,500 with 'O' or 'Oh.' The more interesting, however, of the figures relate to the matter of authorship. Of all known hymn-writers Charles Wesley ranks by far the foremost for quantity, about 6,500 hymns being credited to him; and although in this vast mass there are inevitably many degrees of quality, and some even by his brother John were complained of as 'namby-pambical,' a large proportion are so good, and some so super-excellent, as to entitle him, in Mr. Julian's judgment, to be called 'the greatest hymn-writer of all ages.' Two may be singled out as pre-eminently popular: 'Hark! the herald angels sing' (a line, by the way, substituted by Whitfield for the original 'Hark! how all the welkin rings'); and 'Jesu, Lover of my soul,' on the first four lines of which some two score of subsequent compilers have tried their ruthless hands at emendation. Next in fertility among English writers may be placed the architect, James Edmeston, whose professional honour it was to have Sir Gilbert Scott for his pupil. For at least two out of his 2,000 hymns the lasting gratitude of the Church is due; for he enriched our collections with 'Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,' and 'Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.' Considerably after him come Beddome, the English Baptist, with 830 hymns, more used in America than here, and none first-rate; and Kelly, an ex-Irish clergyman, with 765, of which three have achieved wide popularity: 'The head that once was crowned with thorns,' 'We sing the praise of Him who died,' and 'Through the day Thy love has spared us.' Less prolific, but higher in the quality of his work, was James Montgomery, the Moravian journalist of Sheffield, the author of more than 400 hymns, as well as the emendator of many others. Such lyrics as, 'Hail to the Lord's Anointed,' 'Go to dark Gethsemane,' 'Songs of praise the angels sang,' 'Angels from the realms of glory,' attest the genuineness of his poetic fire, and earn the

the singularly warm encomium pronounced upon him by Mr. Julian :

‘Richly poetic without exuberance, dogmatic without uncharitableness, tender without sentimentality, elaborate without diffusiveness, richly musical without apparent effort, he has bequeathed to the Church of Christ wealth which could only have come from a true genius and a sanctified heart.’

Next we come to our childhood’s friend, Isaac Watts, the real father of English hymnody, much less of a poet than Montgomery, yet managing somehow in the range of his 400 hymns to ascend occasionally from the lowest abyss of doggerel to a height of impassioned praise and contemplation that has rarely been surpassed. The author of ‘When I survey the wondrous Cross’ can never be lightly spoken of; although even in that short piece there was room for the foot of clay to show itself, in a stanza so bad that it has been expunged by universal consent. We reprint it as a curiosity and a warning :

‘His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o’er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.’

Among the more prolific of later writers may be mentioned the saintly invalid, Charlotte Elliott, who from her couch of pain gave the Church some 150 hymns, of which two, ‘Just as I am,’ and ‘My God, my Father, while I stray,’ are a possession for ever; Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, of whose 120 hymns perhaps one, ‘Hark! the sound of holy voices,’ has enough of the lyric fire to survive all changes of taste; Horatio Bonar, of the Scotch Free Church, author of about the same number, who is best known by ‘A few more years shall roll,’ and ‘I heard the voice of Jesus say;’ and lastly, Henry Francis Lyte, only a little inferior in productiveness, whose dying strain, ‘Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,’ composed for the close of life, has become by reason of its melodious tenderness and pathos one of our most favourite evening hymns.

Of German authors the following, out of many, may be named in this connexion. Count Zinzendorf, the celebrated Bishop of the Moravians, stands at the head with at least 2,000 hymns; Benjamin Schmolck, a Lutheran pastor in the latter half of the seventeenth century, comes next with 900; Johann Rist, the poet-pastor of Wedel on the Elbe, during the Thirty Years’ War, follows with 680; about 400 are due to Ludwig Helmbold, a prominent member of the University of Erfurt, in the generation succeeding the Reformation; and last, though
not

not least, Paulus Gerhardt, not so much for the quantity of his hymns, which scarcely exceed 120, as for their high quality, which has secured for him the next place to Luther as 'the most gifted and popular hymn-writer of the Lutheran Church.' Other German hymnodists, such as the mystic Tersteegen, and the Roman Catholic Scheffler, while holding places of high importance, fall below those above-named in the special quality of productiveness. Of French writers only one demands notice in this connexion, and he not a Frenchman—the well-known Dr. César Malan, the leader of the Evangelical secession at Geneva about seventy years ago ; who during his long pastorate published not less than a thousand hymns, and thus stands unrivalled among the contributors to modern French hymnody. A curious feat in hymn-making may be mentioned here, to complete our statistics. Joseph Proud, the inaugurator of Swedenborgian hymns in England, is said to have composed in three months the 300 original hymns which he published in 1790 for the use of the 'New Church,'—all of 'decided merit' in the judgment of Mr. W. T. Brooke, the contributor of the article on 'Swedenborgian Hymnody.' We venture, however, to doubt if the following strain on 'Conjugal love,' which we have gleaned from the volume, could be appropriately sung, even by a New Jerusalem congregation, to 'the praise and glory of God':—

'Where then is the rapturous pair
Who conjugal pleasures possess?
'Tis found with the man and the fair
Whose only delight is to bless;
Whose love is so ardent a flame
That nothing can equal its fire;
Whose will is in all things the same,
The same is their every desire.'

Some instances have already been adduced, showing how the public taste, like the natural selection of the evolutionists, is wont to pick out of the productions of voluminous hymn-writers just two or three, or even one only, for survival, leaving the rest to succumb in the struggle for existence. Other examples, even more striking, might be found, among which the following merit notice. Germany supplies a good instance, besides that of Luther's grand chorale, in Rinkart's 'Nun danket alle Gott,' the *Te Deum* of his country, naturalized among us by Miss Winkworth's version, 'Now thank we all our God.' Toplady is forgotten but for his immortal 'Rock of Ages.' Olivers, the Welsh shoe-maker, retains a place in our collections by a cento from his free paraphrase of a medieval Hebrew doxology, 'The God

God of Abraham praise ;' Dean Alford, chiefly by his harvest hymn, 'Come, ye thankful people, come ;' Mrs. Adams, the Unitarian, by her impassioned strain, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee ;' Isaac Williams by his fervent Lenten supplication, 'Lord, in this Thy mercy's day' ; Mrs. Maude by her admirable confirmation hymn, 'Thine for ever, God of love ;' Miss Auber by her tender little Whitsuntide strain, 'Our blest Redeemer ere He breathed ;' Mrs. Toke by her plaintive Ascension hymn, 'Thou art gone up on high.' Even Heber, to whom English hymnody is so largely indebted for an elevating impulse, may be said to live in his 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,' perhaps the finest strain of adoration in the language, far more than in any other of his sacred lyrics. And if we may speak of an eminent hymn-writer still with us, we would augur that it is by his pealing Zion-song, 'The Church's one foundation,' that his name will be most surely remembered.

One of the most perplexing questions with which the conscientious hymnologist has to deal takes its rise from the astonishing variations in the texts of the older hymns, due in some degree to the author's own revisions, but infinitely more to the alterations, re-arrangements, and mutilations practised upon them by the ingenuity or audacity of compilers and editors. It would scarcely be too much to affirm that few hymns of more than half a century old are sung now as they issued from their authors' hands, and that a large proportion of our favourites have been gradually moulded into one or other of their current shapes by a long process of manipulation. It seems to have been the accepted right of an editor to look at hymns as so much material which he was free to hack and hew, to cut up, adulterate, transpose, interpolate, lengthen or abbreviate, at his own caprice, till in the mutilated remains the author might hardly be able to recognize his hapless offspring. Not that the free use of old material is exclusively a modern practice. Those who consult Bishop John Wordsworth's article on the 'Te Deum' will learn, that even this magnificent prose hymn of the Western Church has been gradually shaped into its present form by successive redactors ; and that of its twenty-nine versicles the first twelve were probably a Greek hymn to Christ, the next three a doxology from a different Greek source, the following eight an original Latin hymn, and that the remaining eight, all of which except one are traceable to the Psalter, have been transferred from the Greek morning hymn, the 'Gloria in excelsis.' Such a precedent as this is sufficient to justify at least a measure of liberty in adapting ancient materials

materials to the Church's use. In truth, when we honestly face the vexed and thorny question of meddling with the text of hymns, we must confess that there are alterations and alterations, and that if some are wanton and inexcusable, for others a very good case may be made out. No modern congregation, for instance, could sing through Ken's famous Morning and Evening hymns uncurtailed and unexpurgated; nor could Milman's trumpet-like strain for the day of Palms, 'Ride on, ride on in majesty,' be used with comfort if the third line were left as he wrote it, 'Thine humble beast pursues his road.' It is true that our unsophisticated forefathers could heartily chant the old version of the 'Gloria, laus, et honor,' which gave:

' Be Thou, O Lord, the Rider,
And we the little ass;
That to God's holy city
Together we may pass: '

but tastes, whether for better or worse, have grown more fastidious. The fine strain of praise, 'Hail, Thou once despised Jesus,' would have been practically lost to us, had not the editors been bold enough to reset it, and expand Bakewell's original two verses into four or even five. The widely-used lyric, 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' is due to a radical sifting out of a few grains of precious ore from two long and tedious metrical versions of the impassioned apostrophe to the City of God, contained in the 'Book of Meditations' ascribed to St. Augustine, in one of which we find this stanza:

' Within thy gates nothinge doeth come
That is not passinge cleane;
Noe spider's web, noe durt noe dust
Noe filthe may there be seene; '

and in the other this:

' There be the prudent Prophets all,
Thapostles six and six;
The glorious martirs on a row,
And Confessors betwixt.'

Again, of the grand Advent hymn, 'Lo! He comes with clouds descending,' the original as it issued from Cennick's pen was too full of blemishes ever to have become acceptable; but being taken in hand first by Charles Wesley, and then by Madan, the compiler of the earliest Church hymn-book in 1706, it assumed the form in which for more than a century it has every Advent season been borne up on the voices of myriads of exultant worshippers. Nothing in the language is more popular

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than Charles Wesley's Christmas-hymn, but we do not sing it as he wrote it, but as Whitfield and others recast it; and no one will deny that its charm has been increased by the resetting. As much may be said of the same writer's almost equally esteemed Ascension-hymn, 'Hail the day that sees Him rise,' the alterations of which also began with Whitfield. Other examples of profitable correction and refashioning may be found in 'He dies, the Friend of sinners dies,' which in Watts's original ran 'He dies, the heavenly Lover dies;,' in Perronet's 'All hail the power of Jesu's name!' from which no one can regret to see excised such a line as 'Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre;,' in Browne's beautiful invocation, 'Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove;,' in Doddridge's 'Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!' so warmly praised by Lord Selborne; in J. H. Gurney's 'We saw Thee not when Thou didst come,' which is a complete re-writing of Mrs. Richter's 'We have not seen Thy footsteps tread;,' and, lastly, in the old Easter-hymn, 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day,' originally derived from the Latin 'Surrexit Christus hodie.' Only pedants, we think, would complain of emendations and recasts of which the above are fair examples.

But if, of the countless divergencies from the original texts which are found in modern collections, a considerable number may be pronounced justifiable, on the ground that the edification of the Church must be the supreme law, far more numerous are those for which no reasonable plea can be offered. The freaks of ignorance, narrowness, and bad taste are without excuse. It is not easy to forgive Toplady for Calvinizing 'Hail, Thou once despised Jesus;,' or the editor of the 'Hymnal Companion,' for presuming to Christianize Newman's 'Lead, kindly Light,' by adding a stanza of his own—an offence now happily repented of; or the Unitarian body for giving their congregations versions of our finest hymns from which all adoration of Christ has been expunged; or the fatuous editors who have scented irreverent familiarity in 'Jesu, Lover of my soul,' and Mariolatry in Milman's refrain, 'Gracious Son of Mary, hear,' 'as if,' to adopt the stout Presbyterian's protest, 'our congregations consist exclusively of born idiots.' We have even heard of some sapient critic who re-wrote the lines in Addison's paraphrase of Psalm xix. :—

'What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,'

to bring them into conformity with the Copernican astronomy. Equally to be reprobated are such changes as those which the
Plymouth

Plymouth Brethren have made in Toplady's famous hymn, turning the opening lines, for instance, into—

‘Rock of Ages, hid in Thee,
Where can condemnation be?’

and the closing lines into—

‘Rock of Ages, hid in Thee,
Blest unspeakably are we,’

to suit their extravagant pretension that they have no need to pray for divine grace. Of all depravations of hymns, however, that have come under our notice, the most impudent are the travesties by which the Owenites, or ‘Friends of the Rational system of Society,’ have turned our sacred lyrics into addresses to Nature and Reason. Thus in their hymn-book, bearing date 1840, Cowper's well-known hymn on the Bible, ‘A glory gilds the sacred page,’ becomes, ‘A glory gilds the ample page Of nature's work sublime.’ Watts's Advent hymn, ‘Joy to the earth! the Lord is come,’ is degraded into—

‘Joy to the earth! the Light is come,
The only lawful king;
Let every heart prepare it room,
And moral nature sing.’

Most abominable of all is their parody of the fine pilgrim's hymn, ‘Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,’ originally composed in Welsh by Williams of Pantycelyn, which issues from this unholy crucible as—

‘Guide us, Truth, thou star refulgent,
Travellers through a darksome land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty
To support our social band;
Lead us onward,
Bending to thy high command.’

It will have already appeared that the contributors to the Dictionary do not shrink from playing the critic on the compositions which they catalogue, and little fault is to be found with their discharge of this delicate function. What first merits notice as a result of their critiques is the broad contrast between ancient and modern hymnody, arising from their different modes of contemplating religious ideas. The ancient hymns, whether Greek or Latin, Oriental or Western, are in the main objective, regarding the Christian doctrines and the facts of redemption in themselves as objects of adoring admiration and praise; whereas the prevalent tone of the

modern hymn-writer is subjective, and reflects his personal relation to the truths which he commemorates, and the penitence, longing, or joy which the apprehension of those truths kindles in his soul. The reason of this distinction is not far to seek. Ancient hymnody was the voice of Churches compact, secure, resting on their traditions, worshipping in tranquil concert, before introspection and self-analysis became the habit of pious souls. Modern hymnody sprang into being under very different circumstances. It found its voice amidst the throes and triumphs of the Reformation, and was the offspring of conflict, not over the immovable foundations on which the entire fabric of Christianity rests, but over the subjective side of the divine mysteries and the personal relations of individuals to them, and thus it inevitably became predominantly the expression of the believer's faith and hope, trials and consolations, in his wrestling for spiritual freedom and conscious fellowship with the Captain of his salvation. Of the Greek hymns the peculiar feature is well sketched by Mr. Leigh Bennett, as follows:—

'The most remarkable characteristic of Greek hymnody is its objectiveness, with which is closely connected its faculty of sustained praise. Whether the theme be the mystery of the Triune Godhead or the Incarnation, or the mighty periods of Christ's incarnate work in earth and heaven; or whether some life or narrative of Holy Writ, considered in its doctrinal or typical reference—the attitude of the poet is always one of self-forgetful, rapt, or ecstatic contemplation. While in the English hymn the Scripture fact or type or doctrine is the text or motto, and the body of the hymn consists of the human blessings, warnings or enlightenments that flow from it, the mind of the Greek poet rests and delights in the Revelation itself, and leaves the human references subordinated, hinted, or even unexpressed.'

In strong contrast is Dr. Schaff's description of German hymnody, which may be taken as typical of the great outburst of sacred song from the Churches of the Reformation:—

'To this treasury of German song several hundred men and women of all ranks and conditions—theologians and pastors, princes and princesses, generals and statesmen, physicians and jurists, merchants and travellers, labourers and private persons—have made contributions, laying them on the common altar of devotion. Many of these hymns, and just those possessed of the greatest vigour and unction, full of the most exulting faith and the richest comfort, had their origin amid the conflicts or storms of the Reformation, or the fearful devastations and nameless miseries of the Thirty Years' War; others belong to the revival period of the Spenerian Pietism and the Moravian Brotherhood, and reflect its earnest struggle after holiness, the fire of the first love and the sweet enjoyment of the soul's inter-
course

course with her Heavenly Bridegroom; not a few of them sprang up even in the unbelieving age of "illumination" and rationalism, like flowers from dry ground, or Alpine roses on fields of snow; others again proclaim, in fresh and joyous tones, the dawn of reviving faith in the land where the Reformation had its birth. Thus these hymns constitute a most graphic book of confession for German Evangelical Christianity, a sacred band which enriches its various periods, an abiding memorial of its victories, its sorrows and its joys, and an eloquent witness for the all-conquering and invincible life-power of the evangelical Christian faith.'

Between these two types our own hymnody, in its present expansion, may be said to hold a middle place. Springing up hot from the agitations of the soul amidst the evangelical revival and protest against formalism, its earlier moods were inevitably as subjective as those of the German or French Reformed hymnody, and dealt almost exclusively with the experimental side of religion. But an examination of the congregational hymn-books which have attained the greatest popularity of late years will show, that the growth of Church sentiment, and the consequent study of ancient models, have satisfactorily restored the balance, and endowed our services with a large proportion of hymns in which objective adoration is profitably blended with human aspiration, confession, and prayer.

Other critical estimates contained in this Dictionary deal with the merits of hymn-books in more or less extensive use. Passing over a multitude of minor or local collections, and also collections for special purposes, such as those for public schools, temperance meetings, mission services, Sunday schools, &c., the field, so far as the English Church is concerned, is practically divided between three great rivals, originally published almost contemporaneously, and making appeal to somewhat different schools of thought. The central position is held by the 'Church Hymns,' a loyal offspring of the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, put forth, as the Dictionary tells us, 'with the avowed object of meeting the common needs of the Church, and not the aspirations of a party.' Of this collection the criticism given us is to the effect that its literary standard is high, and the book as a whole richer in poetic as distinct from devotional verse than its rivals; its great drawback being its mutilated texts, many of which were 'the gratuitous and in most instances the uncalled-for offerings of the editors.' On one side of it stands 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' the compilation of a syndicate of High Churchmen, the astonishing success of which, testified by the sale of twenty-five millions of

of copies, is attributed partly to the magic of the word 'Ancient' in its title, which exactly hit the growing taste for Christian antiquity; partly to the attractive music which freely found its way far beyond the limits within which the book was acceptable; and partly to 'its firm and courageous Church arrangement and tone.' But at the same time we are warned that 'the popular voice does by no means indicate at all times or in all places the truest doctrine or the noblest work;' and that the 'serious shortcomings and faults' of the earliest form of this collection, whether in regard to mutilation of the text, limitation of range, or mediocrity of literary standard, have not been entirely corrected in the later revisions. On the other side of the Society's manual stands Bishop Bickersteth's 'Hymnal Companion,' the work of one who is himself amongst the most successful of the living composers of hymns dealing with Christian experience, and as such strongly marked by the feature of subjectivity as well as by other distinctive notes of the Evangelical school. After making deductions from its merits on the score of exclusiveness, subjectiveness, and 'non-representativeness of the Catholic as distinct from the Anglican element,' Mr. Julian is still able to pass on it this high eulogium, that 'of its kind, and from its theological standpoint as an evangelical hymn-book, it is in poetic grace, literary excellence, and lyric beauty, the finest collection in the Anglican Church.' It is pleasant to observe that the rivalry between these three widely-used manuals does not prevent a large number of the hymns especially dear to Englishmen, in one or other of their current texts, being common to them all; and that in none of them has either ecclesiastical or dogmatic exclusiveness been allowed to bar the acceptance of sacred strains worthy of being uplifted to God in solemn worship, on the ground of their having originated in communions less regular or orthodox than the Anglican.

From critiques on hymn-books it is but a step to critical appreciations of hymn-writers, and a few of these put upon authors belonging to the present generation may be interesting to the reader. Dean Stanley is touched off in an antithesis; 'like another great writer, Jeremy Taylor, his prose is poetical, but his poetry is prosaic.' Miss Havergal is 'our Theodosia of the nineteenth century,' and consecrated her life to sing sweetly and simply of the love of God, and His way of salvation. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth's maxims, that everything in the Church's services, however incapable of poetical treatment, should be the subject of hymns, and that the first duty of the singer is to teach sound doctrine, have led to many of his compositions

positions being prosaic and 'simple to the verge of baldness.' Of Charlotte Elliott it is said, that for those in sickness and sorrow she has sung as few others have done. Of Dean Alford, that his hymns have added little to his literary reputation, the poetry not being striking, nor the thought original, and the tone for the most part somewhat cold and conventional. Of Faber, who wrote after his secession to Rome, that his best hymns excel in directness, simplicity, and pathos, but that others, such as those on 'Paradise' and 'Angels of Jesus,' are marred by an element of unreality which is against their permanent popularity. Of Horatio Bonar, that his hymns display the grace of style and wealth of allusion which are the fruits of ripe culture, and in spite of feeble stanzas, halting rhythm, defective rhyme, and meaningless iteration, they satisfy the fastidious by their instinctive good taste, and have won a very wide approval both in literary circles and in the Church. Of Bishop Walsham How, that though not a poet like Cowper or Montgomery, he has sung us songs likely to outlive all his other literary works. Of the Rev. S. J. Stone, that his hymns present a pleasing and unusual variety, and, with the exception of a few plaintive and tender ones, are strongly outspoken utterances of a manly faith, well designed and clearly expressed.

These gleanings of criticism might be largely multiplied, but our space forbids us to linger, since before we dismiss the critical side of our subject a matter which goes to the root of hymnology yet remains to be discussed. Beneath every estimate of a hymn lies the question, What is the criterion of a good hymn? or, more simply, How ought a hymn to be defined? St. Augustine's well-known definition, quoted more than once in the Dictionary, is obviously too narrow. 'A hymn,' he says, 'is a song with praise of God.' That a composition which is not adapted for being sung is not a hymn is clear; but the limitation of the subject to the praise of God is a pedantic and arbitrary dictum, which experience has amply refuted. Many of our best hymns are in substance prayers; others are confessions of our faith, others the utterances of our desires or hopes. Some are grateful commemorations of blessings; others the voice of self-dedication; others stirring exhortations or mutual encouragements to perseverance in the Christian life and conflict. In fact, there is no religious emotion common to the members of the Body of Christ which has not been, and may not fitly be, expressed in lyrical measures, and made the burden of some song of the sanctuary. We say

say confidently, then, that the limitation of the subject of hymns must be found elsewhere than in St. Augustine's narrow definition. That there are limitations is obvious. A hymn is poetry, not prose; a lyrical expression of emotion, not a versified fragment of dogmatic or moral instruction. Cutting up a didactic exhortation into metrical lines does not transform it into a hymn. Neither rhythm nor rhyme could make the Thirty-nine Articles proper to be sung to the glory of God. It is not choral worship to sing with Watts:—

‘ In spirit and in truth alone
We must present our prayer;
The formal and the false are known
Through the disguise they wear.’

Nor with the Baptists round the bath of the newly baptized:—

‘ Christians, all is not comprised
In being solemnly baptized;
He who has done so much for you
Appoints much more for you to do.’

Nor with the Moravians:—

‘ Whoever after Baptism's bath
Again in mire wallowed bath,
Should as a swine and dog indeed
Without the door be thrust with speed.’

Nor even with Cowper:—

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat.’

The expression of spiritual emotion in a lyrical form is the indispensable condition of hymnody. The quaint protest against a hymn—‘ But this is poetry!’ must be ruled out of court. On the other hand there is the danger of swamping the devotional element by the poetical, and giving the spirit the dry husks of the fancy when it is hungering for the bread of life. The poetry of hymns must be chaste, simple, subordinated to the thought, capable of quick apprehension by the average mind. Anything far-fetched, ingenious, or subtle, whether of imagery or phraseology, still more anything bordering on bombast, would impede, instead of assisting, the uplifting of the singer's heart. A warning against the last-named fault may be drawn from Robinson's once popular hymn, sometimes credited to the Countess of Huntingdon, ‘ Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,’ which, before the first stanza is complete, dashes into the inflated strain—

‘ Teach

‘Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the Mount—I’m fixt upon it—
Mount of God’s unchanging love.’

Of the fault of ingenious obscurity instances may be found in the painfully laboured versions of ancient dogmatic hymns; as in the verbal puzzle of the following lines, taken from the translation in ‘*Hymns Ancient and Modern*’ of the ‘*Pange lingua*’ of St. Thomas Aquinas:—

‘Word-made-Flesh true bread He maketh
By His Word His Flesh to be.’

Other versions of mediæval sequences even more unsuitable for congregational use might be adduced, pointing an apothegm which we have met with somewhere, to the effect that the dearest of all dead things is a hymn that has sprung out of a dead theology.

An additional limitation of the subject-matter of hymns arises from the fact, that they are compositions for congregational use. By this they are distinguished from the sacred poetry which is suitable for private reading and devotion. Hymns must express feelings which may be, and ought to be, common to a whole assembly of Christian worshippers. A hymn which utters what only one per cent. in the congregation is likely to be feeling, is self-condemned. The spiritual experiences which are peculiar to a few, the confessions of inward struggle which ought to be held sacred between God and the soul, have no legitimate business in the songs of the sanctuary; still less unreal, unhealthy, pessimistic trains of thought or sentiment. Even Bonar’s popular and in some respects touching hymn, ‘I was a wandering sheep,’ sounds odd and incongruous when rolled forth from the lips of a large mixed congregation of old and young. Much worse is it to put phrases full of bitter contempt for man’s mortal state, and for the world in which God has placed him, and of unnatural longing for death, into mouths which just before have been thanking God for mercies temporal as well as spiritual, celebrating His glory in His works, and asking to be preserved and strengthened for His service. Is it not a libel on the Divine Fashioner of our environment to sing with Watts?—

‘Lord! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!
Yet the dear path to Thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;’ &c.

And

And is it not equally shocking to invite the children of the great Father, their ears perhaps still tingling with the bright injunction, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway,' to sing, again from Watts, the odious strain?—

'My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead.'

A-propos of which a pleasant anecdote is told in Mr. Horder's interesting little book, 'The Hymn-lover,' to the effect that a preacher, on hearing this hymn given out as he entered a brother-minister's pulpit, cried out, 'No, no! my thoughts don't roll on awful subjects; let us sing, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs."'

Besides these limitations of the subject-matter, there are others relating more especially to style and language which must be borne in mind, if a really good hymn is to be added to the Church's treasury. Awkwardnesses of form and construction should be carefully avoided. Is it not rather a shock to our Easter joy to hear Miss Cox's version of Gellert's hymn, 'Jesus lebt,' carelessly given out as 'Jesus lives no longer now'? And what must a Scotch congregation have felt, in the days when each line was read out and sung separately, at being first summoned to lift up their voices in the self-contradicting assertion, 'Our God shall come and He shall not,' and then staggered by the equally paradoxical challenge, 'Keep silence but speak out'? But what we have chiefly in view is the exclusion of mean and ludicrous phrases, turns of speech deficient in reverence and modesty, or likely to evoke incongruous or disturbing ideas. A single expression of this kind may be like the fly in the ointment; as Lord Selborne remarked in his Congress-Essay on 'English Church Hymnody,' 'A hymn is easily spoilt by a single falsetto note.' Toplady's *chef-d'œuvre*, 'Rock of Ages,' is certainly made the better for modern use by getting rid of the quaint line, 'When my eye-strings break in death.' In 'The God of Abraham praise,' the line, 'He makes a worm His friend,' sadly derogates from the sustained loftiness of the strain. What a painful lack of reverence there is in the Moravian Passion-hymn, which says of our blessed Redeemer, 'He, like a worm, twisting and twining around, Groans deeply, &c.'! and in another of their hymns, headed 'Confession,' which gives the following verse:—

'When in His blood I saw Him swim,
A small drop I did get;
This glued Him to me, me to Him,
The first time that we met.'

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Again,

Again, what person of cultivated taste could now sing without a shiver Williams's hymn, imitated though it be from the Song of Solomon?—

‘Hark! the voice of my Beloved,
Lo! He comes in greatest need,
Leaping on the lofty mountains,
Skipping o'er the hills with speed,
To deliver
Me unworthy from all woe;’

or could use with devotional seriousness Herrick's ‘Litany to the Holy Spirit,’ intended in all good faith for a solemn and pathetic invocation in the time of fear and distress, yet containing such petitions as these?—

‘When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

‘When his potion and his pill,
His, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.’

But while we have reason for thankfulness that our modern hymn-books are for the most part purged from gross faults of this kind, for which the perpetrators were less to blame personally than the raw taste of their age, it is matter for serious reflection that there is still large room for improvement in the quality of the hymns that are offered as vehicles for the devotions of the congregation. As we turn over the pages of even the best of our popular manuals with a critical eye to the merits of the compositions gathered into them from far and wide, what a distressing number we meet with to which their lack of spontaneity and fervour, their prosiness, flatness, and literary baldness,—in a word, to borrow Dean Stanley's phrase, their ‘pedestrian style,’—give the look of being merely rhymed common-places and platitudes, written to order, and certainly without any impulse of that ‘divine afflatus’ which is the life of sacred as of all other poetry! Could any competent and impartial critic, we ask, exempt any one of our three great collections from the judgment, that it would gain rather than lose by the excision of half its contents? We are not insensible to the fact that the comparison of new hymns with the older masterpieces is in some degree prejudiced by the prestige with which time has invested the latter; just as old violins are said to acquire by long use a resonance and richness of tone which the

the new instrument, however perfect its structure, cannot rival. Still, the hymn that from the first seized the ear and the heart, and has never let go its hold, never ceased to charm, as it passed on from one generation to another, must possess intrinsic merit of a high order which more than counterbalances any merely literary defects that may be detected in its form ; and what we say is, that in a large proportion of our modern hymns we fail to discern any potency and promise of a like vitality and permanence.

When, however, we descend into a lower stratum of hymnology, and explore a region which the contributors to the Dictionary have not condescended to notice, but a glance at which is not without interest, besides being necessary to round off our subject, we find ourselves in a region where we are confronted with more than the old offences against a sober and reverent taste, and literary form and grace are sacrificed to a rough lyrical vigour and swing. The notoriety gained by the Salvation Army, and especially by its musical performances, makes its hymns a legitimate subject of curiosity, and we therefore open this branch of our subject by introducing two specimens to the reader, taken from the authorized collection entitled 'Salvation Solos,' each having a rattling chorus repeated after every verse. The opening stanzas will be sufficient for our purpose. One of them, which may be taken as a new reading in the 'vulgar tongue' of Cowper's familiar hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' begins thus:—

'I'll plunge into the Saviour's blood ;
Another dip, another dip !
Another dip will do me good,
I'll have another dip.'

The other, of which 'Going up' is the subject and chorus, runs on in this strain :—

'Good Elijah went to heaven
In a chariot of fire ;
Bright and warm to glory driven,
Fiery horses drew him higher.
'Up God's deathless way to glory,
Where God's holy seraphs burn,
Enoch travelled by translation,
With no ticket to return.'

Older than the Salvationists, and standing to them in a parental relation, are the Revivalists, whose collection of 'Hymns and Spiritual Songs for Camp Meetings and Revivals' lies before us, and from this we also select a couple of specimens. The first

first is a long hymn on 'The Holy War,' and the stanza we take from the close of it, describing the soldiers' share in their Leader's triumph, certainly does not err on the side of modesty or spirituality :—

' We'll sit on thrones of glory bright,
Where perfect day excludes the night,
Above the ethereal blue;
With glittering crowns upon our heads,
With Him we'll rest on heavenly beds,
Our pleasures ever new.'

The other, perhaps the more characteristic, is a dialogue between a youthful pilgrim and Apollyon, kept up in alternate stanzas ; and one can imagine the *gusto* with which such a verse as this is trolled out :—

' You'd better stay with me, young man,
And give your journey o'er ;
Your Captain is now out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.
Apollyon, sir, I am by name,
This land belongs to me ;
And for thy arms and pilgrim's dress
I'll give it all to thee.'

Such strains as the foregoing, however distasteful to reverent souls, may possibly serve to obtain an entrance for religious ideas into minds of a ruder and less cultivated class, and on that account may be regarded with toleration, especially as their faults are rather of taste than of false belief. A vulgarized religion is better than none at all. We are in a lower depth when we come to the hymn-book of the disciples of Joanna Southcott. It is remarkable that the hymns of this curious sect, which survives in spite of the absolute failure of its very *raison d'être*, should be purer in style than most others of the fanatical class ; they are, professedly, versified portions of poor Joanna's apocalyptic utterances. Here is an extract from 'God's challenge to man,'—imitated from the Divine speech out of the whirlwind in the Book of Job,—not without vigour in the midst of its bombast :—

' When to the potent world My word gave birth,
And fixed My centre on the floating earth,
Didst thou assist Me with one single thought,
Or My ideas rectify in ought ?'

Another sect, also founded by a fanatical woman, the Shakers, has its 'Collection of Millennial Hymns adapted to the present State of the Church,' published in 1847 at Canterbury, New Hampshire.

Hampshire. Originally English, it carried the cult of its foundress, Mother Ann Lee, across the Atlantic, where it flourishes apparently as a harmless ascetic community, in whose religion Ann Lee holds a semi-deified position as the 'Bride of the Lamb.' Hymns in her honour abound in the collection. Thus, one headed, 'Praise to Mother,' begins—

'In sweetest love we'll raise the sound
Of praise to blessed Mother Ann;
Our Mother who redemption found
For fallen, lost, and sinful man.'

Another celebrates her birthday, in this fashion :—

'O hail the bright and glorious morn
When blessed Mother Ann was born;
O hail the pure and holy way
She opened in this latter day.'

Yet even here all is not rubbish. At the end of a simple little hymn, entitled 'Humble Petition,' occurs a verse which some more orthodox religionists might study with advantage :—

'Lord, bless me with a spirit low,
Meek, simple, undefiled;
A fervent zeal, I pray, bestow,
Yet keep my spirit mild.'

A glance now into a depth even below the Shakers, and we will return to the wholesome light. The Mormons have their hymn-book, and are audacious enough to transplant into the queer company of their own strains a number of our well-known lyrics, especially such as celebrate the glories and privileges of the Church. To them Utah is the holy land, and Deseret, their capital, is Zion, so that hymns of the type, 'Glorious things of thee are spoken,' exactly suit their worship. But, of course, they are not content with the second-hand glorification of their institutions and settlement; their praises are uplifted in many a direct strain, of which here is a single specimen :—

'Deseret, Deseret, O I love to be there,
With my brethren and sisters each blessing to share;
Nor regret I've forsaken the land of my birth
To dwell on that sweet favoured spot of the earth;
Where Brigham and Heber and Daniel preside,
With all the full quorum of Priesthood beside;
Where the Law of the Lord is the standard of life,
Apart from foul Babylon's darkness and strife.'

Returning

Returning to our Dictionary, we would next call attention to the pains which have been taken to ascertain, when possible, the circumstances by which hymns of more than ordinary interest were originated. Such information may sometimes throw a useful light on the aim of the piece, and make it more alive and real in its use. A few instances may be given as illustrations. No one can doubt that the pathos of Lyte's 'Abide with me' is deepened by our knowing that it was his 'Nunc dimittis,' composed as he lay exhausted, but peaceful, waiting for the approaching end, on the evening of the Sunday on which by a supreme effort he had preached and administered the Holy Eucharist for the last time to his flock. Of Montgomery's hymn, 'Sow in the morn thy seed,' we learn from himself that it was mentally composed on a journey, after noticing rows of women and girls dibbling in seed, to him a novel sight. 'By degrees,' he says, 'my thoughts fell into verse, and I found them running lines, like furrows, across the field of my imagination, and in the course of the two next stages they had already assumed the form of the following stanzas, which I wrote as soon as we reached Bromsgrove.' Again, Miss Havergal's 'I gave My life for thee,' flashed upon her mind when, on coming in weary one day, her eyes fell on the motto under a picture of the Crucifixion, 'I did this for thee; what hast thou done for Me?' Hastily pencilling the lines down on a scrap of paper, the next moment she threw it into the fire, thinking them too poor for the subject: but it providentially fell out uninjured, and the hymn thus rescued now forms a permanent addition to the hymnody on both sides of the Atlantic. The favourite child's hymn, 'I want to be an angel,' owes its existence to a pathetic incident in the early life of its author, Miss Sidney Gill, of Philadelphia—the almost sudden death of a lovely little girl in her Sunday class, who during her last lesson, which was about angels, had exclaimed, 'Oh! I want to be an angel.' On the other hand, it is a disappointment to have to surrender the pleasant legend that Rinkart's famous thanksgiving hymn was inspired by the close of the Thirty Years' War. It seems to have preceded the peace: but being founded on Ecclus. l. 22–24, the text on which the regimental chaplains were ordered to preach at the services of thanksgiving for the peace, the origin of the hymn became associated with the same event. The last instance which we pick out for mention is very curious. In the 'Gospel Magazine' for March 1776, then edited by Toplady, there appeared a composite article, of which the first part is a calculation about the National debt, ending with the conclusion that the Government would never be able to pay it off. A
second

second hand then appends a 'spiritual improvement of the foregoing,' and proceeds to calculate the number of sins a person at different ages will have been guilty of at different rates of sinning; say, once or twice in every twenty-four hours, once every hour, every minute, every second. Taking the last as the true rate, and unconsciously letting us off the extra days of the leap years, the writer proceeds thus:—

'Our dreadful account stands as follows:—At ten years old each of us is chargeable with 315 millions and 360,000 sins. At twenty with 630 millions and 720,000. At thirty with 946 millions and 80,000. . . . At eighty with 2,522 millions and 880,000.'

—The conclusion, of course, follows that our 'immense debt,' like the National debt, can never be paid by us in full, and that it is equally impossible for the Divine goodness to compound for the debt by accepting less than we owe. Thus the way is opened for meditation on the atonement made for the elect, which 'will not only counterbalance, but infinitely overbalance, all the sins of the whole believing world;' and the article is wound up with 'a living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world,' which is the immortal hymn, 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'

Of the numerous sections into which hymnology may be divided there are two of considerable importance and interest on which we have not yet touched, and to these before we lay down the pen we would briefly invite attention. Upon the first of these, 'Children's Hymns,' the Dictionary presents us with a short but comprehensive article by Mr. Brooke, whose early and intimate acquaintance with the remarkable man who may be called the father of English hymnology,—Daniel Sedgwick, originally a cobbler's apprentice of the humblest origin and education,—has raised him to the position of an authority in the science with which we are dealing. Of Mr. Brooke's article the most striking feature is the contrast it exhibits between the almost total neglect of all Christian Churches, down to the early years of the eighteenth century, to provide hymns specially adapted for children's use, and the immense and ever-growing provision that has been made for their wants during the last hundred and fifty years, and mostly since the rise of Sunday Schools. In fact, till Isaac Watts published as an experiment his 'Divine and Moral Songs for Children' in 1715, nothing of the kind worthy of mention was in existence. As a sort of prelude to that very successful attempt, indeed, Mr. Brooke directs attention to some hymns contained in a curious little volume in verse, published in 1676

by

by the stern old Baptist controversialist, Benjamin Keach, entitled 'War with the Devil, or the Young Man's conflict with the Powers of Darkness.' But those who care to examine the book will at once see that what the author had in his mind was not the child at all, but the youth of sixteen in the heyday of his hot blood, whom the quaint woodcuts present 'before and after' his conversion, on one side flaunting in the brave apparel of the worldling, on the other demurely habited in the sober suit of the Puritan. Nor have the hymns any more of the child in them than the rest of the volume; witness the opening stanza of the first, called 'A mystical hymn of thanksgiving':—

'My soul mounts up with eagle's wings
And unto Thee, dear God, she sings;
Since Thou art on my side,
My enemies are forced to fly
As soon as they do Thee espy;
Thy name be glorified!'

Nor is there anything more childlike in the anonymous medley, published in 1718 with the incongruous title, 'Songs amorous, moral, and divine,' to which also Mr. Brooke refers for an instance of a Carol on the Incarnation sung by some children in church; for what have children to do with such inflated stuff as this?—

'The blessed Virgin's hallowed womb
Received the Godhead from on high!
He left for that contracted Room
The chrystal palace of the sky!
His heavenly host,
In wonder lost,
With silent harps admiring stood;
Till Gabriel's tongue
Divinely sung
The triumphs of a Saviour's Blood.'

No! the honour of inventing the Child's hymn belongs undivided to good old Watts; and if as elsewhere in his poetry the quality is very mixed, some of the notes are exquisitely simple and sweet. It is sufficient just to name such familiar strains as 'How glorious is our heavenly King!' and 'Lord, how delightful 'tis to see;' but we must find room for a few verses of his Cradle Hymn:—

'Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

'Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

'How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee.

'Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.'

To Charles Wesley we are indebted for one child's hymn which may rival the best of Watts's—'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild'; but in the collection published by the Wesleys jointly in 1763 the true note is seldom struck. What can be less suited for infant lips than such a strain as this?—

'Come, Holy Ghost, Thy grace impart,
Reveal the dying Deity.'

Or for bigger lads than the following?—

'Let heathenish boys
In their pastimes rejoice,
And be foolishly happy in play;
Overstocked if they are,
We have nothing to spare,
Not a moment to trifle away.'

With the spread of Sunday Schools all over the land, and the issue of Magazines for the young which soon followed, the era of children's hymns commenced in earnest. Collections for their use have been multiplied, and many of our writers of sacred verse have tried their hands at this peculiar form of lyrical poetry. Among these purveyors for the lambs of Christ's flock our Dictionary awards the palm to Mrs. Alexander, wife of the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, the best specimens of whose work it pronounces to be 'unequalled and unapproachable' for simplicity, tenderness, and poetical beauty. It is from her we have the well-known strains, 'There is a green hill far away,' and 'Once in royal David's city.' Of the larger collections now before the public, 'The Children's Hymn-book,' known as Mrs. Carey Brock's, and adopted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, takes the lead, and has perhaps the strongest claim on Church-people, having passed through the revising hands of Bishops How and Oxenden, and of Mr. Ellerton, the hymn-writer, hymnologist, and joint Editor of
'Church

'Church Hymns.' One cannot look through this typical collection, containing more than four hundred hymns, without being confronted by the question, By what principle is the selection guided? Watts made it his aim to write down to the intelligence of the child; the Wesleys, on the other hand, avowedly wrote above the ordinary level of that intelligence, at least so far as the thoughts and feelings are concerned, in order to stimulate and draw up the young mind to a higher region of ideas and experience. It appears to us that neither method should be exclusively employed, and that a perfect child's hymn-book should contain compositions of both types. It must stoop to the tenderest years. Yet an entire collection kept down to that level would be intolerable. We are therefore not surprised to find that a very large proportion of the hymns contained in the 'Children's Hymn-book' are simply transferred from the ordinary manuals provided for the use of adults. But in choosing such as are thus transferred, great discretion is needed if serious mischief is to be avoided. Not only are many hymns written in a style and language completely beyond the very limited range of a child's comprehension; many are too advanced in sentiment for a child's experience, many out of harmony with a child's simple trust and innocent gladness. Of the danger of fostering unreality of feeling or profession, by putting into children's mouths words which express what it is impossible for them to have experienced, the Editors of Mrs. Brock's book acknowledge themselves to be aware; yet we doubt if, in their desire to provide an extensive collection, equal to all demands, they have not included hymns which adherence to their own principle would have excluded. How else could they have admitted Miss Elliott's 'Just as I am,' and set the tender little trebles to quaver out the utterly inappropriate cry of the tempest-tossed soul?—

'Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.'

We have still to notice the most original contribution to the Dictionary, the very full article on the hymnody of Foreign Missions, for which we are indebted to the late Mr. W. R. Stevenson, best known as the Editor of the new 'Baptist Hymnal.' To those—and we fear they are many—who have never had brought home to their minds the enormous expansion during the present century of evangelistic work among the heathen populations, still forming more than two-thirds of the living inhabitants of

the globe, the details here collected from the fields of missionary labour, though unavoidably incomplete, will probably appear so surprising as to be hardly credible. But when we have grasped the fact that there is scarcely a Christian Church or sect of any importance that is not now bearing forth the banner of the Cross into some portion or other of the dark areas of Paganism, and that in some hundred and fifty new languages Christian worship is now being offered by Churches and congregations, rescued for Christendom from the tyranny of the old idolatrous superstitions, the vast development of hymnology exhibited in this sketch will appear to us more than accounted for: it will be accepted as an inevitable result of the onward march of the messengers of the Gospel. A native congregation with nothing to sing would lack the most effectual instrument of united and fervent devotion. The Bible in one hand, and the hymn-book in the other, are the missionary's most potent equipment both for winning converts and welding them together into a sacred fellowship. Even the Quakers have found their scruples about the congregational use of hymns at home powerless to withstand the demand for hymns in their Madagascar mission at Antananarivo. Look where we may at the mission-field, from the ice-bound fringes of the Arctic Sea down to the southernmost islands of the Pacific; read where we will in the story of modern missionary enterprise, from the earliest on the frozen shores of Greenland to the latest in New Guinea or Mashonaland; always and everywhere Christianity has carried with it the Christian hymn, and by it has consecrated the dialects of heathendom and made its wilds vocal with the praises of God.

The hymns current in the various mission-fields may be divided, we are told, into two categories, the imported and the indigenous. As soon as a missionary had learnt enough of the strange tongue of his district to preach in it, and looked around for something that his converts might sing, his natural resource was the familiar hymn-book of his own communion at home; and out of this he would translate, as well as he could, the most suitable compositions, preserving the European metres and tunes. By this process most of the hymns that are our favourites at home have become widely naturalized abroad in a very Babel of tongues, and, as Mr. Stevenson remarks at the end of his article,

'the best hymns of Watts, Doddridge, Cowper, Newton, Wesley, Heber, Lyte, Keble, Bonar, Miss Steele, Miss Havergal, and other English authors,—the best German hymns,—the best hymns of American composition,—are now sung in China and South Africa, in
Japan

Japan and Syria, among the peoples of India, and in the isles of the Pacific Ocean,—indeed, in almost every place where Protestant missionaries have uplifted the Gospel banner and gathered Christian Churches.’

The drawback to the use of this imported hymnody, among tribes that possess a poetry and music of their own, however rude, is the foreign air of these transplanted metres and tunes. The popular taste is apt to rebel against them, and hark back to the old native style and the tunes associated with it. The result of this tendency in the more advanced missionary churches, and especially in India both north and south, has been the rise of native hymn-writers, who have added to the sacred store new hymns conformed to the native rules of versification, and to the tunes which had become familiar to the masses through their use for many generations at the heathen festivals. This indigenous product has, we learn, been so acceptable to many of the village congregations as to drive out the imported article; and although at first the missionaries were opposed to it because of its associations with the old idolatrous rites, they have learnt the wisdom of concession, and felt the force of Wesley’s saying, that it is a pity the devil should have all the best tunes.

In the vast range of the Dictionary there are other tempting topics, but we must leave them to the reader’s own discovery. This only would we add, that the work, as a whole, is admirably executed, and, so far as we have been able to judge, shows fewer repetitions, omissions, slips of the pen, errors of judgment or taste, than might reasonably have been expected in an enterprise so novel, and dependent upon researches in such a countless multitude of obscure and petty sources of information. Nothing comparable to it has ever been given to the student before; and whatever additions or corrections may be made by future workers in this field, Mr. Julian’s ‘Dictionary of Hymnology’ must always remain an indispensable storehouse of information for those who are interested in the historical development of the Christian life, literature, and worship.

ART. III.—*Pitt*. By Lord Rosebery. London, 1891.

THE outbreak of the French Revolutionary War found Great Britain unprepared. For nearly ten years her course had been directed by the second Pitt, who, though inheriting the lofty spirit and indomitable constancy of his father, yet loved peace rather than war, and sought the greatness and prosperity of his country through the development of her commerce and manufactures and the skilful management of her finances. He strove also consistently for the reduction of expenditure, including that for the military, and even for the naval establishment. As late as February 17, 1792, when the Revolution had already been nearly three years in progress and France was on the eve of declaring war against Prussia and Austria, he avowed his expectation of many years of peace for the British Empire; and the estimates provided for only 16,000 seamen and marines. When the war with Germany began, Great Britain proclaimed and steadily maintained an attitude of neutrality; and the Minister asserted over and over again, to France and to her enemies, the intention not to interfere with the internal affairs of that country. This purpose continued unshaken through the tremendous events of the succeeding summer and autumn; through the assaults on the Tuileries on June 20th and August 10th, through the suspension of the King which immediately followed the latter date, through the revolting massacres of September, finally through the deposition of the King and the proclamation of the Republic. Doubtless these events gave a series of shocks to public opinion in Great Britain, alienating the friends and embittering the enemies of the Revolution; doubtless whatever sympathy with the French advance towards freedom the Ministers felt was chilled and repelled by the excesses and anarchy which marked its steps; but, whatever their personal feelings, no indication appears, either in their public actions or in their private correspondence as since revealed, of any intention to depart from a strict, even though cold, neutrality, until near the end of the year 1792.

The leaders of the party in France, which at this time was exerting the greatest influence upon the course of the Revolution, had long favoured war with foreign nations, as the surest means to destroy the monarchy and unite public feeling in favour of the Republic and of the Revolution. The course of events had justified their forecast. Prussia and Austria had given provocation; and, although the latter at least would not have proceeded to extremes, war had been proclaimed and the fall

fall of the monarchy had followed. There was, however, one nation with which the revolutionists imagined themselves to be in sympathy, and which they thought also as a whole sympathized with them. That nation was the English; between England and France there was to be friendship, and concurrence of effort to a common end. Herein the French leaders fatally misconceived the character of English freedom, and the nature of its successive advances to the conditions in which it then stood, and through which Englishmen hoped for yet further enlargement. Reverence for the past, and, in the main, for the existing order of things; profound regard for law and for an orderly method of making needful changes; a constant reference to the old rights and customs of the English people; respect for vested rights, for agreements, for treaties—such were the checks which had modified and controlled the actions of the English, even when most profoundly moved. The spirit which dominated the French Revolution was that of destruction. The standard, by which all things human were to be tried, was a declaration of human rights put forth by its leaders, which contained indeed many noble, true, and most essential principles; but, if aught existing did not at once square with those principles, the forces of the Revolution were to advance against it and sweep it from the face of the earth. No respect for the past, no existent prescriptive rights, no treaties that seemed contrary to natural rights, were to control the actions of the revolutionists. They were to destroy, and to rebuild from the foundation, according to their own interpretation of what justice demanded.

The courses and aims, therefore, of the two nations were wholly divergent, and, as these were but the expression in either case of the national temper, the hope of sympathy and concurrence was delusive; but it was a natural delusion, fostered in the hearts of the sanguine Frenchmen by the utterances of many warm-hearted friends of freedom in the rival nation, and by the more violent words of a limited number of revolutionary societies. The former of these were, however, quickly alienated by the atrocities which began to stain the progress of the Revolution; while the latter, being supposed by the French leaders to represent the feeling of the British nation, as distinguished from its Government, contributed to draw them further in that path of reckless enmity to existing institutions, which led to the war with Great Britain.

Still, so long as the exponents of French public feeling confined themselves to violent and irregular action within their own borders, and to declamations, which did not go beyond
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words, against the governments and institutions of other nations, the British ministry remained quiet, though watchful. There are extant private letters, written in the early part of November 1792, by the Prime Minister, and by his relative, Lord Grenville the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which indicate that they rejoiced in having maintained the neutrality of Great Britain, and that they looked forward to its continuance, though with anxiety. But on the 19th of that month the National Convention, which then comprised within itself both the executive and legislative functions of the French Government, adopted a declaration that it would grant fraternity and succour to *all* people who should wish to recover their liberty; and it charged administrative officers to give republican generals the necessary orders to carry help to those people and to defend their citizens who had been molested, or who might be subject to molestation, on account of their devotion to the cause of liberty. As if further to emphasize the scope of this decree, for such in effect it was, it was ordered to be translated and printed in all languages.

By this official action the French Government had taken a great and important step, radically modifying its relations to all other States. The decree did not mention the Governments with which France was then at war, limiting to their people the application of its terms. On the contrary, when a member of the Convention, a month later, proposed to insert words which should restrict its operation to those peoples 'against whose tyrants France was, or should hereafter be, at war,' and gave, as his reason, to remove the uneasiness of Great Britain, the motion found no support. The previous question was moved, and the Convention passed on to other business.

The men who then wielded the power of France had thus gone beyond a simple inveighing against other Governments, and the mere use of words calculated to excite discontent among the people of other States, and had announced an intention to interfere forcibly in their internal affairs whenever called upon to do so by citizens who, in the opinion of the French Government, were deprived of their just liberty or molested in their efforts to recover it. The anarchist of our own day, who contents himself with verbally attacking existing laws and institutions, however vehemently, may remain untouched so long as he confines himself to the expression and advocacy of his opinions; but when he incites others to action in order to carry out his ideas, he is held responsible for the effect of his words; and when he takes measures leading to violence, he is open to arrest and punishment. Such as this, among Governments, was
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the step taken by France in November 1792. She not only incited the citizens of other States to rebellion, but announced her intention of supporting them, and gave to her generals the necessary orders for carrying that purpose into effect.

Meanwhile the Austrian Netherlands was rapidly overrun and annexed to the French Republic, which thus abandoned the lofty posture of disinterestedness and the disclaimers of all desire for conquest, which the leaders of the Revolution had made from the tribune of the Convention. Soon after followed a decree declaring the navigation of the Scheldt, the great artery of Belgium, open to the sea. This set aside, without negotiation, the compacts of the previous owners of the Netherlands, by which the navigation of the river from the sea was reserved to Holland, within whose territory the mouth lay; an agreement consecrated by renewed treaties, and which, by long standing, had become part of the public law of Europe. The act strikingly showed the determination of the French leaders to disregard treaties which conflicted with their construction of the natural rights of man; for they were at peace with Holland, yet made no attempt to obtain their end by negotiation.

The interests and the peace of Great Britain were now seriously threatened. For over a century her statesmen had held, and held rightly, that the possession of Belgium by France was incompatible with her security. They had supported the legal, though iniquitous, claim of the Dutch to the exclusive navigation of the Scheldt; and, above all, the country was bound by a treaty of alliance to defend Holland, whose rights as defined by treaty had been rudely set aside by France. Moreover, on the 28th of November deputations from the British revolutionary societies were received at the bar of the Convention, and the President of the latter, in reply to their address, made a speech strongly hostile to the British Government, affecting to distinguish between it and the people over whom it ruled; a pretence which was equally maintained in the United States of America, where the French Minister the following year dared to appeal openly to the people against the policy of their Government.

On the 1st of December the British Government issued a proclamation, calling out the militia on account of seditions and insurrectionary movements dangerous to the State, and at the same time, as required by law, summoned Parliament to meet on the 15th. The hopes and the patience of Pitt were alike exhausted; and although he still continued to listen to any overtures that contained a promise of peace, he had determined to exact guarantees, amounting to more than words,
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which should assure the safety of Great Britain and her ally, Holland. Meantime the British forces should be organized and got ready to act. The French Government had proclaimed its intention of interfering in the affairs and overthrowing the institutions of all States, when, in its judgment, their citizens were molested in their efforts for freedom. To await supinely the moment when it should please France to act would be the decision of folly; nor was it possible for one imbued with English traditions to view without distrust a Government, which appeared to look for justice by disregarding law, and avowedly disowned existing compacts and treaties in favour of a speculative somewhat called the Rights of Man, concerning which, its own passions being the judge, revelations as numerous might be expected as were vouchsafed to Mahomet.

There are some who can only account for the different lines of action followed by Pitt, before and after 1792, in both cases with the indomitable tenacity of his race and lineage, by conceiving two entirely different personalities in the same man—a sudden and portentous change, unprecedented save by miracle as in the case of St. Paul. More truly may be seen in him the same man acting under circumstances [wholly different, and in the later instance unforeseen. It was not given to Pitt to read the future of the French Revolution with the prophetic eye of Burke. He had the genius, not of the seer, but of the man of affairs; but that he had the latter in an eminent degree is evident from the very rapidity of the change, when he was at last forced to the conviction that external conditions were wholly changed. He was at heart the minister of peace, the financier, the promoter of commerce and of gradual and healthy reforms; but in a great speech, delivered before he had begun to fear that peace would end in his time, he impressed upon his hearers his own profound conviction that all the blessings which England then enjoyed rested upon the union of liberty with law. Having enumerated the material circumstances to which the existing prosperity of the nation was to be ascribed, he continued:

‘But these are connected with others more important. They are obviously and necessarily connected with the duration of peace, the continuance of which, on a secure and durable footing, must ever be the first object of the foreign policy of this country. They are connected *still more* with its internal tranquillity, and with the natural effects of a free but well-regulated Government. . . . This is the great and governing cause, the operation of which has given scope to all the other circumstances which I have enumerated. It is the union of liberty with law, which, by raising a barrier equally
firm

firm against the encroachments of power and the violence of popular commotion, affords to property its just security, produces the exertion of genius and labour, the extent and solidity of credit, the circulation and increase of capital; which forms and upholds the national character and sets in motion all the springs which actuate the great mass of the community through all its various descriptions. . . . On this point, therefore, let us principally fix our attention, let us preserve this first and most essential object, and every other is in our power.' ('Pitt's Speeches,' vol. ii. pp. 46, 47.)

It was perfectly consistent with this position that, when Pitt saw a neighbouring State in convulsions from the struggle of a turbulent minority for liberty without law; when that State had not only proclaimed its purpose, but taken steps to promote a similar condition in other nations; when societies representing a small, but active and radical, minority in England were openly fraternizing with France; when the great leader of the English Opposition had, from his seat in Parliament, praised the French soldiery for joining the mobs: it was perfectly consistent with his past that Pitt should oppose with all his powers a course of action which not only endangered the internal peace upon which the prosperity of England rested, but also carried into the realm of international relations the same disorganizing principles, the same disregard for law, covenant, and vested right that had reduced France to her then pitiful condition. Not only Great Britain, but the European world was threatened with subversion. That Pitt did not bewail aloud the wreck of his hopes, the frustration of his career, the diversion of his energies from the path that was dearest to him, shows the strength, not the instability, of the man. That he laid aside the reforms he had projected, and discouraged all movements towards internal change which, by dividing the wills of the people, might weaken their power for external action, proves but that concentration of purpose which, sacrificing present gratification to future good, achieves great ends. If, as may fairly be claimed, it is to the maritime power of Great Britain that Europe owes the arrest of a subversive revolution—if to that maritime power is due that a great, irresistible, and beneficent movement toward the liberty and welfare of the masses survived a convulsion that threatened its destruction, then to Pitt, as the master spirit who directed the movements of the British nation, the gratitude of Europe is also due.

When Parliament met on the 15th of December, the King's speech mentioned the disturbances that had taken place in the country and the threatening state of affairs in Europe, and recommended

recommended an increase in the land and sea forces of the kingdom. This measure was alleged, among other grievances by France, as indicating an unfriendly feeling towards her on the part of the British Government; but it has been reasonably urged that she had already manned a fleet superior to that which Great Britain had in commission, besides keeping ready for instant service a large number of other ships, which could have no possible enemy except the British Navy. Viewed simply as measures of precaution, of the necessity for which every State is its own judge, it is difficult to criticize severely either Government; but the fact remains that France had been the first to arm her fleet, and that Great Britain did not do the same until substantial grounds of offence had been given.

By a singular coincidence, on the same day that Parliament met the National Convention issued a second celebrated decree, yet more decisive in its character than that of November 19th, which it was evidently meant to emphasize and supplement. The generals of the Republic were now directed 'in every country which the armies of the French Republic shall occupy, to announce the abolition of all existing authorities, of nobility, of serfage, of every feudal right and every monopoly; to proclaim the sovereignty of the people and convoke the inhabitants in assemblies to form a provisional government, to which no officer of a former government, no noble, nor any member of the former privileged corporations, shall be eligible.' To this was added the singular and most significant declaration that 'the French nation will treat as enemies any people which, refusing liberty and equality, desires to preserve its prince and privileged castes, or to make any accommodation with them.' It was impossible to announce more clearly that this was no mere war of opinions, but, on the contrary, one of principles and methods fraught with serious and practical consequences; nor could any despot have worded a more contemptuous denial of the rights of a people concerning their form of government. The revolutionary spirit, which underlay the frequent changes of men in the French Government, showed how fixed was its purpose to alter forcibly the institutions of other States, regardless of the habits and affections of their citizens, by the systems imposed upon the smaller neighbouring nations, hammered all upon the anvil of French centralization, in defiance of the wishes and the struggles of the people concerned. Europe thus found itself face to face with a movement as enthusiastic in its temper and as radical in its demands as the invasions of the Mahometans.

To this fanatical, yet lofty, and in the masses of the French people

people generous and devoted spirit, continental Europe had no equal force to oppose. It is a common remark that the eighteenth century saw the appearance of several ruling princes who were possessed with the liberal views of the rising school of philosophers, and who sincerely desired to effect the improvement and elevation of their people—to remove grievances—to lighten burdens—to advance the general welfare. The wisdom or strength of these men had not been equal to the task they had assumed. There still remained unjustifiable inequalities of conditions, grievous abuses, a depression of the lower orders, and a stagnation among the upper, which seemed to place insurmountable obstacles in the way of advance, and made it impossible for the masses to feel a living, national interest in governments which contributed so little to their happiness. This good will among the sovereigns of the day was indeed a most encouraging symptom. It made it possible to effect the needed changes and to advance without a violent break with the past, to have reform and progress without revolution; but to achieve these ends was beyond the power of the ruler alone: there was needed the voice and co-operation of all classes in the State. This Louis XVI. had sought to obtain; but unfortunately, not only for France but for Europe, the most numerous and important of the orders of the States-General had met the difficulties of the situation, the outcome of centuries, not with firmness, but with impatience. From the beginning was shown the determination to break with the past—to proceed at a bound to the desired goal. No regard was had to the fitness of the people for such sudden change, to the immense conservative force of established custom, nor to the value of continuity in the life of a nation. Nor was this all. Law, as well as custom, was lightly set at naught. The first Assembly threw off the fetters which were imposed by its instructions, and assumed powers which had not been confided to it. By means of these usurped faculties the Constituent Assembly radically changed the constitution of France.

The instantaneous effect upon the French people and upon the internal condition of the State is well known. As the far-reaching character of the movement, and its lack of efficient elements for self-control, became evident, the anxieties of conservative men in other nations, however desirous of steady progress in human liberty, could not fail to be aroused. It was notorious, long before 1792, that ill-balanced as was the new constitutional frame of government in France, and radical as was the temper of the leading members of the Legislative Assembly, the deliberations of the latter were overawed by the clubs

clubs and the populace of Paris, and that government had practically passed into the hands of the mob which was worked by the clubs and the radical municipality of the city. The grotesque yet terrible scenes of June 20 and August 10, the hideous massacres of September, not merely showed the frantic excesses of which a French mob is capable, but also and more solemnly evinced how completely governmental control was swallowed up in anarchy. Still, all these things were internal to France, and it might be hoped would so remain until the French people had worked their own solution of their troubles. The decrees of November 19 and December 15 blasted this hope, and formally announced that French beliefs and methods were to be forcibly spread throughout Europe. How was the assault to be met?

Few statesmen of that day expected that this mighty and furious spirit of misrule would so soon bend its neck to an uncontrolled and energetic despotism. The coming of the one man, Napoleon, was dimly seen in the distance by the thoughtful, who knew that anarchy clears the way for absolute power; but the speedy appearance and tyrannous efficiency of the Committee of Public Safety, with its handmaid the Revolutionary Tribunal, were not foreseen. The statesmen of 1793 saw the strength, but were more impressed by the superficial exhibition of disorder in the popular outburst. They expected to repress it, to drive it back within the limits of France, and impose the guarantees necessary for the security of Europe, by meeting it with numerous, well-organized armies of veteran troops, and by a solid, orderly financial system, wielding plentiful resources. In short, they thought to cope with a mighty spirit by means of elaborate and powerful machinery. The means were insufficient. The living spirit developed the rude but efficient organism which was needed to direct its energies and which was in sympathy with its aims; the elaborate machinery of armies and finances failed, because not quickened by the life of the nations by whose rulers it was wielded.

Fortunately for Europe and for freedom, another spirit, less demonstrative but equally powerful, was already living and animating another great nation, peculiarly fitted by position and by the character of its power to grapple with and exhaust that which was vicious and destructive in the temper of the French Revolution. As already said, the great feature of English freedom was its respect for law, for established authority, for existing rights; its conservative while progressive character, in which it was directly opposed to the subversive principles of the French. But the English temper, when once aroused, was
marked

marked also by a tenacity of purpose, a constancy of endurance, which strongly supported the conservative tendencies of the race and were equally foreign to the French character. Once embarked in the strife, and definitely committed for the time to the preservation, rather than to the progress, of society, under leaders who strongly embodied the national traits, hatred of the enemy's principles became more conspicuous, superficially, than the love of freedom, which yet retained its hold deep in the hearts of both rulers and people. War does not live on the benevolent emotions, though it may be excited by them. The position and the maritime power of England were great factors, great determining factors in the final issue of the French Revolutionary wars; but these were but the machinery of the British power. The great gain to the cause of stability in human history was made when the spirit of order and law, embodied in the great nation which it had created, rose against the spirit of lawlessness and anarchy, which had now possessed a people who for long years and by nature had been submissively subject to external authority. Two living forces had met in a desperate struggle, which was not indeed for life and death, for both would survive; but from which should result the predominance of the one that was compatible with reasonable freedom, and the subjection of the other, which knew no mean between anarchy and servile submission. Less ebullient, but more steadfast and deeply rooted, the former wore out the latter; it forced it back through the stage of prostration under absolute power until it had returned to the point whence it started, there to renew its journey under conditions that made it no longer a danger to the whole world.

Such being the profound nature of the strife, its course may be regarded under two aspects, not necessarily opposed, but rather complementary. First, and obviously, there is the policy of the leaders on either side, the objects which they proposed to themselves, the steps by which they sought to compass those objects, and the results of their various movements. Secondly, there is the more obscure and wider question as to the relative influence of the great elements of power which entered as unconscious factors in the strife; mighty forces, wielded or directed by statesmen, and yet after all their masters. Of these factors maritime power was one, and among the most important.

The circumstances of the times had placed this force wholly in the hands of Great Britain. She wielded it as absolute mistress. Its action, like that of all the other forces in the strife, depended in part upon the direction given it by the British leaders for the purposes of war. From this point of view,

view, its structure appears to be simple and rudimentary; the related movements of a few principal parts are open to inspection and susceptible of criticism. But from another point of view, in its course and influence, this wonderful and mysterious Power is seen to be a complex organism, endued with a life of its own, receiving and imparting countless impulses, moving in a thousand currents which twine in and around each other in infinite flexibility, not quite defying the investigation which they provoke, but rendering it exceedingly laborious. This Power feels and is moved by many interests; it has a great history in the past, it is making a great and yet more wonderful history in the present. Grown to the size of a colossus, which overshadows the earth without a second—unless it be the new rival rising in the Western hemisphere—it is now assailed with a fury and virulence never before displayed. Attacked in every quarter and by every means, sought to be cut off alike from the sources and from the issues of its enterprise, it adapts itself with the readiness of instinct to every change. It yields here, it pushes there; it gives ground in one quarter, it advances in another; it bears heavy burdens, it receives heavy blows; but throughout all it lives and it grows. It does not grow because of the war, but it does grow in spite of the war. The war impedes and checks, but does not stop, its progress. Drained of its seamen for the war-fleets, it modifies the restrictions of generations, throws open its ports to neutral ships, its decks to neutral seamen, and by means of those allies maintains its fair proportions, until the enemy proclaims that the neutral who carries but a bale of British goods, even to his own country, ceases thereby to be a neutral and becomes the enemy of France; a proclamation which but precipitated the ruin of French commerce, without markedly injuring that of its rival.

The maritime power and commercial prosperity of Great Britain sprang essentially from the genius and aptitudes of her people, and were exceptionally favoured and developed by the peculiar situation of the British Islands. To these natural advantages the policy of the Government added somewhat, as at times it also ignorantly imposed obstacles; but the actions of statesmen only modified, for good or ill, they did not create the impulses which originated and maintained the maritime activity of the British people. The most celebrated measure designed to foster that activity, Cromwell's Navigation Act, had now been in operation for a century and a quarter; but, while its superficial effects had secured the adherence of the British people and the envy of foreign States, shrewder economists,

mists, even a century ago, had come to regard it as an injury to the commercial prosperity of the country. They justified it only as a means of forcing the development of the merchant marine, the nursery of the naval force upon which the safety of Great Britain must depend. Whatever the fluctuations of its fortunes or the mistakes of Governments in the past, the maritime power of Great Britain had at the opening of the French Revolution attained proportions, and shown a tenacity of life, which carried the promise of the vast expansion of our own day. Painfully harassed during the American Revolution, and suffering from the combined attacks of France, Spain, and Holland, seeing then large portions of its carrying trade pass into the hands of neutrals, and bereft by the event of the war of its most powerful colonies, it had not only survived these strains, but by the immediate and sustained reaction of the peace had, in 1793, more than regained its pre-eminence. Once more it stood ready, not only to protect its own country, but to sustain, with its well-proved vitality, the demands of the continental war; where the armies of her allies, long untouched by the fires which breathed in France and England, were but a part of the machinery through which the maritime power of the latter energized.

How far the Ministers of the day understood, and how wisely they used, the maritime power of Great Britain, is a question that will demand a separate consideration. That is the question of military policy—of the strategy of the war. We have first to consider the influence of the maritime power in itself, and the functions discharged by Great Britain simply in consequence of possessing this great and unique resource. The existence, powers, and unconscious working of a faculty obviously offer a subject for consideration distinct from the intelligent use of the faculty; though a correct appreciation of the former conduces to an accurate criticism of the latter.

Because of the decay of the French Navy during the early years of the war, the Republic, after 1795, virtually abandoned all attempt to contest control of the sea. A necessary consequence was the disappearance of its merchant shipping, a result accelerated by the capture of most of its colonies, and the ruin of its colonial system by the outbreaks of the blacks. So great was this loss, due rather to the natural operation of Great Britain's naval supremacy than to any particular direction by the Ministry, that the Executive Directory, in a message to the Council of Five Hundred, January 13, 1799, could use the expression, scarcely exaggerated, 'It is unhappily too true that there is not a single merchant vessel sailing under the French flag.'

flag.' Two years later the Minister of the Interior reported to the Consular Government that the commerce with Asia, Africa, and America was almost nought, the importations direct from all those quarters of the globe amounting to only 1,500,000 francs, while the exports to them were but 300,000 francs. As the advancing tide of French conquest extended the territory and alliances of the Republic, the commerce of its new friends was involved in the same disaster that had befallen its own. The shipping of Spain and Holland thus also disappeared from the sea, and a large part of their colonies likewise passed into the hands of Great Britain, to swell the commerce and to employ the shipping of the latter. The navy of neither of these Powers exerted any effect upon the control of the sea, except so far as they occupied the attention of detachments of the British Navy, so marked had the numerical and moral superiority of the latter become.

The disappearance of so large a body of merchant shipping as that of France, Holland, and Spain, could not, of course, imply the total loss to commerce and to the world of the traffic previously done by it. Much less could these three countries wholly dispense with the supplies for which, during peace, they had chiefly depended upon the sea. On the contrary, the necessity for importing many articles by sea was increased by the general continental war, which not only created a long hostile frontier, prohibitory of intercourse on the land side, but also, by drawing great numbers of workers from their ordinary occupations to the armies of all parties, caused a material diminution in the products of Europe at large. In France, shut in both by land and sea, with a million of men under arms, and confronted with the stern determination of England to reduce her by starvation, the danger and the suffering were particularly great; and had there not been a singularly abundant and early harvest in 1794, the aim of her enemy might then have been in great measure reached.

Such a condition of things offered of course a great opening to neutral Maritime States. They hastened to embrace it—among others the United States, whose carrying trade grew very rapidly at this time; but the naval power of Great Britain during this period was so overwhelming, and her purpose so strong, that she succeeded in imposing severe restraints upon neutrals as well as enemies, in matters which she considered of prime importance. Sweden and Denmark strenuously resisted her claim to prevent the importation into France of provisions and naval stores; but failing, through the hostile attitude of the Czarina towards France, to receive the powerful support of
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Russia, as in 1780 they had done, they were forced to succumb to the Power of the Sea. The United States likewise were constrained by their impotence to yield, under protest, before the same overwhelming Power. While reserving the principle, they in practice conceded naval stores to be contraband, and on the subject of provisions accepted a compromise which protected their own citizens without materially injuring France. No serious attempt was made to change the existing rule of international law, by which enemies' property on board neutral ships was good prize. As seizure involved sending the ship into a port of the captor, and a possible detention there during the adjudication of suspected goods, the inconvenience of the process was a powerful deterrent. The English courts also held that the produce of hostile colonies was lawful prize, if found in neutral bottoms; because, the trade of those colonies being by the mother countries interdicted to foreigners in peace, the concession of it in war was merely a ruse to defraud the other belligerent of his just rights of capture—a plea uselessly contested by American writers. All these causes operated to the injury of both hostile and neutral commerce, and to the same extent, in appearance at least, to the benefit of the British; and they are cited simply as illustrative of the natural working of so great a force as the Maritime Power of Great Britain then was. The results were due, not to the skill with which the force was used or distributed, but to sheer preponderance of existing brute strength.

By the destruction of the enemies' own shipping and by denying neutrals the right to carry to them many articles of the first importance, Great Britain placed the hostile countries in a state of comparative isolation, and created within their borders a demand for the prohibited merchandise which raised its price and made the supplying of it extremely profitable. When commercial intercourse is thus refused its usual direct roads, it seeks a new path by the nearest circuitous course with all the persistency of a natural force. The supply will work its way to the demand, though in diminished volume, through all the obstacles interposed by man. Even the contracted lines about a beleaguered city will thus be pierced by the ingenuity of the trader seeking gain; but when the blockade is extended over a long frontier, total exclusion becomes hopeless. In such cases the tendency of commerce is to seek a centre near the line which it intends to cross, and there to accumulate the goods which are to pass the hostile frontier and reach the belligerent. That centre will usually be in a neutral seaport, to which trade is free, and a clearance for which will afford no pretext for

seizure or detention by the opposite belligerent. Thus, in the American Revolution, the neutral Dutch island of St. Eustatius became the rendezvous and depôt of traders who purposed to introduce their goods, even contraband of war, into the West India islands of either party to that contest; and it was asserted that upon its capture by the British, in 1781, when war began with Holland, large amounts of property belonging to English merchants, but intended for French customers, were found there. So, in the American Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, the town of Nassau in the British Bahamas became a centre at which were accumulated stores of all kinds intended to break through the blockade of the Southern coast.

So again, in the wars of the French Revolution, as long as Holland remained in alliance with Great Britain, that country was the centre, from which foreign goods poured into France and the Continent of Europe; but when the United Provinces had been overrun by French troops, and a revolution in their government had attached them to the French policy, commerce, driven from their now blockaded coast, sought another depôt farther to the eastward, and found it in Bremen, Hamburg, and some other German ports—of which, however, Hamburg was by far the most favoured and prosperous. Through Hamburg the coffee and sugar of the West Indies, the manufactured goods of Great Britain, the food products of America, the luxuries of the East, poured into Germany; and also into France, despite the prohibitive measures of French Governments. An indication of this change in the course of commerce is found in the fact that the imports from Great Britain alone into Germany, which amounted to 2,000,000*l.* in 1792, had in 1796, the year after Holland became allied to France, increased to 8,000,000*l.*, although the purchasing power of Germany had meanwhile diminished. In the same time the tonnage annually clearing from Great Britain to Germany increased from 120,000 to 266,000. Similar results, on a much smaller scale, were seen at Gibraltar when Spain attempted to prevent British goods entering her own ports; and again at Malta, when the possession of that island offered British commerce a foothold far advanced in the Central Mediterranean. Somewhat similar, likewise, were the advantages of the islands of Ceylon and Trinidad with reference to the mainlands of India and South America, which gave to them a particular commercial as well as strategic value, and led England to accept them as her compensations at the Peace of Amiens.

In such cases the temporary commercial centre not only reaps the profits of the broker, but all classes of its community benefit

benefit by the increase of employments, of floating capital, and of floating population. Precisely analogous to these was the office which her geographical position and unrivalled control of the sea enabled Great Britain to discharge toward the European world during the French Revolution. Her maritime power and commercial spirit, the gradual though rapid growth of past generations, enabled her at once to become the warehouse where accumulated the products of all nations and of all seas then open to commerce, and whence they were transhipped to the tempest-tossed and war-torn Continent. So also her watery bulwarks, traversed in every direction by her powerful navy, secured her peaceful working as the great manufactory of Europe, and thus fostered an immense development of her industries, which had become more than ever necessary to the welfare of the world, since those of Holland and France were either crippled for want of raw material or isolated by their impotence at sea. Great Britain impeded the direct admission of tropical products to the Continent; but their re-exportation from her own ports and the export of British manufactures became the two chief sources of her singular prosperity. The favourable reaction, produced by this concentration within her borders of so much of the commercial machinery of the civilized world, is evident. Activities of every kind sprang up on all sides, increasing the employment of labour and the circulation of capital; and, while it is vain to contend that war increases the prosperity of nations, it must be conceded that such a state of things as we have depicted affords much compensation to the nation concerned, and may even increase its proportionate prosperity, when compared with that of its less fortunate enemies. To quote the words of Lanfrey: 'The English nation had never at any time shown more reliance upon its own resources than when Pitt, in 1801, retired after eight years of war. The people bore without difficulty the heavy taxes which the war imposed upon them, and, what was more astonishing still, Pitt had found no opposition in Parliament to his last Budget. The immense increase in the industrial prosperity of England triumphantly refuted the predictions of her enemies, as well as the complaints of alarmists. As the effect of every fresh declaration of war upon the Continent had been to diminish competition in the great market of the world and to throw into her hands the navies and colonies of her adversaries, the English had begun to look upon the loan of millions and the subsidies as so much premium paid for the development of their own resources.'

It is not, therefore, merely as a weapon of war in the hands
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of the Ministry that the maritime power of Great Britain is to be regarded ; nor yet only as the fruitful mother of subsidies upon whose bountiful breasts hung the impoverished and struggling nations of the Continent. Great as were its value and importance in these respects, it had yet a nobler and more vital function. Upon it depended the vigorous life of the great nation, which supplied the only power of motive capable of coping with the demoniac energy that then possessed the spirit of the French. Great Britain, though herself unconscious of the future, was, in the case of a man called upon to undergo a prolonged period of trial, exposure, and anxiety, severely testing all his powers, physical and mental. However sound the constitution, it is essential that, when thus assailed by adverse external influences, all its vital processes should be protected, nourished, and even stimulated, or else the bodily energies will flag, fail, and collapse. This protection, this nourishment, the maritime power ministered to the body politic of the State. Despite the undeniable sufferings of large classes among the people, the Ministry could boast from year to year the general prosperity of the realm, the flourishing condition of commerce, the progressive preponderance and control of the sea exerted by the navy, and a series of naval victories of unprecedented brilliancy, which stimulated to the highest degree the enthusiasm of the nation. Such a combination of encouraging circumstances maintained in full tension the springs of self-confidence and moral energy, in the absence of which no merely material powers or resources are capable of effective action.

By the natural and almost unaided working of its intrinsic faculties, the maritime power of Great Britain sustained the material forces of the State and the spirit of the people. From these we turn to the consideration of the more striking, though not more profound, effects produced by the use made of the maritime power by the British Ministry—to the policy and naval strategy of the war—in curtailing the resources and sapping the strength of the enemy, and in compelling him to efforts at once inevitable, exhausting, and fruitless. In undertaking this examination, it will be first necessary to ascertain what were the objects the Ministers proposed to achieve by the struggle in which they had embarked the nation. If these are found to agree, in the main, with the aim they should have kept before them, through realizing the character of the general contest, and Great Britain's proper part in it, the policy of the war will be justified. It will then only remain to consider how well the general direction given to the naval and military operations
furthered

furthered the objects proposed—whether the strategy of the war was well adapted to bring its policy to a successful issue.

The sudden revulsion of feeling in the British Ministry, consequent upon the decrees of November 19 and December 15, has been mentioned. It was then realized that not only the internal quiet of Great Britain was endangered, but that the political stability of Europe was threatened by a Power whose volcanic energy could not be ignored. There was not merely the fear that extreme democratic principles would be transmitted from the masses of one country to those of another still unprepared to receive them. To say that the British Government went to war merely to divert the interest of the lower orders from internal to foreign relations is not a fair statement of the case. The danger that threatened England and Europe was the violent intervention of the French in the internal affairs of every country to which their armies could penetrate. This purpose was avowed by the Convention, and how sincerely was proved by the history of many an adjoining State within the next few years. Although the worst excesses of the Revolution had not yet occurred, enough had been done to indicate its tendencies, and to show that, where it prevailed, security of life, property, and social order disappeared.

Security, therefore, was from the first alleged as the great object of the war by the Prime Minister, who undoubtedly was the exponent of the Government, as truly as he was the foremost man then in England. In his speech of February 12, 1793, upon the French declaration of war, he returns again and again to this word, as the key-note to the British policy.

‘Not only had His Majesty entered into no treaty, but no step even had been taken, and no engagement formed on the part of our Government, to interfere in the internal affairs of France, or attempt to dictate to them any form of constitution. I declare that the whole of the interference of Great Britain has been with the general view of seeing if it was possible, either by our own exertions or in concert with any other Power, to repress this French system of aggrandizement and repression, with the view of seeing whether we could not re-establish the blessings of peace, whether we could not, either separately or jointly with other Powers, provide for the security of our own country and the general security of Europe.’

It is only fair to Pitt to compare the thought underlying this speech of February 12, 1793, with that of February 17, 1792, already quoted, in order that there may be realized the identity of principle and conviction which moved him under circumstances so diverse. This position he continually maintained from year to year; nor did he, when taunted by the leader of the
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the Opposition with lack of definiteness in the objects of the war, suffer himself to be goaded into any other statement of policy. It was in vain that the repeated jeer was uttered, that the Ministry did not know what they were driving at; and when the constant recurrence of allied disasters and French successes on the Continent, preceding as they did the most brilliant successes of the British Navy, made yet more poignant the exultation of the Opposition, Pitt still refused, with all his father's proud tenacity, to give any other account of his course than that he sought security—peace, yes, but only a secure peace. To define precisely what success on the part of Great Britain, or what reverses suffered by France, would constitute the required security, was to prophesy the uncertain fortunes of war, and the endurance of that strange madness which was impelling the French nation. When a man finds his interests or his life threatened by the persistent malice of a powerful enemy, he can make no reply to the question, how long or how far he will carry his resistance, except this: that when the enemy's power of injury is effectually curtailed, or when his own power of resistance ends, then, and then only, will he cease to fight. It fell to Pitt's lot, at one period of the war, to be brought face to face with the latter alternative; but the course of the French Government—of the Directory as well as of Napoleon—justified fully the presentiment of the British Government in 1793, that not until the aggressive power of France was brought within bounds, could Europe know lasting peace. Peace could not be hoped from the temper of the French rulers.

Whatever shape, therefore, the military operations might assume, the object of the war in the apprehension of the British Minister was strictly defensive; just as the French invasion of the Austrian Netherlands, though an offensive military operation, was, in its inception, part of a strictly defensive war. To the larger and more general motive of her own security and that of Europe, there was also added, for Great Britain, the special treaty obligation to assist Holland in a defensive struggle—an obligation which was brought into play by the French declaration of war against the United Provinces. It is necessary to note the two causes of war, because the relation of Great Britain to the wider conflict was different from that which she bore to the defence of Holland, and entailed a different line of action. The treaty called upon her to contribute a certain quota of land forces, and the character of her particular interest, in both the Netherlands and Holland, made it expedient and proper that British troops should enter the field for their protection; but
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after the disastrous campaign of 1794 had subdued Holland to France, and a revolution in its Government had changed its relations to Great Britain, the troops were withdrawn, and did not again appear on the Continent until 1799, when favourable circumstances induced a second, but futile attempt, to rescue the Provinces from French domination.

The part borne by the troops of England in the earlier continental campaigns was therefore but an episode depending upon her special relations to Holland, and terminated by the subjection of that country to France. What was the relation of Great Britain to the wider struggle, in which, at the beginning, almost all the nations of the Continent were engaged? What functions could she discharge towards curtailing the power of France and so restoring to Europe that security without which peace is but a vain word? Upon the answers to these questions should depend the criticism of the use made by the British Ministry of the nation's power. To condemn details without having first considered what should be the leading outlines of a great design, is as unsafe as it is unfair; for steps indefensible in themselves may be justified by the exigencies of the general policy. It is not to be expected that, in a war of such vast proportions and involving such unprecedented conditions, serious mistakes of detail should not be made; but, if the great measures adopted bear a due proportion both to the powers possessed and to the end aimed at, then the Government will have fulfilled all that can be demanded of it.

The maritime power which constituted the chief strength of Great Britain furnished her with two principal weapons: naval superiority, which the course of the war soon developed into supremacy, and money. The traditional policy of a strong party in the State, largely represented in the governing classes, was bitterly adverse to a standing army; and the force actually maintained was to a great extent neutralized by the character of the Empire, which, involving possessions scattered over all quarters of the globe, necessitated dispersion instead of concentrated action. The embarrassment thus caused was increased by the dangerously discontented condition of Ireland, involving the maintenance of a considerable permanent force there, with the possibility of having to augment it. Furthermore, the thriving condition of the manufactures and commerce of England, protected from the storm of war ravaging the Continent and of such vital importance to the general welfare of Europe, made it inexpedient to withdraw her people from the ranks of labour, at a time when the working classes of other nations were being drained for the armies.

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For these reasons great operations on land, or a conspicuous share in the continental campaigns became, if not absolutely impossible to Great Britain, at least clearly inadvisable. It was economically wiser, for the purposes of the coalitions, that she should be controlling the sea, supporting the commerce of the world, making money and managing the finances, while other States, whose industries were exposed to the blast of war and who had not the same commercial aptitudes, did the fighting on land. This defines substantially the course followed by the Ministry of the day, for which the younger Pitt has been most severely criticized. It is perhaps impossible to find any historian of repute who will defend the general military conduct of the Cabinet at whose head he stood ; while the brilliant successes of the Seven Years' War have offered a ready text for disparagers, from his contemporary, Fox, to those of our own day, to draw a mortifying contrast between his father and himself. Yet what were the military enterprises and achievements of the justly famed Seven Years' War? They were enterprises of exactly the same character as those undertaken in the French Revolutionary War, and as those which, it may be added, are so constant a feature of English history, whether during times of European peace or of European war, that it may reasonably be suspected there is, in the conditions of the British Empire, some constant cause for their recurrence. Like the petty wars which occur every few years in our generation, they were mixed military and naval expeditions, based upon the fleet and upon the control of the sea, scattered in all quarters of the world, employing bodies of troops, small when compared to the size of continental armies, and therefore for the most part bearing, individually, the character of secondary operations, however much they may have conduced to a great common end.

It is an ungracious task to institute comparisons ; but, if just conclusions are to be reached, the real facts of a case must be set forth. The elder Pitt had not to contend with such a navy as confronted his son at the outbreak of the French Revolution. The French Navy, as is avowed by its historians, had received great and judicious care throughout the reign of Louis XVI ; it had a large and splendid body of ships in 1793 ; it enjoyed the proud confidence of the nation, consequent upon its actions in the war of 1778 ; and, although its efficiency was fatally affected by the legislation of the National Assembly and by the emigrations, it was still an imposing force. Not until years of neglect had passed over it, and the fatal Battle of the Nile had been fought, did its character and weight sink to the same relative insignificance that the elder Pitt encountered

tered in the Seven Years' War. The elder, like the younger, shaped his system of war upon the control of the sea, upon the acquisition of colonies, upon subsidizing allies upon the Continent, and, as main outlines of policy, these were undoubtedly correct; but the former had in his favour heavy odds in the weak condition of the French Navy, and in having on his side the great military genius of the age. On the side of the elder Pitt fought Frederick the Great, against a coalition, numerically overwhelming indeed, but half-hearted, ill-knit, and led by generals far inferior to their great opponent, often mere creatures of the most corrupt Court favour. Against the younger Pitt arose a greater than Frederick, at the very moment of triumph, when the combined effects of the sea power of England, of the armies of Austria, and of the incompetency of the Directory, had brought the Revolution 'to bay'—to use the words of a distinguished French naval officer and student.* In 1796 and in 1799 Bonaparte, and Bonaparte alone, rescued from impending destruction—not France, for France was not the object of Pitt's efforts—but that 'system of aggrandizement and aggression' to which France was then committed.

The elder Pitt saw his work completed, though by weaker hands; the younger struggled on through disappointment after disappointment, and died under the shadow of Austerlitz, worn out in heart and mind by the dangers of his country. Contemporaries and men of later generations, British and foreigners, have agreed in attributing to him the leading part in the coalitions against Revolutionary France; but they have failed to admit the specific difficulties under which he laboured, and how nearly he achieved success. It is easy to indulge in criticism of details, and to set one undertaking against another; to show the failures of expeditions landed on the French coast in the Seven Years' War; to point out that Wolfe's conquest of Canada in 1759, by freeing the American colonies from their fear of France, promoted their revolt against Great Britain, while Nelson in 1798, and Abercromby in 1801, saved Egypt, and probably India also, to England; to say that the elder Pitt did not regain Minorca by arms, while the younger secured both it and Malta. Martinique fell to the arms of both; the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, Trinidad, prizes of the later war, may fairly be set against Havana and Manilla of the earlier. In India, Clive, the first and greatest of British Indian heroes, served the elder Pitt; yet before the arms of the younger fell Mysore, the realm of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib, the most for-

* Jurien de la Gravière, 'Vie de l'Amiral Baudin,' p. 9.

midable enemies that Britain had yet met in the Peninsula. Such comparisons and arguments are endless; partly because there is much to be said on both sides, but chiefly because they concern details only, and do not touch the root of the matter.

The objects of the two Pitts were different, for the circumstances of their generations were essentially diverse. The task of the one was to extend and establish the great colonial system, whose foundations had been laid by previous generations, and to sustain in Europe the balance of power between rival, but orderly, Governments; that of the other was to steady the social order and political framework of Great Britain herself, and of Europe, against a hurricane which threatened to tear up both by the roots. Each in his day, to strengthen his country and to weaken the enemy, pursued the same great line of policy, which in the one age and in the other fitted the situation of Great Britain. To extend and consolidate her sea power; to lay the world under contribution to her commerce; to control the sea by an all-powerful navy; to extend her colonial empire by conquest, thereby increasing her resources, multiplying her naval bases, and depriving her enemy alike of revenues and of points whence he could trouble English shipping; to embarrass the great enemy, France, by subsidizing continental allies—such was the policy of both the Pitts; such, alike in the Revolution and in the Seven Years' War, was the policy imposed by a due recognition, not only of the special strength of Great Britain, but of her position in relation to the general struggle. Frederick in the one case, Austria in the other, needed the money, which only the sustained commercial prosperity of England could supply. The difference in the actual careers run by the two statesmen is that the son had to meet far greater obstacles than the father, and that, so far as the part of Great Britain herself was concerned, he achieved equal, if not greater, successes. The father had to contend, not against the mighty fury of the French Revolution, but against the courtier generals and the merely professional soldiery of Louis XV. and his mistresses; he had an allied America; he met no mutiny of the British fleet; he was threatened by no coalition of the Baltic Powers; he encountered no Bonaparte. It was the boast of British merchants that under his rule 'Commerce was united to and made to grow by war;' but British commerce increased during the French Revolution even more than it did in the earlier war, and the growth of the British Navy, in material strength and in military glory, under the son, exceeded that under the father.

In history the personality of the elder statesman is far more imposing

imposing than that of the younger. The salient characteristic of the one was an imperious and fiery impetuosity; that of the other, reserve. The one succeeded in power a Minister inefficient as an administrator, weak in nerve, and grotesque in personal appearance; the striking contrast presented by the first William Pitt to the Duke of Newcastle, his aggressive temper, the firm self-reliance of his character, his dazzling personality, around which a dramatic halo clung even in the hour of his death, made a vivid impression upon the imagination of contemporaries, and have descended as a tradition to our own days. Save to a few intimate friends, the second Pitt was known to his fellow-countrymen only on the benches of the House of Commons. A temper as indomitable as his father's bore in silence the vastly greater and more prolonged strain of a most chequered struggle; only a few knew that the strain was endured with a cheerfulness, a calmness, and a presence of mind, which of themselves betoken a born leader of men. In the darkest hour, when the last ally, Austria, had forsaken England and consented to treat with France, when the seamen of the fleet had mutinied, and British ships-of-war, taken violently from their officers, were blockading the approaches to London, Pitt was awaked during the night by a member of the Cabinet with some disastrous news. He listened quietly, gave his directions calmly and clearly, and dismissed the messenger. The latter, after leaving the house, thought it necessary to return for some further instruction, and found the Minister again sleeping quietly. The incident is a drama in itself.

In considering the use made of Great Britain's powers for war by the administration of the second Pitt, the broad outlines should be regarded not as a simply military question—such as the combinations of a general officer in a campaign—but as efforts of statesmanship, directing arms in an attempt to compass by force the requirements considered to be most decisive in a political situation. The office of the statesman is to determine, and to indicate to the military authorities, the national interests most vital to be defended, as well as the objects of conquest or destruction most injurious to the enemy, in view of the political exigencies which the military power only subserves. The methods by which the military force will proceed to the ends thus indicated to it—the numbers, character, equipment of the forces to be employed and their management in campaign—are technical matters to be referred to the military or naval expert by the statesman. If the latter undertakes to dictate in these, he goes beyond his task and commonly incurs misfortune.

It is not likely that such a division of labour, between the
statesman,

statesman, the soldier and the seaman, is ever formally made. It is enough if it be practically recognized by the due influence of the military element in deciding details, and by its cheerful obedience in carrying out the views of the Government whose servant it is. In criticizing results it is fair to assume, where not otherwise proved, that for the general direction of the war the Government is responsible, and that in the particular management of military movements the advice of professional men has had just weight. A somewhat striking illustration of this is to be found in the change of naval strategy, within the limits of the Channel fleet, when, without any change in the Government, the positive convictions and stringent methods of Lord St. Vincent set aside, in 1800, the traditions of Lord Howe and Lord Bridport.

What then was the general direction imparted to military movements by a Government which had announced its object in the war to be the attainment of security, by 'repressing the French system of aggrandizement and aggression'?

Owing to the distracted condition of France, many confusing cross-lights were at first cast upon that central theatre of European disturbance, by movements whose force it was impossible rightly to estimate. Such were the risings in La Vendée and Brittany, the revolt at Lyons, the delivery of Toulon to the allied fleets. Experience justifies the opinion that such insurgent movements, involving but a part of a nation, are best left to themselves, supported only by money and supplies. If, thus aided, they have not the vitality to make good their cause, the presence of foreign troops, viewed ever with jealousy by the natives, will not ensure success. It is, however, the French Revolution itself that furnishes the surest illustrations of this truth, shedding upon it a light which Pitt did not have to guide him. Such embarrassments of the French Government were naturally thought to give opportunity for powerful diversions; the more so as the amount of disaffection was much exaggerated, and the practice of partial descents upon the French coasts had come down unquestioned from previous wars.

To this mistake, as natural as any ever made in war, and to the treaty obligation to support Holland, is to be attributed much of the misdirection given to the British army in the first two years of the war. When the illusion was over, and Holland conquered, the military effort of Great Britain was at once concentrated on its proper objects of ruling the sea and securing positions that contributed to naval control and commercial development. Even in 1793 a respectable force had been sent to the West Indies, which in 1794 reduced all the

Windward

Windward Islands. Stretching its efforts too far, reverses followed; but in 1795 a powerful fleet was sent with sixteen thousand troops commanded by Sir Ralph Abercromby, the best general officer revealed by the early part of the war. From the first, Pitt had seen the necessity of controlling the West Indies. That necessity was twofold: first, by far the greatest fraction of British trade, over one-fourth of the whole, depended upon them; and, second, the enemy's islands were not only valuable as producing, they were above all the homes of cruisers that endangered all commerce, neutral as well as British. To control the whole Caribbean region was, among those objects that lay within the scope of the British Government, the one most essential to the success of the general war. To sneer at the attempt as showing merely a wish for sugar islands is to ignore the importance of the West Indies to the financial stability of Great Britain; upon whose solvency depended, not only the maritime war, but the coalitions whose aid was needed to repress 'the system of French aggression.'

Abercromby restored England's control over the lesser Antilles, except Guadaloupe, and added to her possessions Trinidad and the Dutch colonies on the mainland. Although unable to retain Haïti, whose ports were for some time occupied, the British navy ensured its loss to France and the final success of the negro revolt; and commercial relations were established with the new government. During the same period the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, and other Dutch and French possessions in India were reduced by similar expeditions. These not only extended the sphere of British commerce; they contributed yet more to its enlargement by the security resulting from the conversion of hostile to friendly ports, and the consequent diminution of enemy's cruisers.

It is a singular fact that neither the extraordinary commercial prosperity secured by these successes, nor the immense development of the navy during Pitt's administration, is mentioned in the celebrated denunciation of his 'drivelling' war policy by Macaulay. Of naval administration the latter speaks, in order to assign the credit to another; on commercial and naval expansion he is silent. Yet no factors in the war were so important. The one sustained Great Britain, on whose shoulders was upborne the whole resistance of Europe; the other crushed France by a process of constriction, which, but for Bonaparte, would have reduced her at an early period, and to free her from which Napoleon himself was driven to measures that ruined him. These important results were obtained by lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of British commerce,

commerce, by colonial expansion and safeguarding the seas, and by the growth of the navy—none of which objects could have been accomplished without the hearty support of the Prime Minister. From the co-operation of these causes, and the restrictions placed on neutral trade, the commerce of Great Britain increased by 65* per cent. between 1792 and 1800, while the loss by capture was less than 2½ per cent. on the annual volume of trade.

The directly offensive use of Great Britain's maritime power made by the Ministry, in order to repress the French system of aggression, consisted in throwing back France upon herself while at the same time cutting off her resources. The continental armies which begirt her on the land side were supported by subsidies; and also when practicable, as in the Mediterranean, by the co-operation of the British fleets, to whose influence upon his Italian campaign in 1796 Bonaparte continually alludes. To seaward the colonial system of France was ruined, raw material cut off from her manufactures, her merchant shipping swept from the sea. In 1797 the chief of the Bureau of Commerce in France wrote: 'The former sources of our prosperity are either lost or dried up. Our agricultural, manufacturing, and industrial power is almost extinct.'† At the same time, while not denying the right of neutrals to trade with ports not blockaded, every restriction that could be placed upon such trade by stringent, and even forced, interpretations of international law was rigorously imposed by a navy whose power was irresistible. Even provisions (and it will be well for Great Britain of the present day to recall the fact) were claimed to be contraband of war, on the ground that, in the then condition of France, when there was a reasonable hope of starving her into peace, to supply them contributed to prolong hostilities.

So severe was the suffering and poverty caused by this isolation, that in the moment of his greatest triumph, immediately after signing the peace of Campo Formio, which left Great Britain without an ally, in October 1797, Bonaparte wrote, 'Either our Government must destroy the English monarchy, or must expect to be itself destroyed by the corruption and intrigue of those active islanders. Let us concentrate all our activity upon the navy and destroy England.'

* That is, about 8 per cent. annually. The increase during the four years of the elder Pitt in the Seven Years' War, 1757-1761, was 29 per cent., about 7 per cent. annually.

† 'Système Maritime et Politique des Européens dans la 18^{me} siècle,' par Arnould. Paris, 1797.

The Directory, conscious that its navy was paralysed and that its *guerre de course*, pursued since 1795 against British commerce, had not seriously affected the latter, although 1797 was the year of its lowest depression, could see no further means of injuring England except by attacking the neutral carriers of her wares. Affecting to regard them as accomplices in Great Britain's crimes against humanity, it procured from the Convention, in January 1798, a decree that 'every vessel found at sea, having on board English merchandise as her cargo, in whole or in part, shall be declared lawful prize, whosoever shall be the proprietor of the merchandise, which shall be reputed contraband for this cause alone, that it comes from England or her possessions.' At the same time orders were issued to confiscate property of British origin wherever found on shore, and domiciliary visits were authorized to ensure its discovery.

Napoleon was therefore perfectly justified in declaring in later years that the Directory outlined the policy of his Continental System, embodied in his Berlin and Milan decrees of 1806 and 1807. The results to it and to him were alike disastrous. A year later, in January 1799, a deputy said to the Convention: 'Neutrals are repelled from our ports; our agricultural products have no outlet abroad; our industry and commerce are annihilated; our colonies helpless; our shipping ways deserted; a balance of 20,000 seamen in English prisons; our ships-of-war without seamen: such are the effects of the law which is ruining us.' 'All the sufferings of ourselves and allies might be borne,' says another, 'if good resulted to ourselves or harm to England; but it is not so.'

To the Directory the attempt thus to destroy British prosperity worked disaster. To Napoleon it brought ruin, owing to the greater vigour, wider scope, and longer duration which he was able to impart to the process. The aim of his Berlin and Milan decrees, like that of the Directory, was to undermine British trade by depriving it of the necessary concurrence of neutral carriers. As this alone would not be enough, he determined to support the decrees by excluding Great Britain from her principal market, to close the entire Continent to all goods coming from her, or her colonies, or even passing through her ports. For this purpose—to carry out this gigantic project—edict after edict was issued to France and her allied countries; for this purpose annexation after annexation to the Empire was made; for this purpose a double cordon of French troops lined the shores of the Continent from France to the Baltic; for this purpose British goods were not only seized but publicly burnt throughout his dominions; for this purpose demands were made

upon all neutral States to exclude British manufactures and colonial produce; for this purpose the calamitous Spanish war was incurred; and finally, for this purpose reiterated and imperious complaints were addressed to the Czar on his failure to enforce the exclusion, and, upon his persistence, the fatal invasion of Russia followed.

The justice or wisdom of this course is not here in question. It is enough to say that it nearly ruined Great Britain, but entirely ruined Napoleon. The noticeable point, bearing upon the wisdom of Pitt's military policy, is that Napoleon was forced into it by that policy, because England was destroying him and he had no other means of injuring her. Great Britain's success not only followed, but was consequent upon steady adherence to the main features of Pitt's policy. Military writers say that success on a battlefield is of slight avail if the strategic line of operations is ill-chosen, and that even a great defeat may be redeemed if the position has been taken in accordance with the strategic conditions of the campaign. This amounts to saying, in non-military language, that hard blows are useless if not struck on the right spot. Numerous reverses attended the coalitions against France, although few fell upon Great Britain herself; but none was fatal because the general policy, begun by Pitt and continued by his successors, was strategically sound with reference to the object in view,—namely, 'the repression of that system of aggression' which was the very spirit of the French Revolution, formulated by the Convention, adopted by the Directory, inherited and given its full logical development by Napoleon. By the strategic direction given to her own efforts, Great Britain forced this French spirit into a line of action which could not but result fatally. But for Bonaparte the result, nearly attained in 1795 and again in 1799, would have followed then; not even his genius could avert it finally.

It is related that a leader of antiquity once cried to his opponent: 'If you are the great general you claim to be, why do you not come down and fight me?' and received the pertinent reply, 'If you are the great general you say, why do you not *make* me come down and fight you?' This was precisely what Great Britain effected. By the mastery of the sea, by the destruction of the French colonial system and commerce, by her persistent enmity to the spirit of aggression, which was incarnate in the French Revolution and personified in Napoleon, by her own sustained and unshaken strength, she drove the enemy into the battle-field of the Continental system, where his final ruin was certain. Under the feeble rule of the Directory that ruin came on apace; within a year it was evident that the only
gainer

gainer by the system was the foe whom it sought to overthrow, that France herself and her allies, as well as neutral Powers, were but being broken down to the profit of Great Britain. Despite the first failure, there was a plausible attraction about the measure which led Napoleon, confident in his strength and genius, to apply it again with the relentless thoroughness characteristic of his reign. For a time it succeeded, owing not only to the vigour with which it was used, but also to Great Britain being exasperated into retaliatory steps which, by forbidding the trade of neutrals to and between all the ports thus closed to British commerce, stopped at its source the contraband trade, which eluded Napoleon's blockade and kept open the way for British exports to the Continent.

The strain, however, was too great to be endured by the great composite political system which the Emperor had founded, and through which he hoped to exclude his enemy from every continental market. The privations of all classes, the sufferings of the poorer, turned men's hearts from the foreign ruler, who, in the pursuit of aims which they neither sympathised with nor understood, was causing them daily ills which they understood but too well. All were ready to fall away and rise in rebellion when once the colossus was shaken. The people of Spain at one extremity of Europe revolted in 1808; the Czar of Russia, at the other, threw down the gauntlet in 1810, by a proclamation which opened his harbours to all neutral ships bringing colonial produce, the object of Napoleon's bitterest reclamations. In the one case the people refused the ruler put over them to ensure a more vigorous enforcement of the Continental blockade; in the other the absolute monarch declined longer to burden his subjects with exactions which were ruining them for the same object. The Spanish outbreak gave England a foothold upon the Continent at a point most favourable for support by her maritime strength and most injurious to the Emperor, not only from the character of the country and the people, but also because it compelled him to divide his forces between his most remote frontiers. The defection of the Czar made a fatal breach in the line of the Continental blockade, opening a certain though circuitous access for British goods to all parts of Europe. Incapable of anticipating defeat and of receding from a purpose once formed, Napoleon determined upon war with Russia. He, the great teacher of concentration, proceeded to divide his forces between the two extremes of Europe. The results are well known to all.

It was not by attempting great military operations on land, but by controlling the sea, and through the sea the world

outside Europe, that both the first and the second Pitt ensured the triumph of their country in the two contests where either stood as the representative of the nation. Mistakes were made by both; it was the elder who offered to Spain to give Gibraltar for Minorca, which the younger recovered by force of arms. Mistakes many may be charged against the conduct of the war under the younger; but, with one possible exception, they are mistakes of detail in purely military direction, which cannot invalidate the fact that the general line of action chosen and followed was correct. To recur to the simile already borrowed from military art, the mistakes were tactical, not strategic; nor, it may be added, to any great degree administrative.

The possible exception occurred at the beginning of the war, in the spring and summer of 1793. It may be, as has been claimed by many, that a march direct upon Paris at that time by the forces of the Coalition would have crushed all opposition, and, by reducing the mob of the capital, have ensured the submission of the country. It may be so; but in criticizing the action of the British Ministers, so far as it was theirs, it must be remembered that not only did men of the highest military reputation in Europe advise against the movement, but that the Duke of Brunswick, then second to none in distinction as a soldier, had tried it and failed a few months before. For unprofessional men to insist, against the best professional opinions at their command, is a course whose propriety or prudence can only be shown by the event—a test to which the advance upon Paris, now so freely prescribed by the wisdom of after-sight, was not brought. One consideration, generally overlooked, may here be presented. To attempt so momentous and hazardous an enterprise, when the leaders to whom its conduct must be entrusted regard it as unwise, is to incur a great probability of disaster. Even Bonaparte would not force his plans upon Moreau, when the latter, in 1800, persisted in preferring his own. Yet this must statesmen have done, had they in 1793 ordered their generals to advance on Paris.

Once lost, the opportunity, if such it were, did not recur. It depended purely upon destroying the resistance of France before it had time to organize. Thenceforward there remained to encounter, not the policy of a Court, playing its game upon the chess-board of war, with knights and pawns, castles and armies, but a nation in arms, breathing a fury and inspired by passions which only physical exhaustion could repress. Towards that exhaustion Great Britain could on the land side contribute effectually only by means of allies, and this she did. On the side of the sea, her own sphere of action, there were two things she

she needed to do. The first was to sustain her own strength, by fostering, widening, and guarding the workings of her commercial system; the second was to cut France off from the same sources of strength and life. Both were most effectually accomplished; not, as Macaulay asserts, by the able administration of Earl Spencer (whose merit is not disputed), but by the general policy of the Ministry in the extension of the colonial system, in the wise attention paid to the support of British commerce in all its details, and in the extraordinary augmentation of the Navy. Between 1754 and 1760, the period embracing the most brilliant triumphs of the elder Pitt, the British Navy increased by 33 per cent. Between 1792 and 1800, under his son, the increase was 82 per cent. How entirely the military management and direction of this mighty force depended upon the sea-officers, and not upon the statesman, when a civilian was at the head of the Admiralty, will be evident to any one studying closely the slackness of the Channel fleet immediately under the eye of Earl Spencer, or the paltry dispositions made in particular emergencies like the Irish invasion of 1796, and contrasting these with the vigour manifested at that very moment under Jervis in the Mediterranean, or later, in the admirable operations of the same officer in command of the Channel fleet.

Few indeed are the statesmen who are not thus dependent upon professional subordinates. Pitt was no exception. He was not a general or an admiral, nor does he appear so to have considered himself; but he realized perfectly where Great Britain's strength lay, and where the sphere of her efforts. By that understanding he guided her movements; and in the final triumph wrought by the spirit of the British nation over the spirit of the French Revolution, the greatest share cannot justly be denied to the chief, who, in the long struggle against wind and tide, forced often to swerve from the direct course he would have followed by unforeseen dangers that rose around the ship in her passage through unknown seas, never forgot the goal 'Security,' upon which from the first his will was set. Fit indeed it was that he should drop at his post just when Trafalgar had been won and Austerlitz lost. That striking contrast of substantial and, in fact, decisive success with bewildering but evanescent disaster, symbolized well his troubled career, as it superficially appears. As the helm escaped his dying hands, all seemed lost, but in truth the worst was passed. 'The pilot had weathered the storm.'

ART. IV.—1. *The Works of Shakespeare*. Collated with the Oldest Copies, and corrected by Mr. Theobald. London, MDCCXXXIII.

2. *The Cambridge Shakespeare. The Works of William Shakespeare*. Edited by William Aldis Wright. Third Edition. London, 1891, 1892.

THE fate of Lewis Theobald is without parallel in literary history. It may be said with simple truth that no poet in our own or in any other language has ever owed so great a debt to an editor as Shakspeare owes to this man. He found the text of the tragedies and comedies, which is now so intelligible and lucid, in a condition scarcely less deplorable than Aldus found the choruses of Æschylus, and Musurus the parabases of Aristophanes, and he contributed more to its certain and permanent settlement than all the other editors from Rowe to Mr. Aldis Wright. And yet there are probably not half-a-dozen men in England who would not be surprised to hear this. To most people indeed he is known only as he was known to Joseph Warton, as the hero of the first editions of the 'Dunciad,' as 'a cold, plodding, and tasteless writer and critic, who with great propriety was chosen on the death of Settle by the Goddess of Dulness to be the chief instrument of that great work which was the subject of the poem.' Gibbeted in couplets which have passed into proverbs wherever the English language is read, and which every man with any tincture of letters has by heart, his very name has become a synonym for creeping pedantry. No satirist excels, or it would perhaps be more correct to say equals, Pope in the art of employing falsehood in the service of truth. What is untrue of a particular individual may be true of a class, but while what is true or untrue of a particular individual is of comparatively little moment to the world, what is true of a class is true typically, and is therefore of interest to all mankind. Of the correctness, for example, of Pope's portrait of the mere verbal scholar, of the justice of the ridicule and contempt with which he has treated philologists as a class, there can be no question. We know how important it is that such men should understand their proper place, and the mischief which has resulted from their not understanding it, and we read with approval, admiration, gratitude. But who stops to consider whether the particular individual who has been selected for ridicule, and whose name has been written under the portrait, is or is not entitled to the ignoble distinction? He is of no interest as a mere individual; he has become a type. He has
been

been made the scapegoat of a class whose worst errors and whose worst vices will for ever be associated with him.

This it is which makes the satire of Pope so truly terrible. It has in some cases literally blasted the characters which it has touched. One of the most delightful autobiographies ever written, and a comedy which is in its way a masterpiece, have been powerless to counteract, nay even to modify, the impression left on the world by the portrait for which Pope made Colley Cibber sit. As long as the loathsome traits which are delineated in the character of 'Sporus' repel and sicken mankind, so long will the name of John Lord Hervey be infamous. Of the impotence of truth to contend with the fiction of so great an artist as Pope, the result of Mr. Croker's attempt to vindicate Hervey's fame is a striking illustration. In 1848 Mr. Croker published that nobleman's 'Memoirs,' prefixing an Introduction, in which he proved, as indeed the 'Memoirs' themselves proved, that the original of Pope's picture was a man whose genius and temper had been cast rather in the mould of St. Simon and Tacitus than in that of the foppish and loathsome hermaphrodite with whom he had been associated. But the popular estimate of Hervey remains unchanged. He was 'Sporus' to our ancestors, who had neither his 'Memoirs' nor Mr. Croker's Introduction before them, and he is 'Sporus' to us who have both, but who, unfortunately for Hervey, care for neither, and know Pope's verses by heart.

But pre-eminent among the victims of his satire stands Theobald, and Theobald's fate has assuredly been harder than that of any other of his fellow-sufferers. For in his case injustice has been cumulative, and it has been his lot to be conspicuous. From the publication of the 'Dunciad' to the present day he has been the butt of almost every critic and biographer of Shakspeare and Pope. Indeed, the shamelessness of the injustice with which he has been treated by his brother commentators on Shakspeare exceeds belief. Generation after generation it has been the same story. After plundering his notes and appropriating his emendations, sometimes with, but more generally without, acknowledgment, they all contrive, each in his own fashion, to reproduce Pope's portrait of him. Whenever they mention him, if they do not couple with their remarks some abusive or contemptuous expression, it is with a sort of half apology for introducing his name. They refer to him, in fact, as a gentleman might refer among his friends to a shoe-black who had just amused him with some witticism while polishing his boots. Perhaps impudence never went further than in Pope's own appropriation of Theobald's labours.

Pope's

Pope's first edition of Shakspeare came out in 1725, and in 1726 Theobald published his 'Shakspeare Restored,' in which he exposed the blunders and defects with which Pope's volumes swarmed, and in which he first gave to the world the greater part of his own admirable emendations. Pope's publishers, probably seeing that an edition containing such a text as he had given would come to be regarded as little better than an imposition on the public, and that no text could be regarded as satisfactory without Theobald's corrections and emendations, persuaded the angry poet to bring out a second edition. Accordingly in 1728 appeared Pope's second edition. Coolly incorporating, without a word to indicate them, almost all Theobald's best conjectures and regulations of the text, he inserts in his last volume, with an assurance which would have done honour to Voltaire, the following amusing note :—

'Since the publication of our first edition, there having been some attempts upon Shakspeare, published by Lewis Theobald, which he would not communicate during the time wherein that edition was preparing for the press, when we by public advertisement did request the assistance of all lovers of this author, we have inserted in this impression as many of 'em as are judged of any the least importance to the Poet—the whole amounting to about twenty-five words [a gross misrepresentation of his debt to Theobald]. But to the end that every reader may judge for himself we have annexed a complete list of the rest, which if he shall think trivial or erroneous, either in part or the whole, at worst it can but spoil but half a sheet of paper that chances to be left vacant here.'

'From this time,' says Johnson, 'Pope became an enemy to editors, collators, commentators, and verbal critics, and hoped to persuade the world that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.' Irritated by Theobald's 'Shakspeare Restored,' in which personally he had been treated respectfully, but irritated still more by certain critical remarks which Theobald was in the habit of inserting in a current publication called 'Mist's Journal,'* and in which he had not been treated with respect, he had already made the unfortunate critic the hero of the 'Dunciad.' He returned again to the attack, and with much more virulence, in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Pope found an ally in Mallet; and in 'Verbal Criticism,' a satire now deservedly forgotten, but then widely read, poor Theobald took for the third time his place in the pillory.

* This is the point of the reference in the couplet :—

'Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakspeare once a week.'

'Dunciad' (1st edit.), i. 153-4.

His

His next detractor was Warburton, and of Warburton's conduct it is difficult to speak with temper. The two men had for some years been on intimate terms, and, in a lengthy correspondence, which has been preserved and may be found in Nichols' *'Illustrations of Literature,'** Theobald had communicated to Warburton, for whom he appears to have had unbounded admiration, the notes which he was then engaged in drawing up for an intended edition of Shakspeare. Warburton, then an obscure country clergyman, amused himself in leisure moments with scribbling notes and emendations of his own, and these he presented very good-naturedly to Theobald. Of his notes there are not twenty of the smallest value, of his emendations there are not half-a-dozen which are not either superfluous or execrable. Whoever will compare Theobald's own notes and emendations with those contributed by Warburton will not only see how little he owed to his pompous ally, but how much his work has suffered by being encumbered with Warburton's impertinences. But the spell which Warburton afterwards threw over Pope and Hurd he had succeeded apparently in throwing over poor Theobald. Warburton's contributions he received with abject gratitude, and with abject gratitude he acknowledges them in his Preface and throughout his notes. Indeed, he seems to delight in parading his obligations to his 'most ingenious and ever-respected friend.' After the publication of the Shakspeare their friendship cooled. Warburton was now rising to eminence, and becoming, no doubt, ashamed of his association with the hero of the 'Dunciad.' An adroit piece of flattery which he had introduced into an article contributed by him to a current periodical had prepared the way for an acquaintance with Pope. His Reply to Crousaz's 'Examen' had greatly pleased Pope: an introduction to the poet followed, and at the end of 1740 he had become Pope's staunchest ally and most intimate friend. In 1744 Theobald died, and three years afterwards appeared Warburton's edition of Shakspeare. It is to be hoped for the honour of human nature that there are few parallels to the meanness and baseness of which Warburton stands convicted in this work. His object was twofold. The first and most important was to build the reputation of his own edition on the ruin of his predecessor's, and the next to insinuate that any merit which is to be found in Theobald's edition is to be attributed not to Theobald but to himself. After observing in the Preface that Theobald 'succeeded so ill that he left his author in ten times a worse

* Vol. ii. pp. 204-654.

condition than he found him,' he goes on to say that 'it was my ill-fortune to have some accidental connexion with him;' that 'I contributed a great number of observations to him,' and these, 'as he wanted money, I allowed him to print.'* He then proceeds to draw Theobald's character as an editor and critic:

'Mr. Theobald was naturally turned to industry and labour. What he read he could transcribe; but as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill express, so he read on; and by that means got a character of learning without risking to every observer the imputation of wanting a better talent. By a punctilious collation of the old books, he corrected what was manifestly wrong in the later editions by what was manifestly right in the earlier. And this is his real merit, and the whole of it. . . . Nor had he either common judgment to see, or critical sagacity to amend, what was manifestly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural talent in the wrong place. He tampers with what is sound in the common books, and in the old ones omits all notice of variations the sense of which he did not understand.'

Having thus disposed of his dead friend in the Preface, he proceeds to appropriate his labours. He adopts Theobald's text as the basis of his own; he steals his illustrations; he incorporates, generally without a word of acknowledgment, most of Theobald's best emendations, carefully assigning to him such as are of little importance, while in his notes he keeps up a running fire of sneers and sarcasms. Of many of his most felicitous emendations he robs him by a device so despicable that it deserves notice. Incorporating the emendation, he adds in a note, '*Spelt right* by Mr. Theobald.' It is thus that he treats the exquisite correction of '*bisson* conspicuities' for *besom* ('Coriolanus,' Act ii. sc. 1); of *shows* for 'shoes,' in the line 'As great Alcides shoes upon an ass' ('King John,' Act ii. sc. 2); of *eisel* (i.e. vinegar) for 'Esile,' in 'Woo't drink up Esile, eat a crocodile' ('Hamlet,' Act v. sc. 1), though he knew perfectly well that the word, being printed in italics in the old copies, had always been supposed to mean the name of some

* Capell had in his possession, so the Cambridge editors tell us, a copy of Theobald's Shakspeare which had belonged to Warburton. In this copy Warburton had, we are told, claimed the notes which he gave to Theobald, and 'which Theobald deprived him of and made his own.' If in this copy, which we have not had the opportunity of inspecting, Warburton has laid claim to more than Theobald has assigned to him, we believe him to be guilty of dishonesty, even more detestable than that of which the proofs are, as we have shown, indisputable. No one who reads Theobald's notes can for one moment doubt his honesty. So far from concealing obligations he seems to delight in acknowledging them. If a friend or anonymous correspondent supplied him with any information, or even with a suggestion or hint of which he has availed himself, it is always scrupulously noted.

river, till Theobald restored not only the spelling but the sense. Nor is this all: he has, in more than one case, attributed to others notes and corrections which Theobald had, as he well knew, communicated to him in the long correspondence which had passed between them some years before.

But Theobald's reputation was to find a new assailant far more formidable than Warburton, and not less formidable than Pope. It is difficult to account for Dr. Johnson's hostility. He was hardly the man to be guilty of deliberate injustice. He had perhaps not troubled himself to consult Theobald's work with any care, but had been content to take his character and achievements on trust from Pope and Warburton. He describes him as 'a man of narrow comprehension and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendour of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in attaining it.' He comments also on the 'inflated emptiness' of some of his notes, describes him as 'weak and ignorant,' and though he allows 'that what little he did was commonly right,' reproduces, in effect, the portrait drawn of him by Pope and Warburton. Unhappily too for Theobald's fame, Johnson's detraction is not confined to the Preface to his *Shakspeare*, which nobody reads, but is repeated in the 'Lives of the Poets,' which all the world reads. And what he wrote he said, and to what he said Boswell has given wings. 'You think, sir'—Dr. Burney was the speaker—'that Warburton is a superior critic to Theobald.'—'Oh, sir,' replied the sage, 'he'd make two-and-fifty Theobalds cut into slices.' Johnson's treatment of Theobald is, it may be added, the more remarkable, because some twenty years before, in his 'Miscellaneous Observations on Macbeth,' he had spoken of Theobald with great respect, observing of his emendations that 'some of them are so excellent, that even when he has failed he ought to be treated with indulgence and respect.'

But the public had been wiser than the critics. Between 1733 and 1757 Theobald's work had passed through three editions, the first two of which had alone circulated no less than 12,860 copies;* while between 1757 and 1773 it had been reprinted four times. This accounts, no doubt, for the persistency, if not for the rancour, of the attacks which were made on him and his labours by rival editors. As we come to the later editors, to Capell and Malone, for instance,—Steevens, by the way, had the honesty to do him some justice,—we find no indications of hostility. They simply assume him to be all

* (Nichols, 'Illustrations of Literature,' vol. ii. p. 714.

that Pope, Warburton, and Johnson had represented, a dull and plodding drudge—

‘a wight that scans and spells;
A word-catcher that lives on syllables’—

and content themselves with appropriating his labours. ‘That his (Theobald’s) work should at this day be considered of any value,’ coolly observes Malone, whose own edition of Shakspeare is, in almost every page, indebted to the man of whom he thus speaks, ‘only shows how long impressions will remain when they are once made.’

Coleridge, who appears to have known nothing about Theobald, except what he had learned from Warburton, next took up the cry, and, in his ‘Notes and Lectures on Shakspeare,’ never mentions him without coupling his name with some contemptuous expression. With assailants so formidable, and with those whose studies particularly qualified them for appreciating his services to criticism, resorting on principle to such devices for concealing and misrepresenting them, it is not surprising that the world’s estimate of Theobald should be what it is. The many have neither leisure nor ability to form conclusions for themselves. The crowd moves with the crowd, and the mass follows the bell-wethers. In this particular case the bell-wethers have, unfortunately for Theobald, been Pope and Johnson; and whoever will take the trouble to turn to the opinions which have recently been expressed about our critic, will see a most amusing illustration of the ways of the flock. Mr. Courthope follows, meekly and obediently, the guiding tinkle, and in his pages the only virtue possessed by Theobald is that he was not ‘so malignant as many of the other dunces.’ ‘He was, in fact, utterly insignificant; and if he had not been unlucky enough to venture on a criticism of Pope’s edition of Shakspeare, he might have remained in peaceful obscurity.’* Mr. Leslie Stephen, though he shows no disposition to rebel, follows without any consonant bleat and is plainly uneasy; in fact, he compromises the matter by remaining silent about Theobald’s merits or demerits, merely remarking that he was an ‘unlucky writer, to whom the merit is attributed of having first illustrated Shakspeare by a study of the contemporary literature.’† But the Cambridge editors are courageously recalcitrant, and break away altogether with ‘Theobald, as an editor, is incomparably superior to his predecessor, and to his immediate successor, Warburton, although

* ‘Life of Pope,’ p. 218.

† ‘Mon. on Pope,’ p. 121.

the latter had the advantage of working on his materials.' 'Many most brilliant emendations, such as could not have suggested themselves to a mere "cold, plodding, and tasteless critic," are due to him.'* This is something, but it is not much. To be superior and even incomparably superior to such editors as Pope and Warburton, would be no great honour to any one. However, it was a bleat of dissent; and feeble though it was, it was loud enough to reach the ears of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, whom it suddenly arrested. If anything which is not exactly stated can be plain, it is plain from Dr. Hill's note † on Theobald, that he had no suspicion that Johnson's estimate of him was a wrong one; nay, that he is by no means clear even now that Johnson was not in the right. But the Cambridge editors have made him very uncomfortable, and he stands at gaze in a note in which he expresses no opinion of his own, but transcribes the remarks of the Cambridge editors, adding silently two specimens of Theobald's emendations. Dr. Birkbeck Hill may, if he ever meets them, feel quite at ease both with the shade of Johnson and with the shade of Theobald.

How poor Theobald's reputation is likely to stand with those who go to Biographical Dictionaries and Encyclopædias for their knowledge may be judged from the account given of him in the last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica':

'Theobald (Lewis) will survive as the prime butt of the original Dunciad, when as a playwright, a *littérateur*, a translator, and even as a Shakspearian commentator he will be entirely forgotten. He was a man with literary impulses, but without genius, even of a superficial kind. As a student, as a commentator, he might have led a happy and enviable life, had not the vanity of the literary idea led him into a false position.'

A model, it may be added, both in style and matter, of what an article in an encyclopædia should be.

But it is time to turn to Theobald himself, and we trust our readers will not think us tedious if we state at length his claims to be regarded not only as the father of Shakspearian criticism, but as the critic to whom our great poet is most deeply indebted. To speak of any of the eighteenth-century editors in the same breath with him is absurd. In the first place he had what none of them possessed—a fine ear for the rhythm of blank verse, and the nicest sense of the *nuances* of language as well in relation to single words as to words in

* Cambridge Shakespeare, p. xxxi. We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to direct the attention of our readers to the beautiful reprint of this excellent edition of Shakspeare now in course of publication.

† Edition of Boswell's 'Johnson,' vol. i. p. 329.

combination—faculties which, as it is needless to say, are indispensable to an emendator of Shakspeare, or, indeed, of any other poet. In every department indeed of textual criticism he excelled. In its humbler offices, in collation, in transcription, in the correction of clerical errors, he was, as even his enemies have frankly admitted, the most patient and conscientious of drudges. To the elucidation of obscurities in expression or allusion, and for the purposes of illustrative commentary generally, he brought a stock of learning such as has never perhaps been found united in any other commentator on Shakspeare. An accomplished Greek scholar,* as his translations from Sophocles, Aristophanes, and Plato, as well as his emendations of Æschylus, Suidas, Athenæus, Hesychius, and others abundantly prove, his acquaintance with Greek literature was intimate and extensive. His notes teem with most apposite illustrations drawn not merely from the writings with which all scholars are more or less familiar, but from the fragments of Menander and Philemon, from the Anthology, and from the miscellaneous literature of Alexandria and Byzantium. His illustrations from the Roman classics—and they range from Ennius to Boethius—are still more numerous. He appears to have been well versed also in Italian, French, and Spanish, an accomplishment which assisted him greatly in his work as an editor and commentator. It not only supplied him with many happy parallels and illustrations, but it enabled him to trace many legends and traditions to their source, and, what was more important, it enabled him to correct the gibberish into which words in these languages, or unnaturalized words derived from these languages, were almost invariably transformed in the text of the quartos and folios. To our own language and literature he had evidently paid much attention. He was one of the very few men of his time who possessed some knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and early middle English. The frequency and aptness of his quotations from the ‘Canterbury Tales’ proved his familiarity with Chaucer. Thus in correcting the absurd expression in the ‘Two Gentlemen of Verona’ (Act iv. sc. 4), ‘Her eyes are grey as grass,’ he recalled Chaucer’s Prioress, ‘Her eyen grey

* He translated, and very meritorious translations they are, the ‘Electra,’ the ‘Ajax,’ and the ‘Œdipus Rex’ of Sophocles; the ‘Nubes’ and ‘Plutus’ of Aristophanes; the ‘Hero and Leander’ of the Pseudo-Museus; and the ‘Phædo’ of Plato. His corrections and emendations of the authors referred to will be found in Jortin’s ‘Miscellaneous Observations,’ vol. ii.; in Nichols’ ‘Illustrations of Literature,’ vol. ii.; in the Preface and Notes to his *Shakspeare passim*. He left also some notes on Æschylus, with emendations, which Blomfield used when preparing his edition. See Blomfield’s ‘Prometheus’ (edit. 1810), note following the Preface.

as glass,' and detected the true reading in a moment. Though he seems, like all his contemporaries, to have known comparatively little of the minor poets and prose-writers of the Elizabethan age, he had carefully studied Spenser, and his knowledge of the dramatists who immediately preceded and who surrounded and followed Shakspeare was probably greater than that possessed by any scholar in England till the appearance of Malone.* To these stores of general erudition he added a minute and particular acquaintance with all those books which are known to have furnished Shakspeare with materials for his plots, or which he would have been likely to consult. He was the first to collate the English Historical Plays with Holinshed's Chronicles, and the Roman Plays with North's 'Plutarch'; and he was thus enabled to detect and rectify many errors in the text, as well as to throw light on much that was obscure both in allusions and incidents. He was the first also to collate the Romantic Comedies and Tragicomedies with the Italian novels, and with the happiest results, both particularly with reference to the correction of the text and generally with reference to illustrative commentary.

Nor are the obligations under which he has laid succeeding commentators less when we take into account the light which he has thrown on Shakspeare's more recondite allusions. His notes are indeed a mine of miscellaneous learning, clearing up fully and once for all what might have remained undetected for generations. Thus in 'Twelfth Night' (Act v. sc. 1) occurs the line—

'Had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?'

an allusion, as Theobald points out, to a passage in the 'Æthiopica' of Heliodorus ('Æth.' bk. vii.). So again in the same play, Act iii. sc. 2, in the words 'Taunt him with the licence of ink, if thou thou'st him thrice it shall not be amiss,' his knowledge of the State Trials enabled him to detect an allusion to Coke's brutal taunt on Raleigh: 'All that he did was by thy

* He says himself, Preface to his 'Shakspeare' (first edit.), p. lxviii., that he had read 'above 800 old English plays' for the purpose of illustrating Shakspeare. If Malone's assertion that there were only about 550 plays printed before the Restoration, exclusive of those written by Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, be correct, this must be an exaggeration. However this may be, it is certain that his acquaintance with this branch of literature was unusually extensive. His library certainly contained, as the advertisement of the sale testifies, '295 old English Plays in Quarto, some of them so scarce as not to be had at any price;' many of them, it adds, full of Theobald's manuscript notes. (See Reed's note in 'Variorum Shakspeare,' vol. i. p. 404.

instigation,

instigation, *thou Viper*, for I *thou thee, thou Traitor*.* Thus his curious reading in old and forgotten Elizabethan plays enabled him to explain the allusions in 'Basilisco-like' ('King John,' Act. i. *ad fin.*); 'Clapt on the shoulder and call'd Adam' ('Much Ado,' Act i. sc. 1); 'John Drum's entertainment' ('All's Well that Ends Well,' Act iii. sc. 6), and many others of a similar kind. So, too, his curious reading in such writers as Dares Phrygius, Tiraquellus, and Alexander ab Alexandro enabled him to correct the passage, much of it mere jargon, in the Prologue to 'Troilus and Cressida' enumerating the Trojan gates, while his acquaintance with Caxton's 'Trojan Chronicles' led him to the true explanation of the 'dreadful Sagittary' in the same play. His knowledge of the controversial religious literature of the Elizabethan age, and of pamphlets illustrating the social life of that time, enabled him to clear up many minor obscurities, and to show the point of allusions which, being purely local, had long ceased to be significant. A remarkable instance of this is his note on Edgar's mad speeches in 'King Lear,' in which he comments on the art with which Shakspeare has, with the object of pleasing James I., so worded Edgar's gibberish as to make it a medium for conveying covert satire on an affair then greatly annoying the King. It is, by the way, due also to Theobald to point out that he has in this same note anticipated Coleridge in distinguishing between the jargon of Edgar as indicating assumed madness, and that of Lear as indicating real madness. 'What Lear says,' remarks Theobald, 'for the most part springs either from the source and fountain of his disorder, the injuries done him by his daughters, or his desire of being revenged on them. What Edgar says seems a fantastic wildness only extorted to disguise sense and to blunt the suspicion of his concealment.'†

Nor is the sound judgment and good sense of Theobald less conspicuous than his learning. To taunt him with pedantry, the ordinary charge against him, is ridiculous. If his notes are often too verbose and polemical, his sentences loose and perplexed, and his diction too vulgarly colloquial, his matter is generally pertinent and almost always instructive. He never peddles over mere trifles, and 'monsters nothings.' In explaining obscure or ambiguous passages, one of the most important duties of a commentator on Shakspeare, he is as a rule singu-

* We now know from Manningham's 'Diary' that 'Twelfth Night' must have been composed two-and-a-half years before Raleigh's trial; but as it did not appear in print till 1623, there is no reason why this passage may not have been added after the trial; indeed nothing is more likely.

† 'Shakspeare' (1st edit.), vol. v. p. 165.

larly lucid and intelligent. His note, for example, on the difficult line in 'Cymbeline,'—'And make them dreaded, to the doer's thrift,'—is a model of what such notes should be. His punctuation of Shakspeare's text, to which we shall have presently to recur, would in itself refute the taunt of Pope, who classes him with those of whom it may be said :

'Pains, reading, study are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.'

Had Theobald's services extended no further than we have described, he would have been entitled to great respect. But it was not what industry, acquired learning, good taste, and sound judgment enabled him to do that gives him his peculiar place among critics. It was the possession in the highest degree of that fine and rare faculty, if it be not rather an exquisite temper and harmony of various faculties, which seems to admit a critic for a moment into the very sanctuary of genius. In less figurative language it is the faculty of divining and recovering, as by the power of some subtle sympathy, the lost touch,—the touch of magic, often in the expression of poetry so precarious and delicate that, dependent on a single word, a stroke of the pen may efface it, just as a stroke of the pen may restore.

We have compared Theobald with Porson. He seems to us to stand in precisely the same relation to Shakspeare as Porson stands to Greek poetry, and more particularly to the Attic dramatists. And they both stand—*par nobile fratrum*—at the head of emendatory criticism in England, not in its application to prose or to any form of expression which is simply prosaic, for in these walks Porson had sometimes a rival in Bentley, and Theobald in Warburton, but in its application to the secrets of poetry. And this of course is the sphere in which emendatory criticism finds its highest exercise. What distinguishes men like Bentley and Warburton from men like Porson and Theobald, in other words what distinguishes mere acuteness and ingenuity in emendatory criticism from genius, is a faculty which has no necessary connexion with taste, with poetic sensibility, with imagination, but which depends mainly upon the eye and the memory. The difference in truth between this faculty in its highest and in its lower manifestations is not a difference of degree but a difference of kind. It measures the whole distance between genius and mere cleverness. Let us illustrate. One of the Epigrams of Callimachus (Epig. 50) begins thus :—

τὴν ἀλὴν Εὐδημος, ἐφ' ἧς ἅλα λιτὸν ἐπελθὼν
χειμῶνας μεγάλους ἐξίφυγεν δανέων
θῆκε θεοῖς Σαμόθραξι—

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I

which

which had always been interpreted in this way, 'Eudemus dedicated to the Gods of Samothrace the ship on which he went over a smooth sea and escaped mighty storms of the Danai' (i.e. such storms as the Greek chiefs encountered on their return from Troy, for the perplexed editors had substituted *Δαναῶν* for *δανέων*). Bentley, by the change of one letter, λ for σ, i.e. *ἐπέσθων* for *ἐπελθών*, transformed the passage into meaning this, 'Eudemus dedicated to the gods of Samothrace the salt-cellar from which he ate frugal salt, and so escaped from the mighty storms of usury;' in this case, no doubt—for *λιπὸν ἄλα* could not possibly mean a *smooth* sea—restoring the true reading. Take another. In the *Lexicon* of Hesychius (*sub* 'Εναστρος) appeared this gibberish: 'Εναστρος ὥστε μένας, ἀχαιὸς ἀλφεσιβοίαι ἀντὶ τοῦ ἰαστὰς γὰρ βάκχας ἰάδας ἔλεγον. Bentley, by simply changing ε into αι, restores 'Εναστρος ὥστε Μαινάς. 'Αχαιὸς 'Αλφεσιβοία. ἀντὶ τοῦ 'Τάς. τὰς γὰρ βακχὰς 'Τάδας ἔλεγον, and thus transforms unintelligible nonsense into a source of valuable information, giving us the title of a drama, the name of its author, and new light on a point of mythology. And these emendations are typical samples of the quality of his emendations generally. They are the result of mere acuteness. Assuming, as of course we have to do, a knowledge of the classical languages at once exact and immense, we need assume no more than may be found in any conveyancer's office, or in any drudge at Mr. Chabot's or at Mr. Netherclift's. Of inspiration, of refined intelligence, of delicacy of taste, of any trace of sympathy with the essentials of poetry, his emendations are totally devoid. If, as is sometimes the case, they are felicitous—ingenious, that is to say, without violating poetic propriety—it is by pure accident. In many instances they literally beggar burlesque. The sides of his countrymen have long ached with laughter at his transformation of Milton's

'Not light but rather darkness visible,'

into

'Not light but rather a transpicuous gloom;'

of

'Hell heard the insufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heaven,'

into

'Hell heard the hideous cries and yells. Hell saw
Heav'n tumbling down from Heav'n;'

and his alteration of the concluding lines,

'They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way,'

into

into

'Then hand in hand with social steps their way
Through Eden took, with heavenly comfort cheer'd.' *

Some of his emendations of the Greek poets would have made, we may be sure, a similar impression and have had a similar effect on Pericles and his friends. The greater part of his emendations of Horace would have been received with roars of laughter, not merely in the saloons of the Esquiline, but in the cabin of honest Davus. Take a very few out of very many, In Ode i. xxiii. 5-6 :—

'Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis.'

Here a touch of magically poetic beauty is transformed into flat bald prose by the alteration of 'veris' into 'vepris,' and 'adventus' into 'adventum,' an emendation as ludicrous as any he has made in Milton. In Ode i. iii. 22,

'Nequidquam Deus abscedit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras,'

by altering 'dissociabili' into 'dissociabilis(es),' thus separating it from 'Oceano' and associating it with 'terras,' an exquisitely felicitous epithet is deprived of its propriety. Take, again, Od. iii. x. :—

'Positas ut glaciet nives
Puro numine Jupiter.'

It might have been thought that the densest critical perception

* The stupidity of Bentley's notes is, if possible, more portentous than his emendations. Take his note in defence of his alteration of this very passage: 'Why "wandering," erratic steps? Very improper when in the line before they were *guided by Providence*. And why "slow," when Eve professed her readiness to go? (614). And why their "solitary way," when even their former walks in Paradise were as solitary as their way now, there being nobody besides these two, both here and there?' Or take again the note in which he justified his emendation of

'Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn.'

There must be some mistake here, *Thus seasons return*. Not a word has been said of it before to give countenance to "Thus." From the mention of the nightingale, it seems requisite to alter it thus :—

"Tunes her nocturnal note, when with the year
Mild Spring returns."

"Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn" can hardly be right: the poor man in so many years' blindness had too much of evening.'

would have appreciated the singularly vivid power of the epithet 'puro;' but, alas!—

'Turn what they will to verse, their care is vain :
Critics like *these* will make it prose again ;'

and 'puro' becomes in Bentley's text 'duro' (!). So again in Od. I. iv., by substituting the variant of the Paris MS. 'visit' for the authentic reading 'urit,' a splendidly graphic picture is obliterated and mere inanity takes its place. Thus, too, in Od. III. xxv. 8—9,

'In jugis
Exsomnis stupet Euias,'

the magnificently graphic epithet 'exsomnis' is altered into 'Edonis,' for, as Bentley sagely observes, 'Tantum abest ut exsomnes manserint Bacchæ ut præ nimiâ lassitudine frequenter somnus iis obrepserit.' And this statement he gravely proceeds to prove by references to Propertius, Statius, Sidonius, and to the fact that Euripides ('Bacchæ,' 682) distinctly describes them as taking a nap.

Warburton's emendations of Shakspeare are of precisely the same kind. The skill with which he has occasionally corrected passages, where nothing more than mere acuteness was required, was quite compatible with the coarse and dense stupidity which has loaded the text of his Shakspeare with emendations of which the following are samples :—

'I'll speak a prophecy *or ere* I go,'
(*'King Lear,'* Act iii. sc. 2,)

altered into

'I'll speak a prophecy *or two afore* I go ;'

and

' . . . Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the *meadows with delight,*'
(*'Love's Labour's Lost,'* Act v. sc. 2,)

altered into

'Do paint the meadows all bedight.'

So, again, in the beautiful lines in 'Coriolanus'—

'Our veiled dames
Commit the *war* of white and damask in
Their nicely gauded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses'—

he alters 'war' into *ware*, the commodity, the merchandise ; sapiently observing 'that the commixture of white and red could not by any figure of speech be called a war, because it is the

the agreement and union of the colours that make the beauty.' His comments are on a par with his emendations: one sample must suffice. Every one remembers the glorious lines which Antony addresses to Cleopatra—

‘O thou day of the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck: leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.’

‘Chain mine arm'd neck’ is ‘an allusion,’ observes Warburton, ‘to the Gothic custom of men of worship wearing gold chains about the neck.’ To ‘ride on the pants triumphing’ he appends the following note: ‘alluding to an Admiral ship on the billows after a storm. The metaphor is extremely fine.’

Let us turn now to Porson and Theobald. In the ‘Agamemnon’ occur these lines. Clytemnestra is describing how she stabbed her husband, and how in his death-throes he spirted over her a gout of dark blood—

*βάλλει μ' ἱρεμνῇ ψακάδι φοινίας δρόσσον,
χαίρουσάν οὐδὲν ἥσσον, ἢ διὸς νότῳ
γᾶν, εἰ σπορητὸς, κάλυκος, ἐν λοχεύμασιν—*

a passage plainly corrupt, in rhythm horrible, but out of which the following meaning may be extracted: ‘He smites me with a dark-red shower (or gout) of murder-dew (me) greeting it (or perhaps joying in it), not less than the earth in the south wind (or rain) of heaven, when the corn field (is) in the burstings of the sheath,’ i.e. when the sheaths in which the green ear is enclosed are bursting. By two touches, by substituting through the change of a single letter *δισσδότης* for *διὸς νότῳ*, and *γάνει* for *γᾶν εἰ*, the magic of Porson restores sense, grammar, rhythm, poetry, splendour, and either gives again to the world what Æschylus originally wrote, or gives to Æschylus himself what he would have been proud to accept. And this noble emendation is typical of his emendations generally. Johnson has observed very rightly that ‘the justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, “quod dubitas ne feceris.”’ Of no emendations is this more true than of Porson’s. Unlike those of such critics as Bentley and Wakefield—for immeasurable as was Bentley’s superiority to Wakefield in point of ability and attainments, in temper and taste he was as rash and coarse—they are seldom or never superfluous. If they do not succeed in satisfying us that the word restored is the exact word lost, they afford us the still higher satisfaction of feeling that nothing which could be recovered

recovered could be an improvement on what has been supplied. It is, we think, highly probable that in 'Repub.,' iii. C. 405, Plato wrote, as all the MSS. agree, *πάσας δὲ διεξόδους διεξελθὼν ἀποστραφῆναι λογιζόμενος*, but we have not the smallest doubt that he would have thanked Porson, as all his editors have done, for *λογίζομενος*. Just as in 'Medea,' 293, we feel certain that in substituting *στένειν* for *σθένειν* he divined the word which had been lost; as he did also in his substitution of *χρεῶν* for the comparatively pointless *θεῶν* in the line—

ὁ χρὴ γὰρ οὐδεὶς μὴ θεῶν θήσει ποτέ
(*'Hercules Furens,'* 311).

Whether his exquisite emendation, one of his most felicitous, in 'Medea,' 1015,* restored to Euripides what Euripides originally wrote, may perhaps be questioned, but what no one would question is, that it is an immense improvement on what the poet did write if the reading of the MSS. be correct. Porson's perception, indeed, of what stupidity, carelessness, or ignorance, had disguised or obscured in the text of an ancient poet, resembled clairvoyance. And even when he failed, his fine and delicate sense of the niceties of rhythm, his exquisite taste, his refined good sense, his sobriety, his tact, kept him at least from going far astray, and from making himself and his author ridiculous, as Bentley habitually did.

We have cited some of the best of Porson's emendations as typical of the quality of his work generally as a textual critic. We will at once and for the same purpose cite, placing side by side with Porson's, one of the *palmares emendationes* of Theobald.

In 'Henry V.' the passage which all the world knows originally ran thus:—

'For after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of green fields.'

Pope's explanation of this gibberish was that some stage direction had been foisted into the text, as has been the case

* The old text stood,—the Pædagogus is addressing Medea—

θάρσει· κρατεῖς τοι καὶ σὺ πρὸς τέκνων ἔτι.

Medea replies:

ἄλλους κατὰξω πρόσθεν ἢ ταλαῖν' ἐγώ.

('Courage; thou too art certain still to gain the victory at thy children's hands. Before that, I, wretched that I am, shall bring others home.') Porson, by substituting *κἀρει*, i.e. 'shalt be brought back by your sons,' improved the sense, and, associating *κἀρει* with *κατὰξω*, brought out the tragic play on the word.

elsewhere,

elsewhere,* and omitted it. But Theobald, by the alteration of one letter and the addition of another, flashed out the immortal:—

‘a babled of green fields,’

thus restoring or presenting to dramatic poetry one of its most precious jewels. To critics of the order of Bentley and Warburton an emendation of this kind could by no possibility have suggested itself. Nor was it a brilliant accident, a diamond in a desert. It was as we have said, and as we hope to show, significant of the critical genius of Theobald, differing in degree indeed but not in kind from his other characteristic contributions to the recension of Shakspeare’s text.

Few people, whose eyes now glide as smoothly and comfortably along the text of Shakspeare as along the text of the ‘Waverley Novels,’ are aware of the amount of labour which the luxury they are enjoying has involved. However immense be our debt to the poet and to those who gave his works to the world, gratitude for the care with which those works were prepared for the press, and seen through the press, forms no part of it. It would be no exaggeration to say that the text of Shakspeare has come down to us in a worse state than that of any other great author in existence, either in our own or in any other language. That he himself prepared none of his plays for publication is certain; that any of them were printed from his autograph, or even from copies corrected by him, is, in spite of what Heminge and Condell have asserted, open to grave doubt. Of the thirty-seven plays usually assigned to him, seventeen had at various times appeared in quarto, these quartos consisting of transcripts of stage copies surreptitiously obtained without the consent either of the author or of the manager. They have therefore no authority, but are depraved in different degrees by ‘the alterations and botchery of the players,’ by interpolations of all kinds and from all sources, and by printer’s blunders in every form they can assume, from the corruption or omission of single words to

* Notably in ‘As You Like It’ (Act iv. sc. 2):

‘What shall he have that kill’d that deer?
His leather akin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burden,
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn.’

So the text ran till Theobald pointed out, that the words ‘the rest shall bear this burden’ was a stage direction stupidly incorporated in the text. He contends also, and we believe rightly, that the words ‘Ring the bell,’ in Macduff’s speech just before the re-entry of Lady Macbeth (‘Macbeth,’ ii. 3), are similarly to be accounted for.

simple revelries of nonsense. About seven years after the poet's death appeared, edited by two of his friends, the authentic edition of his dramas. It contained, with the exception of 'Pericles,' all the plays which had been published in quarto, and twenty others then printed, so far as we know, for the first time. Of the manner in which Heminge and Condell discharged their duties as editors, it is not too much to say that a work which might have won for them the unalloyed gratitude of the human race can never be mentioned without indignation. 'Perhaps in the whole annals of English typography,' says Hunter, 'there is no record of any book of any extent and reputation having been dismissed from the press with less care and attention than the first folio.'* Bad as most of the quartos are, the First Folio is often worse. In some places its text is simply the text of the quartos, retaining faithfully the old blunders and corruptions, with additional blunders and corruptions peculiar to itself. Words, the restoration of which is obvious, left unsupplied; unfamiliar words transliterated into gibberish; punctuation as it pleases chance; sentences with the subordinate clauses higgledy-piggledy or upside down; lines transposed; verse printed as prose, and prose as verse; speeches belonging to one character given to another; stage directions incorporated in the text; actors' names suddenly substituted for those of the *dramatis personæ*; scenes and acts left unindicated or indicated wrongly—all this and more makes the text of the First Folio one of the most portentous specimens of typography and editing in existence. In the Second Folio, which is little more than a reprint, page for page, of the First, the attempts of the editor at amendment served only to make confusion, if possible, worse confounded, and to pollute the text with further corruptions. Of the editors of the Third and Fourth Folios, which are reprints respectively of the Second and Third, it may be said generally that they contributed little or nothing to the purification of the text, but contented themselves for the most part with modernizing the spelling. Then came Rowe, the first editor in the proper sense of the term. His edition is a revised reprint of the Fourth Folio. He did something, but he did very little. He was the first to prefix a list of *dramatis personæ* to many of the plays, and to supply the defects of the Folios in dividing and numbering the Acts and Scenes. But as a textual critic he effected nothing which entitles him to particular notice. He corrected here and there a palpable blunder: he made a few conjectures.

* Preface to 'New Illustrations of Shakespeare,' p. iv.

Rowe was succeeded by Pope. With a few happy emendations, and with a singularly interesting and well-written Preface, begins and ends all that is of any value in Pope's works as an editor of Shakspeare. For the correction of the text he did as little as Rowe. To its corruption he contributed more than any other eighteenth-century editor, with the exception, perhaps, of Warburton. He professed to have based his text on a careful collation of the quartos and folios. Nothing can be more certain than that his text is based simply on Rowe's, and that he seldom troubled himself to consult either the quartos or the folios. In 'correction,' his process is simple. If he cannot understand a word, he substitutes a word which he can: if a phrase is obscure to him, he re-writes it. He finds, for instance, in 'Timon of Athens' (Act ii. sc. 2),

'I have retir'd me to a *wasteful cock*,'

and he turns it into

'I have retir'd me to a *lonely room*.'

So in 'Richard III.' (Act iv. sc. 1),

'And each day's hour wreak'd with a week of *teen*,'

he turns 'teen' into *anguish*, though the word rhymes with 'seen' in the preceding line. Often, however, he does not give himself this trouble. What he finds unintelligible he leaves unintelligible; what he finds gibberish he leaves gibberish. He excises at discretion, sometimes because a passage appears to be desperately corrupt, sometimes because a passage is not, in his judgment, worthy of the poet. It is never pleasant to expose the defects of a great man, and we shall not, therefore, give further specimens of the sort of corrections he was in the habit of making, or any examples at all of the ignorance displayed in his explanatory notes. Let us turn to Theobald. Before proceeding to his particular emendations, we will give one comprehensive example of his skill in textual recension, of the state in which he found the text of long passages, of the skill with which he restored them. Towards the end of the first act of 'Hamlet,' the text of the following passage runs thus in the First Folio:—

'But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare myself;
(As I perchance heerafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;

Or

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase ;
 As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
 Or if we list to speake ; or there be and if there might,
 Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,
 That you know ought of me ; this not to doe :
 So grace and mercy at your moste needs helpe you.'

Now see how, with a very little assistance from the quartos, this nonsense left his hands :—

'But come,
 Here, as before, never, (so help you mercy !)
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
 (As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on ;)
 That you, at such time seeing me, never shall
 With arms encumbred thus, or this head-shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, well—we know—or, we could, and if we would—
 Or, if we list to speak—or, there be, and if there might—
 (Or such ambiguous giving out) denote
 That you know aught of me ; This do ye swear,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you !'

All that Pope had professed to do Theobald faithfully did. A careful collation of the folios and quartos enabled him in innumerable cases to restore the right reading without resorting to conjectural emendation. A list of the passages which he has thus certainly and finally corrected would in itself be a monument of his critical tact and conscientious industry. No critic, indeed, is more conservative, and has so seldom sought to obtain credit for his own skill when that skill was unnecessary. In one of his letters to Warburton he says, in words which all who may be engaged in textual recension would do well to remember, 'I ever labour to make the smallest deviations that I possibly can from the text: never to alter at all where I can by any means explain a passage into sense; nor ever by any emendations to make the author better when it is probable the text came from his own hands.'* What Cicero observed of Aristarchus, '*Homeri versus negasse quos ipse non probaverit*,' may unhappily be said with equal justice, not only of Pope, but of more than one recent editor of Shakspeare.

The truth, of course, is that Pope had mistaken his vocation. He was as ill-qualified to compete with Theobald in the particular walk in which Theobald excelled, as Theobald would have been to compete with him in poetry. He could produce masterpieces, ten couplets from any of which would, as

* Nichols' '*Illustrations of Literature*,' vol. ii. p. 210.

contributions to the intellectual wealth of mankind, far outweigh all the achievements of verbal criticism from Aristarchus downwards. The subject for regret is, that he should not only have wasted his time in doing badly what smaller men could do well, but that, a very Cræsus himself, he should have stooped to the meanness of attempting to rob a poor neighbour of his treasure.

But to turn to Theobald's emendations. Nothing could be more exquisite than this. In a line in 'Timon of Athens' (Act iv. sc. 3) there is this nonsense—

‘Those milk-paps,
That through the *window Barne* bore at men's eyes.’

Theobald, quoting from Ben Jonson and others, shows that it was customary for women to wear lawn coverings over their necks and bosoms (Agrippina, in Ben Jonson, indeed saying, ‘Transparent as this lawn I wear’), and emends ‘*window-lawn*,’ i.e. lawn transparent as a window. Place this beside the other emendation, ‘window-bars,’ adopted by Dr. Johnson and others, and compare Johnson's explanatory note, ‘The virgin that shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber.’ Could anything equal the prosaic and grotesque grossness of this image, or the voluptuous beauty of the picture restored by Theobald? In ‘Antony and Cleopatra’ (Act i. sc. 3) occur the lines—

‘Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream
Goes to and back *lacking* the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.’

This Rowe or Pope altered to ‘*lashing*.’ Theobald altering this into ‘*lacquying*,’ gave us back one of the finest onomatopoeic lines in Shakespeare—

‘Goes to and back *lācquýŋg* the vāryŋg stream.’

In ‘Coriolanus’ (Act ii. sc. 1) was this nonsense: ‘What harm can your *besom* conspicuities glean out of this character?’ Theobald emended *bisson*, i.e. purblind, quoting in support of it ‘Hamlet,’ Act ii. sc. 2:—

‘Threatening the flames
With *bisson* rheum.’

In ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ Act i. sc. 2, in the lines—

‘Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the *same*’—

by a beautiful touch he restored *sun*.

The passage in ‘Twelfth Night,’ Act i. sc. 3—

‘*Sir And*. Would that have mended thy hair?’

Sir Toby. Past question, for thou seest it will not *cool my nature*’—
Theobald

Theobald corrected 'curl by nature,' supporting the certain emendation by a reference to Sir Toby's next speech, 'it hangs like flax on a distaff.'

In 'Macbeth' (Act i. sc. 7) he transferred 'The bank and *school* of time' into the magnificent 'bank and *shoal* of time;' and again, in the same play, Act iii. sc. 2, 'We have *scorch'd* the snake, not killed it,' into *scotch'd*, i.e. hacked, showing, by a reference to 'Coriolanus' (Act iv. sc. 5), that Shakspeare had used the word elsewhere. Again, too, in the same play, Act i. sc. 1, 'The *weyward* sisters hand in hand,' into *weird*. 'Rebellious *Head* rise never' (Act iv. sc. 1), for *Dead*, was also a happy restoration. 'He *shent* our messengers,' for *sent*, restores sense to a passage in 'Troilus and Cressida,' Act ii. sc. 3; so also does 'give to dust' for 'go to dust' in a fine passage (Act iii. sc. 3) so desperate that Pope threw it out:

'And go to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.'

In 'Antony and Cleopatra' (Act v. sc. 3) the lines—

'A sun and moon which kept their course and lighted
The little o' the earth'—

he restored to sense by substituting for a small a capital O, and showing by quotation from 'Henry V.' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' that the capital O was used as signifying a circle. In the same passage he restored *autumn* for *Antonie*—

'An *Antonie* 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.'

Some singularly felicitous corrections are made simply by separating letters, as in 'Richard III.,' Act iv. sc. 4—

'Advantaging their loan with interest,
Oftentimes double gain of happiness'—

where he improves both sense and metre by reading of *ten times*; so, too, a difficult passage in 'Henry V.,' Act iv. sc. 3, 'mark then *abounding* valour in these English' is made perfectly clear, as the context shows, by his reading of a *bounding*. And in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Act iv. sc. 1—

'Fairies be gone and be *all ways* away,'

for the nonsensical 'always.' In the lines in the same play—

'Then my queen in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade'—

by

by substituting a semicolon for a comma, and *fade* (which he supports by a happy quotation from 'Hamlet,' 'it *faded* at the crowing of the cock') for 'sad,' he restores the rhyme, and turns nonsense into sense. A few lines above, in the same play, 'all these *fine* the sense' he alters into 'five,' and darkness becomes light.

In 'Measure for Measure,' Act iv. sc. 2, Rowe and Pope, finding in the old copies, 'you shall find me 'yare,' could make nothing of it, and read *yours*; but Theobald, by striking out the commas and making it one word, restored the true reading 'yare,' i.e. ready. In two passages, 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act ii. sc. 2, he has restored the right word, 'wood,' i.e. mad, where no one had detected it: 'Oh that she could speak like a *would-woman*,' as the Folios had it,—'like an *ould-woman*,' as Pope ridiculously altered it; as also in 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' Act iv. sc. 4, 'the action of a *would* woman.' Nothing could be happier than his emendation of 'harts' for 'hearts' in 'Cymbeline,' 'Our Britain's *Hearts* die flying,' not our men (Act iv. sc. 3). 'Drink up *eisel*' (i.e. vinegar), for the unintelligible *esill* of the Quartos, 'Drink up Esile, eat a crocodile' ('Hamlet,' Act v. sc. 1). 'Sound *one* into the drowsy race of night' for 'sound *on*' ('King John,' Act iii. sc. 3). 'Again to inflame it,' for the ridiculous 'a game,' 'When the blood is made dull there should be again to inflame it . . . loveliness in favour,' &c. ('Othello,' Act ii. sc. 1). 'A *Cain-coloured* beard,' for *cane-colour'd* ('Merry Wives of Windsor,' Act i. sc. 3). 'In that *tire*,' for time (*Id.*, Act iv. sc. 3). 'So is Alcides beaten by his *page*' for 'so is Alcides beaten by his *rage*' ('Merchant of Venice'). 'You Gods, I prate,' for 'you Gods, I pray' ('Coriolanus,' Act v. sc. 3). '*Baillez* me, some paper' (spoken by Caius), for the gibberish 'ballow me, some paper.' 'Within the house is *Jove*,' for the pointless *Love* ('Much Ado about Nothing,' Act i. sc. 2). 'Some Dick that smiles his cheek in *jeers*,' for the 'senseless smiles his cheek *in years*' ('Love's Labour's Lost,' Act v. sc. 2). 'I see the mystery of your *loneliness*' for '*loveliness*' ('All's Well that Ends Well,' Act i. sc. 3). '*Mounting* sire,' for *mountain*, 'Whiles that his mountain sire on mountain standing' ('Henry V.,' Act ii. sc. 4). 'Their *bon's*, their *bon's*,' for the absurd *Their bones*, 'These fashion-mongers, these perdonna mi's . . . O their bones, their bones!' ('Romeo and Juliet,' Act ii. sc. 4.) 'Was, beastly, dumb'd,' for 'dumb'—

'Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb by him.'

('Antony and Cleopatra,' Act i. sc. 5.)
'*Ne're*

'*Nè're* lust-wearied Antony,' for *near* (*Id.*, Act ii. sc. 1). Nothing could be more exquisitely felicitous than one of his emendations in 'Henry VI.' (Part II. Act iii. sc. 2):—

'To sit and *watch* me as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido,' &c.

This he corrects—and *vide quid faciat unius litterulæ mutatio*, he might have said with Porson—To sit and *witch* me.

Nor are his emendations of the Poems of Shakspeare less happy. They may be found in Jortin's 'Miscellaneous Observations,' to which they were contributed, vol. ii. p. 242 *seqq.* We have only space to quote two of them. In 'Lucrece,' 1062, he found—

'This bastard *grass* shall never come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute.'

The change of two letters restored the right reading, this bastard *graft*. In Sonnet LXVII. was this unintelligible passage—

'Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste *blacks*.'

Quoting a preceding line in the same sonnet,

'The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,'

and the lines in 'Twelfth Night,'

'What's her history?
'A *blank*, my lord,'

he corrected—

'Commit to these waste *blanks*.'

In Sonnet LXV. he finds—

'Shall Time's best jewel from Time's *chest* be hid?'

and observing that 'a jewel hid from a chest is something new, corrects

'From Time's *quest* be hid.'

A passage in 'Venus and Adonis,' 1013-14—

'Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories,'—

he restores to sense by placing a semicolon after tombs, for which he would read 'domes,' and making stories a verb governing

governing the substantives in the next line, quoting in support of his correction the line—

‘He stories to her ears her husband’s fame.’

So conservative was Theobald, and so conscientiously did he refrain from what he thought were unnecessary or uncertain corrections, that he refrained from introducing into the text some emendations so admirable that other editors have not scrupled to adopt them. Thus, in the ‘Merry Wives of Windsor,’ Act ii. sc. 1, for the unintelligible word ‘An-heires,’ ‘Will you go, *An-heires*?’ he conjectured, and no doubt rightly, *Mynheers*, i.e. Sirs, a conjecture supported by a passage, as Dyce points out, in Fletcher’s ‘Beggar’s Bush:’ ‘Nay, Sir, mineheire Van Dunck is a true statesman.’ So too in ‘All’s Well that Ends Well,’ Act v. sc. 3, for *blade*, in the line ‘Natural rebellion done i’ the *blade* of youth,’ he conjectured *blaze*, but left the original reading. So again in ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost,’ Act iii. sc. 1, he suggested that the line referring to Cupid,

‘This signior Junio’s giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,’

might be emended, ‘This *senior-junior, giant-dwarf*,’ but would not disturb the text. So again in ‘Othello,’ Act iii. sc. 3, in the lines—

‘Beware, my lord, of jealousy,
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on,’—

for ‘mock’ he proposed *make*; an admirable emendation, which he did not introduce into his text, and for which every editor—and the majority of the editors have adopted it—has given Hamner the credit. Thus, too, in ‘Troilus and Cressida,’ Act iv. sc. 5, for the unintelligible

‘O these encounters
That give a *coasting* welcome ere it comes,’

he proposed ‘*accosting*,’ i.e. give welcome to a salute ere it comes; an excellent correction, supported, though he does not notice it, by ‘Twelfth Night,’ Act i. sc. 3, ‘Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.’ Of the many certain corrections which his knowledge of the Elizabethan dramatist enabled him to make, we have an example in ‘Much Ado about Nothing,’ Act iii. sc. 2, where he shows conclusively that the word ‘she shall be buried with her *face* upward,’ must be altered into ‘heels.’ The consummate skill with which he has, in innumerable passages, by transpositions, by changed punctuation, and by supplying what had dropt out, restored the right reading, and turned nonsense into

into sense, we have only space to illustrate by one specimen. In 'All's Well that Ends Well,' Act i. sc. 3, he found this gibberish:—

'Fortune, she said, was no goddess. . . . Love, no god, that would not extend his might where qualities were level. . . . Queen of Virgins that would suffer her poor knight,' &c.

This he transforms, by proper punctuation and the restoration of the missing word, into perfect sense: 'Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level. *Diana*, No queen of virgins that would suffer,' &c. But his most brilliant achievement is the restoration of the passage in 'Hamlet,' Act i. sc. 4, beginning, 'Ay, marry is't,' and ending 'to his own scandal,' a mass of unintelligible jargon in the quartos. What, for example, could be more desperate than the last three lines of this passage as they came into Theobald's hands?

'The dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandle.'

For this he proposed to read

'The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out'

(i.e. extinguishes); supporting his emendation by 'Cymbeline,' Act iii. sc. 5—

'From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.'

And scarcely less admirable is his restoration of the passage in 'Coriolanus,' Act i. sc. 9, beginning, 'May these same instruments.' An excellent instance of his sagacity—we are by no means sure that he is right—will be found in his note on the passage at the end of 'Timon,' contending that the punctuation of the lines—

'Rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven,'—

should be altered into

'On ;—faults forgiven,'

supposing that Alcibiades is suddenly addressing the senators. And this he supports by Antony's

'On ;—things that are past are done with me,'
(*'Antony and Cleopatra,' Act i. sc. 2,*)
and

and by observing that Alcibiades' speech is in breaks between his reflections on Timon's death and his addresses to the Athenian senators.

But no portion of Theobald's work is more interesting than his illustrations, which are always singularly pertinent and happy. If mere accumulations of parallel passages, where the parallels resemble that which Fluellen drew between Macedon and Monmouth, are as worthless as they are irritating, in parallel illustration judiciously employed critical commentary finds its most useful instrument; and not this alone. The revelation of identity of sentiments, of common deductions from observation or experience, of the notification of the same traits and peculiarities in nature, in life, in manners among writers of different ages and of different tempers, is a source, not merely of curious, but assuredly of intelligent pleasure. Of Theobald's felicitous illustrations we have only space for two or three. With the line on 'King Lear,' Act iv. sc. 6—

'O undistinguish'd space of woman's will,'

—a line admirably explained by him, he compares Sancho's remark in 'Don Quixote' (Part II., Book i., chap. ii.), 'Entre el Si y el No de la muger, no me atreveria yo à poner una punta d'alfiler' ('Between a woman's Yea and No I would not undertake to thrust a pin's point'). And to Imogen's remark—

'You put me to forget a lady's manners

By being so verbal' ('Cymbeline,' Act ii. sc. 3)—

he at once supplies the best commentary,

γίναί, γυναιξὶ κόσμον ἢ συγῇ φέρεῖ

(Sophocles, 'Ajax,' 205);

as he does also to Boyet's remark in 'Love's Labour's Lost' (Act ii. sc. 1)—

'Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you,'—

by comparing Catullus ('Epigrams,' 87):

'Quæ cum pulcherrima tota est,

Tum omnibus una omnes surripuit veneres.'

So, again, for the lines in 'Henry V.' (Act i. sc. 2)—

'For government though high, and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close
Like music,'—

he gives us the proper commentary by quoting Cicero ('De Republica,' ii. 42):

'Sic ex summis, et infimis, et mediis et interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderatâ ratione civitas, consensu dissimillorum concinit; et quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia.'

The words of Ventidius in 'Antony and Cleopatra' (Act iii. sc. 1)—

'O Silius, Silius,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away'—

he most happily furnishes with the best of illustrations by quoting Antipater's behaviour with regard to Alexander the Great:—

'Et quanquam fortuna rerum placebat, invidiam tamen, quia majores res erant, quam quas Præfecti modus caperet, metuebat. Quippe Alexander hostes vinci voluerat: Antipatrum vicisse ne tacitus quidem dignabatur: suæ demptum gloriæ existimans quicquid cessisset alienæ. Itaque Antipater, qui probe nosset spiritum ejus, non est ausus ipse agere arbitria victoriæ.' ('Quintus Curtius,' lib. vi. c. 1.)

What the text of Shakspeare, as it is now generally accepted, owes to Theobald may be judged from this. The most popular, but at the same time the most conservative of the texts, so conservative indeed that it often retains the unintelligible readings of the quartos and folios in preference to the most plausible of Theobald's conjectures, is the 'Globe' Shakspeare. Now we find on collating this text with Theobald's that, without taking into account the innumerable instances in which it adopts from the quartos and folios the readings selected by Theobald, it follows Theobald's own conjectures, corrections, and regulations in no less than two hundred and ninety-four passages. Tabulated, the account thus stands:—'The Tempest,' 8; 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 12; 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 14; 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' 11; 'Measure for Measure,' 6; 'Comedy of Errors,' 9; 'Much Ado about Nothing,' 9; 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 24; 'Merchant of Venice,' 6; 'As You Like It,' 6; 'Taming of the Shrew,' 10; 'All's Well that Ends Well,' 13; 'Twelfth Night,' 4; 'A Winter's Tale,' 5; 'King John,' 7; 'Richard II.,' 1; Two Parts of 'Henry the Fourth,' 9; Three Parts of 'Henry the Sixth,' 11; 'Richard III.,' 3; 'Henry VIII.,' 9; 'Troilus and Cressida,' 13; 'Coriolanus,'

lanus,' 22; 'Titus Andronicus,' 6; 'Romeo and Juliet,' 10; 'Timon of Athens,' 10; 'Julius Cæsar,' 6; 'Macbeth,' 14; 'Hamlet,' 8; 'King Lear,' 2; 'Othello,' 7; 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 21; 'Cymbeline,' 13. In the less conservative texts the number would, no doubt, be considerably higher.

Of Theobald himself very little is certainly known. What little we do know is derived from a short notice of him in Nichols' 'Illustrations of Literature' (vol. ii. pp. 707-748). He appears to have supported himself by hack-work both for the theatres and for the booksellers; for in addition to the translations to which we have referred he produced several plays, operas, pantomimes, and poems, but they are of little interest or value. That Pope's satire did him much injury, that his life was for the most part a dreary struggle with poverty, and latterly with disease, and that he died solitary and almost friendless, is certain. 'He was,' says the only person who followed him to his grave in St. Pancras Churchyard, 'of a generous spirit, too generous for his circumstances; and none knew how to do a handsome thing or confer a benefit, when in his power, with a better grace than himself. He was my ancient friend of near thirty years' acquaintance. Interred at St. Pancras the 20th, 6 o'clock P.M., I only attended him.' The date indicated was the 20th of September, 1744. But as 'nullum tempus regi occurrit' is a maxim of our law, so, surely, ought 'nullum tempus justitiæ occurrit' to be a maxim of duty, and especially of the duty which the living owe to the dead. The proper monument of Theobald is not that cairn of dishonour which the sensitive vanity of Pope, the ignoble and impudent devices of Warburton to build his own reputation on the ruin of another, the careless injustice of Johnson, the mean stratagems of Malone, and the obsequious parrotry of tradition on the part of subsequent writers, have succeeded in accumulating. It is the text of Shakspeare. It should be the gratitude of all to whom that text is of importance, the gratitude of civilized mankind.

- ART. V.—1. *Plain Tales from the Hills*. By Rudyard Kipling. London, 1891.
 2. *Life's Handicap*. By the Same. London, 1891.
 3. *The Light that Failed*. By the Same. London, 1891.
 4. *In Black and White, and other Tales*. By the Same. Allahabad and London, 1892.
 5. *Departmental Ditties*. By the Same. Calcutta, 1891.
 6. *Barrack-room Ballads*. By the Same. London, 1892.
 7. *The Naulakha*. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. London, 1892.

SAINTE-BEUVE, in his severe and not quite unbiassed criticism of Balzac, has remarked upon the change which came over men's minds after the Revolution, in their estimate of literary genius. He thought they had dethroned the sovereign reason to make way for temperament, passion, and individualism run wild. To Balzac himself he opposed Molière—an admirable contrast; for who will deny that the author of 'Tartuffe' and 'Le Misanthrope' had all the qualities, whether serious or comic, which unite in a genius of the first order? And who will maintain that Balzac has equalled him? It was the balance of seemingly irreconcilable gifts in that gay yet pensive spirit on which Sainte-Beuve laid stress. Genius, he insisted, is nothing else than a 'high degree of intelligence, clad with splendour, quickened by feeling, crowned with imagination—nay, with flowers of fancy—and variegated with all the colours of life.' But genius it could not be, if it broke away from reason. Now, he laments, we have changed all that. The essentials of a man of genius, according to the multitude, are turbulence and brute strength, a noisy display of his personal characteristics, and acquaintance with the world of Bohemia. Does he excite, amuse, or shock his readers, it is all one, provided he takes them out of themselves. His purpose may be like that of Aristotle's tragedian, to rouse pity and terror, but with a striking difference, for when he has called up passion to the height he leaves it there, unpurified by any appeal to the something in us which goes beyond passion, and which the French critic calls 'un fond de raison'—that whereby the human is set free from the mere thrills of nervous agony and tinglings in the blood. Temperament is necessary to genius. But the great masters have shown us that temperament is not enough. These sensuous pities and terrors must be transfigured by a light which never sprang up in feeling alone. And Sainte-Beuve's protest was not simply the expiring cry of classicism; it fore-
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told of the advent of Realism in its grossest forms, and the substitution of photography for the large painting, at once true to nature and disclosing its better possibilities, which has made Molière a teacher while not ceasing to be an artist, or, indeed, the more effective as a teacher by reason of his splendid and persuasive art.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is not precisely Balzac. But Sainte-Beuve would surely have noted in him some of the qualities which roused his misgivings fifty years ago. Mr. Kipling has implied as much, though doubtless he was thinking neither of Balzac nor Sainte-Beuve, in the singularly naïve self-criticism which Dick Helder expresses in 'The Light that Failed.' Certainly, the moral atmosphere of these 'Plain Tales' is often less wholesome than that of Molière. They taste of 'Illusions Perdues' and 'Le Père Goriot,' and take us into a world where temperament is everything, and the struggle for existence goes on as in a primeval forest. Their manner is bluff, brusque, incisive, and full of confidence. At times, even, it passes into the 'loud loose bluster' which Carlyle thought a sign of mental hollowness. The actor seems to be taking off his mask every five minutes and enquiring if it is not exceedingly like him. And the kind of incident is that most highly prized by realists—calculated to stir and to thrill, but regardless of the means by which it shall succeed. Hence it snatches at physical anguish as its readiest weapon, and shows us a variety of horrors with delight. Again, the human nature which Balzac had in view was, however numerous the individuals, of a sharply defined character; it was intensely masculine, or only feminine when it had forgotten the Ten Commandments. Exceptions, of course, may be quoted; but the remark is on the whole true as regards Balzac, nor is it without point in the case of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We shall look in vain through either for such delicate womanly creations as Mr. George Meredith (no realist in this province) has dowered with immortal life. The figures, in brief, which Mr. Kipling or even Balzac has flung upon canvas may take all eyes, and their colouring may be as forcible as it is frequently crude, but the emotions which they call out stand for the most part low in the scale.

Now this, we imagine, is what Sainte-Beuve could not endure. To him the man of genius was such by virtue of the noble and progressive elements which entered into his nature, and from which he drew his inspiration. He was not a 'light that failed,' but a light shining over life, so that men were led by it to a belief in the best they had ever dreamt of. Nor

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was Goethe's feeling different when, in words of passionate beauty, he described the poet's place and function. 'He lives through the dream of life as one awake,' says Goethe; while others discover only the huge disorder which experience seems to inflict upon them, he knows that truth is the harmony of the world, and out of his heart, which is to him a finer kind of reason, the flower of wisdom springs. 'Quis ostendet nobis bona?' Who will show us the good things that become a man? He is the great artist, and no one else. Let us consider if the latest, and, in some respects, the most popular, of our story-tellers fulfils the idea, or whether he is not a fresh instance of individualism run wild.

If applause, loud and vehement, were a test of greatness, the question is answered. Mr. Kipling has made a name to which every bookstall in the British Empire bears witness. He is famous, if to be read and talked about wherever the English language is spoken, can make him so. He has won recognition from India to the United States. Yet a greater thing has befallen him; he is translated in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*.'

'Under the tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.'

There has been a generous expenditure of adjectives in his praise; and so often have admirers called him original that his friend Torpenhow (who cannot choose but say what Mr. Kipling bids him) throws out the cutting remark, 'because they are chiefly home-bred English, they say you have insight.' They have said much more. This fortunate young author has been credited with 'sympathy, humour, and style,' as well as the invention of new and diverting characters; and India has furnished him with an ample field, which, in spite of some earlier sketches, had remained until the appearance of the '*Plain Tales*' almost as untrodden as the Highlands were, when Sir Walter Scott drew the curtain from before that weird landscape in '*Waverley*.' To Mr. Kipling we shall owe it, if the native Indian world, with its terrible sun and high cloudless heaven, is at length brought near us. This may not be originality, but it will serve the story-teller's purpose quite as well as if it were.

Insight, if we are to believe Torpenhow, Mr. Kipling disclaims. He knows, however, what will take with the British public. All the originality in the world would not have availed him, had he begun by telling them of the joys and sorrows of his native Hindus. He began, on the contrary, with the officers and men serving under that English flag which he
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has saluted in some of his happiest rhymes. Here was the thing to make a man famous, provided he could strike off a series of brilliant and sanguinary pictures, boldly showing the crimson stain, for those untravelled millions who 'had never even seen Algiers.' It was a patriotic subject to the marrow, yet full of strange scenes and stirring, if not exactly poetical, associations. In what style should the stories be told? The romantic, with its 'sentimental paraphernalia,' had been considerably overdone. Even sketches of a field-day at Aldershot may be a little too spruce and pipe-clayed. Then the enormous India itself had never been described by a novelist of the first rank. Miles of reports were extant, which no mortal had ever read; mountains piled on mountains of blue-books, precise (whether right or wrong) in every detail, rugged with statistics beyond all human memory, but hardly to be explored by the gods themselves. Was it not possible to turn one's back on these mighty jungles, and, with the eyes in one's own head, to see at least the surface of things, and then with a rapid brush to paint it? This might be done in a style suggested by the subject, —flippant and cynical when touching off the holiday amusements of the higher classes of Englishmen, but gladiator-like and smacking of the prize-ring as soon as it crossed the barrack threshold. It would not, in any case, be the decried 'oleographic' manner; and if disagreeable, so much the more likely was it to make an impression. Upon this plan Mr. Kipling has gone to work.

At a peaceful distance, writing for the Globe Theatre, Shakspeare might enlarge on the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.' Others have looked it in the face, and the glow and splendour die before its horrors. Mr. Kipling sees in man the fighting animal with teeth and claws, who is not a pleasant picture when he is rending and beating down under him the equally furious beast that stands in his path. All this, however, might be dashed off in great splashes of colour; nor would the hardest pre-Raphaelite tones be excessive, when the reality was nothing but a sand-pit full of volleying smoke on which the burning sun looked down. There could be 'no half-tints worth noticing' in this concentration of feelings on the simple alternative to kill or be killed. The nameless 'red-haired girl,' in 'The Light that Failed,' whom for convenience's sake we shall call Anonyma, remarks with sarcastic intention to Dick Helder, 'Your things smell of tobacco and blood; can't you do anything but soldiers?' Yes, Anonyma, he can do many other things, but the scent which you dislike will hang over them all; for the 'fog of fighting' has got into his eyes,
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and he carries the battle-field wherever he wanders. But is he not thereby enabled to give the 'blind, brutal, British public,'—so he politely terms his masters,—an excitement which they like to enjoy at home? Bull-fighting is forbidden by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but, observes Dick, the war-correspondent is a necessity of the breakfast-table, and, when he cannot be had, these coloured sketches of foughten fields must serve in his stead.

It is a long way, indeed, from the musical hexameters of the *Iliad* to 'Soldiers Three.' Critics might profitably enquire into the causes which have led us to exchange the shining heights of the old Greek poetry for these idylls of the smoking-room. And perhaps that Ionic strain was nothing but romantic delusion, and Achilles' myrmidons not a whit more polished than the Black Tyrone. Yet whenever Mr. Kipling has thrown a ray of light over his ruffianly figures (we call them no worse than he does himself), some of the smoke seems to clear away, and what looks at first glance like beast contending with beast shows us a gleam of humanity lighting it up.

Not, in fact, by the sanguinary style has Mr. Kipling made his mark. Powerful no less than ugly as much of his battle-painting may be, and however often he brings his drums and trumpets into a neighbourhood which ought to be sacred from them—as though he dreamt that, given noise enough, the walls of every holy place would fall down—he must, in the end, rely on his humour, pathos, and wit, and on his gift of sketching characters which might be attractive, though they had never seen a battlefield. Sensations which exhaust the mere animal come speedily to their limit. To write poems in a dissecting-room is, no doubt, impossible; but that is not the fault of poetry. And though philosophers cannot any more than peasants endure the toothache patiently, it would be ridiculous to conclude that an attack of neuralgia ranks higher than Spinoza's 'Ethics.' While the fighting to which we are treated by Mr. Kipling may heighten the zest of his narratives for those who like violent exercise, it is in barracks, and not so much when they are using 'the bayonet and the butt,' that his soldiers take our admiration. As a painter of battles, he is hardly on a level with MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, or Mrs. Butler; and nothing he has done, can equal that vivid panorama which Stendhal has left us in '*La Chartreuse de Parme*.' There we seem to be spending a long day amid the din, the smoke, and the hurrying confusion of an immeasurable conflict, the sense of which pierces into heart and brain, and wraps us round like a thunder-cloud. In Stendhal's picture the human interest does,
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by some stroke of magic, rise above the horror of hacking and hewing; it dominates the cannonade and the charge, and is unconquerable by the living hell which flames on every side of it. Mr. Kipling has given us one story, 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft,' in which the pathos, undoubtedly, is triumphant. Yet we venture to say that his reproduction of Gavroche in battle—for such the little drummers, Lew and Jakin, manifestly are—has a certain shallowness compared with the original. Gavroche takes our heart as a child of the pavement, careless though forsaken, before the bullet strikes him down. These boys, until they are killed, seem commonplace—the light has not touched them. And thus they fall below that 'highest heaven of invention' where the immortal children of genius are seated.

Look, now, at these soldiers when they have done fighting. In the language of Trimalchio's 'Supper,' which they sometimes use without knowing it, they are 'homines Mercuriales,' born under a thieving and disreputable star—as Mr. Kipling says, 'blackguards commanded by gentlemen,' 'neat-handed dog-stealers,' and 'unlicked ruffians with a soft heart.' And the finest man among them is Terence Mulvaney, with his Celtic wiles and eloquent rascally genius, as tender-hearted as he is incorrigible. He and his comrades are given to drinking, swearing, and all the pleasures they can get. The regiment is their home, beyond which they look out on a strange world, the laws and moralities of which are nothing to them. 'Civilians' they take to be their natural enemies, upon whom it is always fair to make reprisals, whether by stealing their dogs or otherwise mishandling them, in all good humour and without malice. They talk every dialect under heaven, and mix them in a way to confound grammarians and philologists, who will endeavour in vain, should Mr. Kipling's stories live, to deduce from these pages the Yorkshire, the Cockney, or the Dublin idiom. But here we may enquire a little more closely into the nature of Mr. Kipling's realism.

It is, in one word, mimicry; a kind of everlasting present tense by which the whole scene is enacted over again, with sounds and colouring complete. The outward semblance is before your eyes; you may make your own reflections, or make none at all; but you cannot say that the thing happened in any other way. All is palpable and visual; as we must so often repeat, it is a photograph, where the faces and the attitudes are caught by a self-reflecting process. If Shakspeare had written 'Hamlet' thus, only one acting version would have been possible, for not an accent or a movement is left to the reader's fancy.

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The stage directions have become incorporate with the text ; the spirit is indissolubly wedded to the body. We can imagine many Hamlets, all true to life, and each presenting the same tragic problem, though under the most varied form and behaviour. But there can be only one Mulvaney, just as—if we may allow ourselves the illustration—there can be only one Harlequin or Pulcinello. We do not at all mean to disparage Mr. Kipling's genial creation ; all we say is that, on the method of realism, the spirit is no longer free, and tricks of the countenance or of the muscles, tones and gestures, and expressive, though not dumb show, will, at the best, produce an individual whose originality is confined within one single and mechanical type. It is like tying down a man's range of expression, and wealth of moods, to the photograph which he had taken last Saturday.

These defects are incidental to painting in all its forms ; nor can they be overcome, though we substitute words instead of colours, so long as our vocabulary is used like a paint-box, not to suggest, but to 'render,' as it is called, the reality of things. If there is no more spiritual art than this, Mr. Kipling has vindicated to himself an eminent rank in literature. But we cannot allow that sight is so much more than insight. When the realist has photographed every line he perceives, he will have missed a thousand ; and the interpretation of the whole, as an effective human portrait, will depend upon qualities with which the sight has less to do than the mind. Of course Mr. Kipling, who is so quick at seizing and conveying impressions, has given us strokes which at times have a high suggestiveness. But his method is to paint the outsides of things, and his power of suggestion varies with the sympathy which, in some cases, enables him to go beyond the surface, as the lack of it in others will explain the cynicism of which he has been, not unfairly, accused.

Yet how impossible it is that the mimicry should ever be perfect ! Take one point in which, according to some, Mr. Kipling has utterly succeeded—his reproduction of dialects. He has tried his hand at more than we can reckon, from the fashionable slang of Simla to the Germanisms of Hans Breitmann. But has he quite given any as it is spoken, except the native, with which he could not fail to be familiar, and the curious English employed by the men and women of his own class ? Whoever will compare the vocabulary of 'Soldiers Three' with that in which Yorkshiremen of the North Riding, or London waifs from the dark arches of the Adelphi, or even 'Jackeens' loitering about the Dublin theatres, are practised, will have no great difficulty

difficulty in proving that it is far indeed from being exact. In a mixed army like the British, one man will borrow from another, comrades will exchange idioms, and the result will be a sort of *Lingua Franca*. But granting so much, is it likely, for instance, that soldiers of the Line will either talk epigrams or talk about them? Such an expression as 'he took fever and elephants' is as unnatural on the lips of Private Mulvaney, as it is to be looked for at the tongue's end of a smart war-correspondent. Nor would the same Mulvaney, although 'it was he that had the tongue,' have refused to go shooting 'in a desolit' land.' Mulvaney, we may be sure of it, never read Isaiah. He would not have said 'he taught me,' as long as the Anglo-Irish idiom suggested that 'he learned me' was the correct thing. And most certainly there was not a single pluperfect of the Lindley Murray kind in his knapsack. If Mr. Kipling, who is always putting these compound tenses into his mouth, will give ear to him, he will notice that the real Mulvaney uses the verb 'to have' (which does not occur in Celtic at all) by no means as he employs it in 'Life's Handicap.' These are but samples of criticism, which might be applied all round. Learoyd, who is of pure Yorkshire breeding, and who often reproduces the dialect with success, strays at other times into Lancashire, is uncertain in his use of the definite article, and forgets a great deal of his native folk-talk. And Ortheris, the third of this interesting company, who has been gathered from the London pavement, has taken amazingly little of his indigenous slang to the tropics. His words are more colourless than we have a right to expect. Every one knows that the London Arab is continually, like the Athenian, hearing some new thing in addition to his own stock of grotesques. Ortheris should be well up in the turns and idioms of the Ratcliffe Highway and St. Mary Axe. But we submit to Mr. Kipling that, brought up as he was, he would hardly have quoted, even in his own amended version, Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' Mulvaney, who is a genius, may claim a fellow-feeling with Shakspeare, although his citations are pulled in a little by the neck and shoulders; but Ortheris has not even this excuse.

It is true that the great Sir Walter himself did not escape criticism on the ticklish point of dialect. He was better acquainted than Louis Kerneguy with Highlands and Lowlands, of which 'the deep guttural, the broad drawl, and the high sharp yelp' resound in his picturesque recitals. Yet Scotsmen have declared that he sometimes confounded the language of Perth and Dundee with that of the 'sour Western Whigs.' Had the charge been made to his face, it would have troubled the
easy-tempered

easy-tempered man as little as the anachronisms in which he indulges. For he knew that the real effect of romance is not only compatible with slips of this kind, but even invites them, if not too palpable, as being a festive thing, released from school and apt to make sport of scientific accuracies. But this line of defence will hardly avail Mr. Kipling. If Mulvaney's language is faulty—as in a hundred places it certainly is—that in the eyes of Realism would be an unpardonable blunder. Aristotle has, indeed, taught differently. His doctrine is that an artist who addresses only the eyes and the ears, but who does not succeed by the composition of his story, irrespective of these, in creating sympathy, is an inferior workman. He would never have degraded art to the spectacular drama or the documentary novel, which we are now asked to admire as its crowning point.

Vitality, however, at all costs, is Mr. Kipling's aim—to be alive and to show it, whether by quick short strokes, or by the 'jerky jargon' to which 'McIntosh Jelaluddin' reduces his manner of writing, or by ghastly details, presented in all their unpleasantness to eye and nostril. What he likes is, with the fat boy in 'Pickwick,' to 'make your flesh creep.' We cannot turn over Mr. Kipling's pages without being offended by the coarseness of their tone. But so the artist purchases a cheap life-stuff, which he calls, with a rough air of disparagement, 'Verestchagin and water.' He knows that if it were denied him, many of his stories would break down. Mild clear lights are not at all to his liking. Still life is the one kind of life which he would never choose to paint. All over his composition there is much brawling on the surface,—the 'ingens tumultus' of a combat incessantly renewed; 'a confused noise and garments rolled in blood,' with plenty of 'burning and the fuel of fire.' But it is a somewhat shallow existence, and ten thousand things dear to the heart of man are shut out from it. The senses indulge in drunken outbursts, testifying to the chaos of an undisciplined soul. The Berserk shows himself at large, with loud drum-music accompanying; and moralities have ceased to make their moan in his neighbourhood. Vitality, with Mr. Kipling, keeps at a safe distance from refinement. It cannot trust itself in the society of good women or of courteous and self-respecting men. It is loud-voiced and masterful, swaggering about with its hat on one side and its hand perpetually on the hilt of its sword, challenging admiration, and talking with a boastful air of horses and 'heterodox women.' The old Norse ruggedness, no doubt, was brutal; but this truculent cynicism, which pretends to be the heir of all the ages, and which openly declares that it fights for 'meat and mate,'—if
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the reference to Horace may be permitted,—is all the more inhuman that it must disown what is highest in civilization, before it can run off to its animal likings.

We are not forgetting Pity, 'the new-born babe' whose soft wailing tones pierce even this confusion with singular effect, as though a soldier, in the midst of the bayonet charge, had turned to catch up a trampled infant and had fallen dead with it in his arms. Mr. Kipling, in spite of the hard frivolity which he often affects, has more feeling than becomes the billiard-room life and the after-dinner manliness that, in his philosophy, seem the flower of English breeding. But, again we say with Sainte-Beuve, it is temperament, not the sense of the ideal, which prevails with him even in his more kindly aspects. It is always a 'hot unregenerate life' whose colours he transfers to his palette. The power in these soldier stories is, on the whole, from below, and 'Jehannum,' of which he is so ready to borrow the language, supplies him with a large part of his stock-in-trade. His men 'swear in cold passion and thro' the clenched teeth,' which is not a good example to the rising artist; and he appears to hold that muscular contractions and being wound up to a pitch of excitement will give us the finest tragedy. But, as Chateaubriand has said, 'one could name this or that melodrama which no one would like to own having written, and which yet harrows the feelings more than the *Æneid*.' If Realism be a volcanic shower of mud and red-hot cinders, burning up the soil on which it falls, then three-fourths of Mr. Kipling's stories are realistic. The fire in them is unmistakable; but the fountains of mud are blown into the air along with it, and harden on the ground into dead lava. The second half of 'Life's Handicap,' nearly the whole of 'Under the Deodars,' and most of the 'Plain Tales,' leave an unpleasant taste in the mouth, and tempt their reader to rail at the gods as not good enough for him. That is what we understand by volcanic mud; or, if you please, it is 'individualism run wild.'

But that our author sacrifices the ideal to his passion for vitality appears, especially, from his female characters. We mean his Englishwomen; for the native, obeying their own laws and customs, refuse to be degraded to the level of their European sisters. Mr. Kipling, in his sketches of Simla, which have been termed 'caustic and brilliant,' brings on the stage a replica of Maupassant's Marquise de Rennedou, who has achieved fame as Mrs. Hauksbee. 'The Gadsbys' shows us a girl of the period whose character is drawn, not from any French novel, but from life. And in 'The Light that Failed,' two girls, Maisie and the 'red-haired impressionist' whom we have called

Anonyma,

Anonyma, play their several parts. All these have been framed on the same plan. They offer us varieties of feminine passion, and nothing else. Mrs. Hauksbee is frivolous, Minnie Threegan petulant, Maisie obstinate, and Anonyma impetuous. So far they differ, but they agree as furnishing us with the kind of modern woman who has gone down armed, like an Amazon, into the fight, in quest of pleasure and plunder. They talk slang like the men their brothers, are as cynical and free-spoken, have no belief in the old-fashioned virtues, and nothing that we can describe as principle at all. That their sayings have much wit and directness, and that their neglect of conventionalities may be found amusing, does not make them more womanly, though the fitter, doubtless, to take a part in Mr. Kipling's idylls.

But the degradation of language is remarkable. Mrs. Hauksbee, who, in the language of Ben Jonson, is a 'beautiful, audacious, and self-sufficing woman,' and a 'subtle beldame,' has a score of phrases which would be very apt in a pronounced Darwinian, and another score as suitable to a man (but never to a woman) who had 'seen life.' Madame de Rennedou knew the proprieties of the situation better. No doubt Mr. Kipling writes for men who will laugh at his humorous sayings and not mind who utters them. We fancy Mrs. Hauksbee would have minded. The question is not whether that daring person cultivated poetry and sentiment, or had a conscience. It is whether a woman of her stamp would have acquired the man's way of looking at things, and described them from Mr. Kipling's angle of vision. Compare this lady who talks like a subaltern in petticoats with Miss Rebecca Sharp—a person whom no one would accuse of being sentimental; no, not even the soft-hearted Miss Briggs in the height of their friendship. Thackeray, even in the Darwinian era, would have taken care that Mrs. Rawdon Crawley did not speak of her acquaintance in the terms of crude biology that infect the drawing-rooms of Simla. And it is probable that so keen an intellect as Mrs. Hauksbee's would have shown her the difference between vulgarity and wit. She could have caricatured her dearest foes without descending to the point where some of these conversations leave her. The heroine of 'Vanity Fair' would have looked on, we fancy, with no little disdain at such spoiling of comedy. But Miss Sharp was a great actress, and not a female mask with a man's voice sounding through it.

His sketches of Simla do not show Mr. Kipling at his best, nor in a very agreeable light. Certain of them are marked with power; and smartness and vivacity are never wanting.

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'At the Pit's Mouth' and 'A Wayside Tragedy' belong to that large collection of stories at once laughable and hideous which, no doubt, Mephistopheles keeps by him for rainy days when he cannot go about his business. Mr. Kipling has contributed several more to that library, and, if we must say what we think, they need never have been written. 'A False Dawn' is cynical, tragic, and somewhat picturesque, with its singular glimpses of the dust-storm and its theatrical conclusion. But we need not enumerate a list which every one knows. In spite of its dash and sparkle, this view of Anglo-Indian existence adds anything but a pleasant page to our literature. Where is the profit in remembering these men who are full of their gaming, drinking, and other poor amusements, or these made-up women who have passed their freshness and insist on being as young as ever? We need not go to India for the newest thing in fashionable frivolity. It is like unroofing a theatre and letting the sun in upon tinsel, paint, and tawdriness, to stereotype such creatures in a book. Dramatic art was meant for better things, as the critics have long ago decided, than the putting together of immoral comedies à la Congreve.

But Mr. Kipling is nothing if not versatile, and the rivalries and mantraps of Simla take up only one chapter in his volumes. When he turns to the aspects of Indian life that do not amuse Mrs. Hawksbee, and to the civilian where in his terrible solitude he reigns alone, then the ignoble strain of frivolous love-making changes to a key of power and pathos, and the reality which comes out as in high relief is tragic, even while it keeps in touch with the ludicrous and the trivial. There are the elements of a great poem scattered in these finer stories. The price which we pay for an Eastern Empire has a terror and a magic that are only not sung because hitherto the singer has been wanting. Heine observes in his Paris correspondence that, although the English are encamped upon the sacred Ganges, and watch the lotus-blossoms as they float along its deity-haunted stream, they feel no intoxication coming upon them; still they look upon the gods and heroes with prosaic eyes; the scent of the enchanted flower does not make them dream, he says, or startle them from the enjoyment of the tea-kettle which they fill with consecrated water for their afternoon draught. At all which rhapsodies of the romantic Jew, Mr. Kipling would certainly laugh, for he is the coolest of young Englishmen by profession. Yet when he had remarked on the absurdity of touching Ganges water until it was boiled, he might think to himself that some of his own tales, both native and British, were better than Heine could have written, and had the Indian charm in them besides.

For

For he has many a touch of the weird and even pagan spirit, testifying to what he has seen or what others have believed — 'Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,' — all the marvels which by one gate or another pass into the 'City of Dreadful Night' which we call the Hindu imagination. Things about which the European has no doubt (for he does not believe in them) have under the Himalayas a steadfast air of reality. And to and fro amid such portents and chimeras, often huge as the Mahabharata itself, always grotesque, and not seldom disgusting, the British legionaries move, careless and ignorant, like Roman soldiers under the shadow of the Pyramids, never asking themselves how many centuries look down upon them with the staring eyes of Siva, or stretch out hands on every side to them in the forms of Vishnu and Bhuvani.

The learned, indeed, among our officials excel all the native pundits. Strickland, of whom we could bear to be told many tales, if Mr. Kipling would go on writing them, is not a very rare type, though sufficiently uncommon to be extremely interesting: we mean, the enthusiast who has 'gone deeper than the skin,' with his turn for the 'thieves' patter of the *chångars*, for 'slang, and beggar's cant, and the marks, and the signs, and the drifts of the undercurrents,' who knows the 'Lizard-song of the Sansis,' has helped in the painting of the Death Bull at Jagadhri, and has conducted service in the manner of a Sunni Mollah. In this kind, the most daring pages, as unpleasant as they are powerful, which Mr. Kipling has ventured to write, are those to which he has prefixed as a title 'The Mark of the Beast.' Apuleius would have eagerly welcomed this latest transformation-scene, with its horrid mixture of the physical and the preternatural, its unbelieving Briton, and its leper dedicated to the service of the temple. 'Your gods or my gods,—do I know which are the stronger?' is a proverb that takes us back a good many hundred years, reminding us of that ancient Hebrew volume, the Book of Kings, and how the servants of the King of Syria comforted their master Benhadad, saying, 'Their gods are gods of the hills, therefore they were stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plain, and surely we shall be stronger than they.' It is an amazing thing when the cloud rolls off in which a long-vanished world is hidden, and we see it with our own eyes, so near that we can lay our hand upon the figures which had fled like a dream. These windows into history, opening out of the vulgar lounging-room where the moderns, condemned to an Indian captivity, smoke and play cards, and anathematize the burnt-up atmosphere, produce the most bewildering effect,
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more astounding even than the sight of rock-strata in which the fossil creatures of a million years ago have made their tomb. For the past is no collection of fossils in India; it is a strange earnest comedy, an interminable series of *tableaux vivants*, acted by tribes, and peoples, and nations, and kingdoms. Dreary murderous superstitions, juggleries and witchcrafts, childish prayers and charms, amulets and talismans, sacrifices to devils, enchantments, sorceries, transmigrations of souls, embodiments or incarnations which come and go like the circling black smoke of opium—these things, hardly known in Europe, wield a divine or diabolic sway over the peoples of the Great Peninsula. That they are to us incredible, yet so firmly believed by these Aryans and Dravidians, should give them the fascination which attends on well-authenticated marvels. 'Living specimens from the past' is a kind of bull into which Private Mulvaney might have slipped when he had escaped from Benares with a whole skin, thanks to the god-garment in which he was wrapped, and his accidental likeness to the divine Krishna. But there is sense in the paradox; for time, which has galloped with Englishmen and carried some of them on to the foolish incredulity of Aurelian McGoggin the Positivist, has ambled quietly, or stopped to browse and meditate, with the heathen Hindu. He is still a child in understanding, afraid of gods and tigers on pretty much the same grounds, and disposed to worship his British conquerors as having authority over many demons, which enables them to invent the cannons, and the 'lightning news,' and the 'wheels of silence,' whereby they have become irresistible. The greatest of all gods in India is the British Raj.

To have this immense picture-book open before him, and a 'choice of all races'—black, brown, olive, white, and bronzed—from which to seize his characters, has been Mr. Kipling's birthright. If a young fellow goes to India on the strength of examinations vanquished by cram, he is not likely to acquire the taste of things which comes natural to a born Anglo-Indian. 'Wee Willie Winkie,' who talks three or four jargons before he can manage his English consonants, and the boy who was responsible for 'Tods' Amendment,' and who went about saying to everyone he met in the bazaar, 'O brother,' would set our profoundest Sanskrit scholars right in a point of ceremony or household detail, even as the urchins at Pompeii that scribbled Latin on the walls of the school-house might have struck a blot in the fine tessellations which pass at Oxford for Ciceronian essays. Tods or Willie Winkie is apt, indeed, on the strength of this early training, to give himself airs of omniscience—and

so Mr. Kipling does occasionally; but, as Lord Beaconsfield remarked, every man has a right to be vain until he has succeeded. Our story-teller, though he has parodied many styles from Browning to Swinburne, is not an admirable Crichton. His business is to sketch heads and faces, to pick brains, and talk good talk; not to find out whether certain well-known verses belong to Clough or to James Thomson. When Mr. Kipling quotes with malice prepense, the result is often amusing, though not as he intended. But why should he load his camels with ancient learning, when he has other treasures to carry over the desert? He is an artist, not a student; and his eyes, not his books, must serve him for windows into life. Such is the creed which he expounds, with bitter eloquence, in the vision of the night called 'Tomlinson,' and in the 'L'Envoi,' which sums up his latest volume of verse. Yet, now as always, in the sense whether of inspiration or of limitation, a man sees what he came to see. Does he dream of colour? He will find it in the reedy fens of Lincolnshire, as under the floods of clear light in the Soudan. Has he an innate idea of the typical man, woman, and child, full of courage and obstinacy, and yet with a longing for admiration, as if the strength could not stand alone? He will make his facts tell in favour of it, somewhat like the ready natives who will 'get up a murder-charge, the corpse included, for Rs. 54.' The framework of character which Mr. Kipling carries about with him varies, in fact, as little as Punch's street-theatre. His brief story allows no space for the development of motives, and is favourable to simple and violent moods. But we like him best when he brings into them, as he sometimes does, that strictly human pathos which

'Takes a sober colouring from the eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.'

Every one, for instance, discovers something of a romance in childhood. Not even the most knowing of juvenile cynics will mock at the tiny infant soul, stammering through rosy lips in a language of its own, and ready to be friends with bird and beast in the enchanted world of Paradise. Let Mr. Kipling's weird and touching love-story, 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' explain our meaning. It is one of the most perfect things he has achieved. John Holden is an Englishman, and Ameera a Mussulman's daughter whom her mother has sold to him. And they have found the secret of happiness in a world no less fresh and sweet (nor need it have been less innocent) than the garden of love which blooms at the beginning of all sacred history.

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Only, they fear, the unseen powers may prove jealous. The dream is too lovely to last. We are at home in the native house overlooking the red-walled city. We know the sound of Ameera's voice when she talks her simple talk; nor do the grumblings of her covetous mother break the spell. Pir Khan, who guards the Englishman's treasure, is made according to the formula of a loyal Mussulman servant, and an excellent formula it is. Then Tota the child is born, to be named in a tender jesting way after the parrot with which he makes friends. And the jealousy of the silent ones who watch in darkness grows; but Holden says, in grave tones unlike the hard flippancy with which he would be sure to have spoken across the dinner-table to his associates, 'It will fall as it will fall. To-morrow we do not know, but to-day and love we know well.' Tota is happy and silent, like a true Oriental; much worshipped, caressed, and played with. And the gods look down upon him, and send the seasonal autumn fever, and he is snatched away. 'It was because we loved Tota that he died,' said Ameera, when the first bitterness had become less intolerable, and they dared to talk again. 'We must make no protestations of delight, but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out.' Yet it availed them as little as ever to touch their happiness with caution. For the blossom of the blood-red *dhak*-tree flowered, and there was a famine in the land, with cholera to help it, and Holden would have sent Ameera to the hills; but nothing could persuade her that she ought to leave him. Then she sickened, as he knew she must,—not because of the plague, but lest they two should live in Paradise as before,—and she died, like Tota. Holden took her last words, the last flutter of her breath; then all vanished—home, and mother, and child—as though nothing of them had ever been. And he went away, as the telegraph bade him, to relieve a dying comrade, silent as death himself, yet feeling the irrevocable past which plucked at his heart-strings.

That is poetry. To praise it there is no need, for who could follow the story and not feel its truth, its sadness, its human touches? Not of this, or its like, shall we say that it is wanting in the seriousness which, because it is sincere, is most persuasive. The feeling throughout is deep and tender, with gleams of a subdued humour playing over it, and scarcely a jarring note from the commonplace world outside to trouble us while we read. When Mr. Kipling had finished this exquisite tragedy, he gave us a standard by which to judge the height as well as the range of his performance; nor can he fall deliberately below it without incurring the blame which those

deserve who know what is best, yet will not let it guide and inspire them. Even his laughter should be of as fine a quality as the sadness in which these pages are steeped. He will never excel them; but, since they were written, he has shown, at any rate in his most ambitious work, that he does not quite realize how much he is bound to live on the heights and to obey his noblest thoughts, even if it should cost him the sacrifice of much bitter and ugly sarcasm. The complaint of the gods into which Ameerah breaks out, and which Holden echoes silently, is a thousand times less irreligious than the scoffing resignation of 'The Light that Failed.' Both are, perhaps, dramatically true; in much the same sense as it is true that 'Hamlet' and 'Troilus and Cressida' handle an identical theme. Yes, and how should we have regarded Shakspeare had he made a point of writing, as time went on, more and more in the certainly chaotic vein to which 'Troilus and Cressida' is due? The Realism of thought has its bounds like all other Realism. Every truth is not good to be told, or even to dwell upon in the secret chambers of the heart, unless we would risk our moral sanity. The story of Ameerah which comes home to us is more a pitiful questioning of the gods than a rebuke to them; in its tenderness some secret hope lingers. But to this point we shall return, for the permanent value of Mr. Kipling's work is involved in a clear understanding of its issues.

It has been suggested by M. Théodore Bentzon, in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*,' that there is as little of a moral in Mr. Kipling's Indian tales as there is in the Californian episodes to which Mr. Bret Harte owes his fame. The remark is worth noting, by no means because we think it well founded—on the contrary, indeed—but as illustrating the careless way in which even a critic of high standing may read his author. Of a moral that can be separated as with a knife from the writings whether of Mr. Kipling or of Mr. Bret Harte, it would be nearly always absurd to speak; nor is any story-teller who knows his art at all likely to divide the soul from the body of his narrative in this clumsy fashion. But in the only sound sense there cannot be a story worth listening to in which the moral element is not present, whether as light or as shade, and howsoever it betrays itself, in pathos or indignation. The more effective any work of fiction has proved, so much the more readily shall we find that it appeals to an ethical standard. As regards Mr. Bret Harte, no one ever gave a less unequivocal testimony to his faith in the ideal, seeing, as he does everywhere, the soul of good in things evil. Nor would Dickens, whose manner he instinctively caught, have been slow to acknowledge that it is a faith which
glows

glows with sentiment, and which quivers at the presence of goodness even in a bedraggled rearguard of humanity like the 'Outcasts of Poker Flat.' Mr. Kipling, again, is sometimes as fairly overcome by his kindness for the human qualities, be they rough or smooth, as Dickens or Bret Harte. More plausible would be the charge that he is often disposed to enforce the wrong moral; that he takes sides against the morality which is received among his countrymen (at all events while they sit in church), and is consequently as little indifferent to these things as the anarchist who blows up a barracks is indifferent to the power of the State which he aims at annihilating. M. Bentzon may rely upon it that the moral is as difficult to evaporate from art and literature as the power of reproducing an image of the real world on which these are founded. A temperament which gives to its owner 'the clean pure joy of creation'—and such Mr. Kipling has—must needs be sympathetic to an unusual degree. That sympathy will prompt to dark or to cheerful views; but some standard of conduct, and therefore of character, will be always taken for granted, though it need not be entirely right. If he cared nothing for morality, our author would not be 'a pessimistic young man,' but an Epicurean.

We have no space to attempt the reconstruction from Mr. Kipling's scenes of the Hindu life, or the Mussulman. Incomplete as we should find it on many sides, the picture would abound in colour and animation. We might take, for instance, a single figure like the man of Malikand, pouring out his homicidal rhapsody as he goes swiftly in search of Daoud Shah, being 'fain to kill him quick and whole with the life sticking firm in his body,' and we might learn from him that 'when the desire of a man is set upon one thing alone, he fears neither God nor Man nor Devil.' That is a 'salt tale' enough, and in it a woman of the Abazai is entangled, who meets with her fit reward, 'having no fear except the fear that she do not die.' An equally strange mixture of love and horror is 'Beyond the Pale,' with its refrain, 'Come back to me, Beloved, or I die,' and its portrait of the girl Bisesa, who was 'ignorant as a bird,' yet 'good to look upon,' until it all ends in discovery, torture, mutilation,—atrocities not to be described except by our perverse old dramatists. Again, there is the stirring 'Ballad of East and West,' and the story of the two strong men, 'Kamal and the Colonel's Son,' whose talk is like the clashing of swords. There is the tender mercy of Abdur Rahman, no less bitter than his jesting with the boy whom he set to die among the branches of a tree, like Absalom. And there is the pitiful remembrance of 'Little Tobrah' and his sister, which we may set down as
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a more heart-rending 'Oliver Twist,' so to speak, where the children are forsaken, hungry, homeless,—and the girl is blind from small-pox. And they go in search of the English living in tents, but they cannot find them, or get food, and Little Tobrah, when his sister is sitting on the edge of the well, thrusts her in, for 'it is better to die than to starve.' And then the women come about him, and give him to eat, and he lies down calmly to sleep. Of such tales, says Gobind the one-eyed, in that taking preface to 'Life's Handicap,' 'all the earth is full to him who listens and does not drive away the poor from his door.'

But they are not all so mournful, especially if we 'know how to believe,' which, as Mr. Kipling observes, is not a virtue common among Englishmen in this century. Thus 'Gemini' is a most laughable version of the 'Comedy of Errors,' told, with an air of ridiculous good faith, in some jargon that neither Shakspeare nor Plautus had ever heard of; and 'The Finances of the Gods,' in which Ganesh the son of Shiv, greatest of deities, catches the money-lender and holds him fast by the heel until he has paid his own just debts, is a parable not quite destitute of a modern application. As in the 'Arabian Nights,' there is here also a Comedy of the Beasts, which includes most things that walk or creep, and has a parrot-house of its own, and many amazing actions to relate of elephants, as the practical joking of Moti Guj, the mutineer, may be sufficient to prove. But full of humorous sketches, and sly hits, and cunning simplicity, as Mr. Kipling's stories are wont to be, making the people speak for themselves and reveal their infant-like treacheries to the wise Sahib, or letting them be overreached by some British 'Tiger of Gokral Seetarun,' who has surprised them asleep on his 'devil wheels,' he is always going back to the great religious idea which weighs like a nightmare on the unhappy Indian soul. He may play with it, as in 'The Vengeance of Dungara,' where he sets a lesson to missionaries; or burlesque it, as in Mulvaney's so-called 'incarnation;' but he is well aware that India, like old Rome, is the 'city and temple of all the gods,' ruled by them with plague, famine, and thunderbolts, in a manner which not the proudest of Moslem believers in Allah can altogether explain. And the Moslem themselves,—will European culture change their skin (let alone the heart which beats under it), even when they have been trained at Oxford in all the wisdom of the West? Read one of his most telling stories, 'On the City Wall,' for an answer. That sketch of the languid young Mussulman, Wali Dad, with his pencilled eyebrows and the tired look in his eyes, who scorns the

the fanaticism of the Mohurram, and then, seized with sudden frenzy, plunges into it, beating his breast and crying 'Ya Hasan, Ya Hussain!' until he falls half-dead, is a masterpiece, a little wanting in finish, as the author likes his work to appear, but containing a true and subtle thought admirably expressed. We doubt that Mr. Kipling will be canonized, like the Chinese girl of whom Sir Alfred Lyall writes, as being 'guiltless of a smile or any kind of levity;' but while he tells us these stories, we are willing to believe, as the Afghans did when they were vanquished by the wild Irish yell, that there is 'magic in the aforesaid song.' Did but the magician know where his strength lay, and not suffer any foolish Delilah of Bohemianism to shear away his locks! It is much less perilous for one who can interpret Eastern thought to keep by him 'that little silver talisman,' the Bisara of Pooree, which brings luck only when it is stolen, or even to be deceived in the 'House of Suddhoo,' by the ventriloquist speaking through dead lips, than to let the verdigris of our civilization eat into his soul. But this question has two faces, as we will endeavour to explain.

The painful quarrel which broke out when our last great exploring party returned from Central Africa, brought to the front a question as old as Lucullus and the Roman conquest of Asia; whether, viz., it is possible to retain the morality of home in a strange land, amid customs which, by their very existence, make it seem of no account. As old Cato says in Livy, speaking of the treasures 'looted' by the Roman generals, 'Plus horreo ne illæ magis res nos ceperint quam nos illas.' It was not a coward who, in Mr. Kipling's story, being set down to preach the Gospel far out of the track of Europeans, came back half distraught, crying, 'There is no God, but I have walked with the Devil.' Banishment, loneliness, and a vertical sun have worked strange alterations in the blood. Nor is it the 'gorgeous East' glittering like a cluster of jewels, that becomes an abiding vision with servants of the Crown who spend their days in fighting down fevers, keeping wild tribesmen in hand, administering the law which Hindu and Mussulman invoke against one another on the pretext of their holy religion, and waiting for a promotion they may never live to see. That they will do their duty is what England expects; and they do it. But frequently it kills, and sometimes it demoralizes them. 'The records,' Mr. Kipling says, 'are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a cultured white man,' are of no weight in comparison with 'carrying on the Queen's Government.' However, these things make excellent tragi-comedy, rising, when it pleases, to tragedy pure
and

and simple. The mixed style is, perhaps, the most effective in Mr. Kipling's hands; for he has a good deal of Charles Lamb's odd humour about him, and is capable of pulling a long face at a wedding breakfast and making a pun at a funeral, always with a vigour which clamours to be noticed. 'Thrown Away' is a fine stroke in this kind. There is a grotesqueness in the heart of the horror, not to be disentangled from it, any more than the blood can be washed from the dead boy's hair, who has shot himself at the first fence which the Indian life put in his way. The forged description of his end, the hysterical laughter of the two men who feel bound to write and send it home to England, and the false lock of hair put in with it, make a horrible truth, which might be called the burlesque of death and the grave. Yet the character of Hummil, who dies at his post, in the hot, uncomfortable story called 'At the End of the Passage,' is much more curiously conceived, and the colouring is as rare as it is sombre. Relaxing the moral fibre from a sense of duty, and going deliberately down into the madness which comes of overwrought nerves, because you are set to a given task and will not flinch from it, is a case of casuistry for which the books hold no solution. Hummil has made up his mind that he will 'wait till the Rains,' for the sake of a man named Burkett, whom he knows to be 'a selfish little beast,' the sort of numbskull who would insist on bringing his wife to a place where she must surely die. And he waits,—and commits suicide. 'Heaven send us understanding!' exclaims the kindly Spurstow as he turns from the dead body. It is a prayer to which the most refined casuist may say Amen. Doubtless, we should like to satisfy our curiosity in the matter of the photographic films which the doctor tore up. What was it that Hummil saw, and was fleeing from until he died? No one will ever know for certain,—not even Mr. Kipling. But no 'Kodak camera' would throw light upon the moral problem of which that unimaginable spectre was the token.

Again and again these tales put us in mind of the Romans in Asia, with their easy imperious ways, their taciturn greatness, their disdain for the 'dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed,' and of their immortal Gallio, 'deputy of Achaia,' to whom, as to the monk Gobind, all creeds were probably 'alike and colourless.' Perhaps, if we could read their letters and newspapers (for they had both), we should detect a fellow-feeling in the matter of slang and sarcasm, of banter and practical jokes, or, as Mrs. Hauksbee says, in 'the military man's knowledge of the world and style.' Whether the Roman, whose picked specimen of a soldier was the divine Julius, had quite

quite so much of the bluff schoolboy in him, may be open to question. He must always have been more susceptible, thanks to his Italian fibre, to the graces of human speech than our young barbarians, in whom knowledge of the world means an agreeable lowering of one's metaphors, and style a brevity of expression, which Mr. Kipling reproduces with enthusiastic fidelity. The general effect, as in Bret Harte's *Stories*, is an epic of adventures, told by Juba Bill or Truthful James, with the latest British idioms instead of Californian. The language is that which young men and women talk, when quite at their ease, with occasional lapses from courtesy; not uniformly vulgar, but the jargon of clubs, mess-rooms, dinner-tables, race-courses, and of a sort to illustrate M. de Talleyrand's famous saying, 'Aujourd'hui, tout le monde est canaille.' It is, perhaps, carrying the English dislike of pretence and parade a little too far, when, unless we see the speaker as well as hear him, we can hardly tell whether he is a jockey or a gentleman. One is constantly reminded of the witness who observed sentimentously in a late trial, that 'he had kept race-horses and they had kept him.' But Mr. Kipling draws men as he finds them, not altogether of a piece with the Romans in this respect. They are most like them, and forget their detestable slang, when dealing with the natives, as in the admirable episode of Yardley-Orde and Tallantire, 'The Head of the District,'—an object-lesson which ought to be read in all meetings of the British electorate, whenever Home Rule for India is brought forward amid cheers. Then they appear 'as stern, black-bearded kings,' with an instinct for holding subject races in the hollow of their hand, which drives them upon a clear speech untainted by vulgarisms; they become men, instead of boys, and put away the things of a boy, including his taste for what is slightly ignoble. And the native loyalty to them would have rejoiced the heart of Carlyle. These Indians like to be ruled by men who know how to handle a sword, and whose resources are inexhaustible when the very gods seem to be at their wits' end, and sacrifice is of no avail. It is not over such races that Babus who have passed the most satisfactory tests in language and literature can be sent as Deputy Commissioners. When the English in India cease to be the only ruling caste, and the Bengali takes to himself the honours of the Sahib, that day will mark the fall of our Eastern Empire. It is Mr. Kipling's conviction, which he enforces in this speaking parable with comic effect.

But, as we said, other perils attend our rule. 'East of Suez,' observes Mr. Kipling, 'some hold that the direct control of
Providence

Providence ceases; man is handed over to the gods and devils of Asia, which brings with it terrible uncertainty in his first principles. 'Is madness the normal condition of the Hindu populations?' asks a recent French traveller, M. Chevrillon, amazed at the sight of Benares during a festival; 'or is the European way of looking at things merely local and conventional?' This is a sort of questioning by which the fountains of the great deep are broken up. In Mr. Kipling's *Stories* it takes on almost the force of a sensation, so urgent and so unceasing is its presence. Even the thick-skinned recruits of the Line feel it,—as in that sultry story 'With the Main Guard,'—while Mulvaney, who is far from thick-skinned, asks, with an odd wistfulness, what possessed the English to conquer this 'melancholious country'? The women who have been exiled thither feel it, and are almost persuaded that rules which bind at home under anathema were never meant for Simla in the wet monsoon. Madness and suicide haunt the sunshine; and men like Strickland, who 'know as much of the natives as is good for any one,' do things which would ensure them permanent quarters in a lunatic asylum. And morality and religion, which in the primeval mythologies abounding on all sides have little in common, become cloudlike and monstrous, part company altogether at times, and float hither and thither as the wind drives them. Nothing but a faith in the ideal which can resist furnace-heat, will abide so searching a trial.

That faith Mr. Kipling may possess, but his books are often wanting in it. The evidence of his senses bewilders and staggers him; in the hurlyburly of events, the jumbling of characters, the disappointments of fortune, he seems to have lost all clue to their meaning. He can talk fluently, laugh, sing, dance, mimic young and old, catch everyone's accent, rattle off an amusing story with point and emphasis in five minutes, all to admiration; but if you ask him for a little wisdom to temper this amazing cleverness, he is baulked; and then he breaks out into another story. There is ever so much good-nature in his composition, but hardly any light. The effect of his Eastern bringing up is not indifference, but a helpless pessimism. The 'blind face that cries and can't wipe its eyes,'—well, whether it laughs at intervals or no, it is a sorry spectacle, and not human; and it is the face of Dick Helder in Mr. Kipling's one story that is more than a sketch, 'The Light that Failed.' For 'The Naulakha' stands on an entirely different footing. Here we may learn as much of his philosophy as will enable us to judge of its depth and power.

It

It is a romance with a double-ending,—a kind of two-headed nightingale, one of whose tongues utters a pleasant last chapter to atone for the sadness of the rest; while the other, disdainful of so inartistic a makeshift, boldly tells us that in a bad world we must expect things to be horrible, and that a hero who began like Dick Helder could never have come to wedding-bells and happiness ever after. The dark ending is certainly the right one, if we take the young man's spirit as it comes forth from the hands of Mr. Kipling. Whether it is true to life outside these volumes, we will consider presently.

That Mr. Kipling had the art of writing short stories as well as Hawthorne, Edgar Poe, or Bret Harte, was clear from the first. But the world felt curious to learn if, as M. Bentzon puts it, he could 'turn the page' with the same skill. Thus far the answer is disappointing. Although 'The Light that Failed' runs only to a volume, it is one of those novels which threaten to break down at the end of every chapter. It has few personages, and its incidents may be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. Take away the conversations which do not help on the story, and it would shrink to less than a hundred pages. The narrative does not flow; it is never 'in a concatenation accordingly.' One portion seems to be cut off from another by hard outlines; and so little is the interest sustained, that when Maisie drops out of the scene, we are almost at a loss to remember how she came into it. Her appearance or disappearance—as those who have criticized the happier ending perceive—could not alter the real *dénouement*, the causes of which lie deep in Dick's character, and in the cut over the head which he received from the Mahdi's spearman. 'The Light that Failed' is a dish of highly-seasoned fragments, served up with a deal of sarcastic commentary on life as it is lived in Bohemia.

It has, therefore, none but the merits with which we are now familiar; the touch, as Torpenhow would observe, is known, and the air of originality has worn away. Of scene-painting there is enough, but we will not add 'and to spare,' since it is always in the best style of workmanship as Mr. Kipling understands it, massive and brutal, with high reliefs and deep shadows. The first pages are as full of dust and powder as a march through the desert, in spite of the love-making down by the sea, which is their theme. As for Dick Helder himself, he has been caught up bodily, like the Prince in the Arabian tale, out of a gloomy sketch of child-life in which he was nicknamed 'Black Sheep,' and was tyrannized over by a religious
aunt.

aunt. He now appears nearly as miserable under the yoke of Mrs. Jennet, who is of the same persuasion as Aunt Rosa was. Instead of his little sister 'Ju,' who clung to him with intense affection, although she was learning to be pious in her aunt's ghoulish manner, he is given the companion called Maisie—as odd a creation, certainly, as ever stepped out of a novelist's brain complete. She resembles the goddess Minerva in more respects than her origin; for she, too, expends her passion on the Fine Arts, and declines to be worshipped for her womanly charms. Her Medusa-head is the lay-figure in her studio, and the paint-box which she misuses supplies her with defensive snakes. But Maisie is quite as much of a heathen as Dick himself. Neither of them has the slightest belief in the Power to which Mrs. Jennet offers her oblations; and they abstain resolutely from thoughts of their own concerning the next world, or the meaning of the present one. Dick is cast out upon his own resources, discovers that he can draw, and, in the language which Mr. Kipling prefers to employ wherever possible, 'loafs' about the world sketching until he meets his luck at Suakim. There he is thrown across Torpenhow, a war-correspondent who seems to have inherited some of his qualities from a certain George Warrington, in a tolerably well-known book called 'Pendennis.' But we hasten to add that Mr. Kipling has done Thackeray's stoical hero no more hurt than was inevitable, considering his methods. Torpenhow, though an unfinished sketch and slightly built, is the most likeable figure in this dusty volume. He buys Dick cheap for a syndicate (we are in the thick of modern business), and they find in no long time the 'austere love of friendship' growing up between them. Dick follows his trade of picturesque description at the sword's point; he is wounded in action, has brain fever, and, being patched up somehow, makes his way to London. He has achieved the success of a day or an hour, and can command his price. But while he and Torpenhow are living together in haphazard fashion, discussing the arts which they severally practise, and satirizing the public which would like to ruin them by paying for their worst work instead of their best, Dick catches sight of Maisie, and the unnecessary troubles of his career begin. For he chooses to cultivate the 'demonic passion' which George Eliot says is not so common as people fancy, while Maisie is devoted to a god who is as deaf to her prayers as she is to Dick's. The young man could love as well as paint; Maisie could do neither: she was a consummate futility, ignorant of her own limitations; and the result might have been deplorable had not this smaller 'depression,' as the
Weather

Weather Office calls it, been absorbed in one of infinitely larger dimensions. For Dick's head was never rightly mended, and his eyes began to trouble him with visions of flaming wheels and yellow spots. He consulted a famous oculist. 'Blindness in a year,' said that great authority, 'provided you keep clear of strain and worry; otherwise, I cannot tell how soon.' That was an announcement compared with which the loss of Maisie signified hardly more than the tumbling of a child's house of cards. It is possible to believe that Dick was heroically in love, a Romeo caught yesterday out of the crowd; but impossible not to see that the bride whom he wooed with consuming passion was his art, and not the young lady who botched her drawings. The scene which follows on this judgment of the wise man has been praised in superlatives for its analysis of Dick's agony and bewilderment. Then, truly—

‘Ueber seinem schuld'gen Haupte bricht
Das schöne Bild der ganzen Welt zusammen.’

And poor Dick, it would seem at first blush, is not so guilty neither. For what has he done that his very reason for living in this hard world should be suddenly wiped out? He never has really 'made a joke of things,' and now he is cut down like one of the people. Torpenhow has been persuaded to take himself away from temptation of an ignoble kind, and Dick has only the dog Binkie to comfort him, and the wretched London waif, Bessie Broke, to sit for a model while he paints his ghastly and triumphant Melancolia. What shall he do? Avoid 'strain and worry,' or 'double the stakes and go on,' drinking brandy to give himself a spell of clear eyesight? He doubles the stakes and works with the fever of death in his veins; every morning is to him 'le dernier jour d'un condamné.' But the Melancolia, with the devil's grimace on her lips, at length flames out from the canvas, 'the likeness of a woman who had known all the sorrow in the world and was laughing at it.' Straightway our realist heaps coincidences one upon another: Torpenhow comes back on the day that the picture is finished; and in the moment of his perfect success, Dick falls totally blind, and Bessie makes irretrievable havoc of the Melancolia. Nothing is left except that Maisie should fulfil her part, and turn helplessly from the lunatic, who assures her that a wretched daub is his masterpiece. The characters now fall out of the play mechanically, as at a given signal. Dick sees no reason why he should go on living in a blind chaos, without heart or hope. The Christian faith, apparently, is as little to him as if it had never been preached; it does not touch Dick at all. He

He contrives to get away to the Soudan once more, and a kindly bullet brings down the curtain.

We find it difficult to characterize this work of a young and aspiring writer in the terms which we think it deserves. The task which Mr. Kipling has set himself is a perfectly fair one, to delineate with force and accuracy the doom which Dick's artistic pride, and Maisie's equally artistic selfishness, have brought down on them. Yet we feel amazed at the handling, and cannot help asking ourselves whether in the very mirk of midnight into which the story descends, carrying its personages along with it, a poet of the first rank would not have allowed us to perceive some far-off dawn of hope. This is Pagan tragedy, not Christian, and therefore, we make bold to say, not so human by a great deal as it ought to be. There *was* a happier *dénouement*,—not the transformation of Maisie into a loving woman, which would have been nothing to the purpose, yet rescue for the man whose light was within. 'Tine heart, tine a', says the Scotch proverb. Dick lost heart because, from the beginning, he thought only of himself, and looked upon his painting as a private ambition which was to make him master of the things he coveted. Great artists have seen deeper into the purpose for which they are endowed above their fellows. We do not sympathize heartily with Dick in the days of his vulgar success; and the punishment which follows is more like retribution than like Nemesis. What kind of a hero would the triumphant artist have been? Not an ideal figure, we conceive. Had he been cast more nobly, blindness itself would have lent him a pathos which not all the sordid wretchedness preceding his death can now awaken. Unless we have quite surrendered our belief that in the direst catastrophe there is a way of redemption,—and it is a creed which Goethe held,—we must allow that this disheartening story is set in too low a key. It is told by no 'friend of gods and men,' who can lift the most sorrowful things into clear radiance, where they shine though besprent with tears. We can find in it nowhere the 'point of rest,' the 'waters serene and luminous,' which in a true poet's vision are never wanting. Dick Helder might have given us a hint, even in his worst agony, of 'le dédain de la chose immortelle' for the storms of time and fate which whirl him along; he might have known, like all heroic souls, that they were tempests outside him, and could not touch his true life. His despair, we cannot but affirm, was unmanly; but then it was the inevitable conclusion from that blindness of spirit which we take to have been his original sin.

A blindness not uncommon, indeed, and compatible with many

many sorts of bodily vision, with a large colour-sense, and the power of drawing figures admirably, so long as we do not ask for creatures with a divine light in them. As we sum up our estimate of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we are reminded, not quite accidentally, of the youthful Heine, with his determined self-assertion, and the success which came to him so early. For Mr. Kipling, too, has given us his volumes of 'Reisebilder,'—pictures of travel through a wider world, unconventional, daring, and saturnine,—his grotesques and his caricatures, with a flash into verse now and again, hinting that upon him also has descended the 'Welt-Schmerz,' the pain of existence, which will not suffer him to rest. But Heine was a born poet, to whom the spiritual world of ideas lay open, and the forked lightning which he darted upon the heads of friends and enemies could not hide his quivering heart, sensitive as that of a woman, or a saint, to the tenderest chords of the spirit which breathes its music through the great whispering tree of existence. He was an Ariel imprisoned in the cloven pine, waiting, and sobbing while he waited, for the magician that with heavenly art should set him free.

Such a comparison may teach us what Mr. Kipling cannot do, unless he betters his philosophy, or goes back to the native experiences which brought out his gift of sympathy in its most persuasive form. It is possible, as children say, to be 'too clever by half.' Wit, however brilliant, never made a supreme artist; and sarcasm needs a great fund of moral indignation to sustain it. In Mr. Kipling's humour, in his hearty good fellowship with the Mulvaney and the Learoyds, in his regard for children and knowledge of their ways and their prattle, in the rough banter even which expresses after the shy English fashion a great deal of kindness, and in his liking for the rude figures of clay which he is moulding into shape, we discern the susceptible nature, which has created two or three characters, and improvised more than one scene, that we should be sorry to lose. But his violence is not poetical strength, nor will the doors of the spiritual, the ideal world open by shaking them never so rudely. The battles of Art are won by more subtle methods than the *pas de charge*. It is significant of the author's limitations that he has not drawn a single female character which we can admire. And no less so, that we should hesitate to put his stories into the hands of a woman, however accomplished; as neither do we think that the best women (and we mean such as have brains) would feel any pleasure in reading them. Mr. Kipling has been charged with an excessive brutality in dealing with his feminine *dramatis personæ*. But he has an overweening faith in these rough methods,

methods, which leads M. Bentzon to remind his Parisian audience that England is the country where 'l'inhumain pugilat,' or the art of boxing, still flourishes. With advantage Mr. Kipling might now exchange the gloves, let us say, in which he has shown himself so notable a proficient, for the more civilized foils, and allow the manners of his lively puppets to become a little less ferocious. It is to be hoped that he will do so. He has rivalled Schiller's early fame, and in much the same department; for 'The Robbers' is no more genuine a product of 'storm and stress,' than 'The Light that Failed,' and many of the 'Tales from the Hills.' Yet we do not feel sure that Mr. Kipling would choose to follow the German poet in his upward march towards the *templa serena* of philosophy. He seems to be persuaded that in experience alone there is wisdom. But the story in which he and the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier combined their knowledge of East and West, while it equals in curious and picturesque drawing the earlier Indian work, shows an almost preternatural helplessness, the moment it touches upon the inner chords of sentiment. Tarvin, the hero, remains a childlike American for all his devices; Katie is as wooden as Maisie; and Sabbatai has been borrowed from Mr. Haggard's African Epics.

But Sainte-Beuve will assure us that all the experience upon which even Balzac drew is not sufficient to create a lasting work of genius. There must be, in addition, the sense of the ideal order in things, the inward light, by which an artist sees, not a weltering chaos strewn with shipwrecks, but the drift and purpose, the divine aim of the passions, the incidents, the characters across which experience brings him. And that was Goethe's conviction, too. As a Russian lyrist has beautifully written, 'The poet does not sting the heart like a serpent; he sucks it like a bee.' The storm-wind blows the leaves of the book of fate to and fro, but the artist has still a glimpse of the writing, and it is not incoherent, nor a message of despair from the nether deeps. Of all undertakings, surely none is more hopeless than, with Heine in his wild days, to put on the 'little Aristophanes,' mistaking the 'effervescence of animal spirits' for a fine gift of irony which can play with life like a foot-ball. Frivolity, as Dick Heldar's 'Melancolia' teaches, is the last word of Pessimism. There is no cure for it except surrender to the ideal,—to some creed which is powerful enough to overcome even the murderous egoism of the battle-field, and to bear up against the catastrophes of self-love. Without such, the artist may improvise cleverly for the moment, he may amuse the human animal where it lies, replete and
idle,

idle, with his mimicry of the sensuous past; but, in the end, Hyde will get the upper hand of Jekyll, and the man sink down into a brute once for all. Mr. Kipling has the sympathetic humour, as well as the vivid touch, that have led many to see in him another Dickens. Some of his verses, too, have a fire in them, which may one day burn up into clear flame. But Dickens went on enlarging his horizon by an indomitable belief in the kindliness and the justice which he discerned at the heart of things. If he is to have a successor, the way is open. That, however, remains to be seen; and it will depend on the subordination of other qualities, however brilliant, to a belief in the best things about God and man. The finest art is full of light and hope. But as Joubert says—

‘With the fever of the senses, the delirium of the passions, the weakness of the spirit; with the storms of the passing time and with the great scourges of humanity,—hunger, thirst, dishonour, disease, and death,—authors may go on as long as they will making novels which shall harrow up our hearts; but the soul says all the while, “You hurt me.”’

We would recommend that passage to Mr. Kipling's earnest meditation.

ART. VI.—1. *The History of the University of Dublin, from its Foundation to the end of the Eighteenth Century.* By John William Stubbs, D.D., Senior Fellow of Trinity College. Dublin, 1889.

2. *The Book of Trinity College.* Dublin, 1892.

STANDING midway between medieval and modern Universities, Dublin has an origin and history all her own.

The more ancient Universities, whose early history is so intimately bound up with the ecclesiastical régime of the Middle Ages, owe none the less their direct origin to a failure of that régime in its monastic and cathedral schools to provide guides to the regions of knowledge revealed by a widening intellectual horizon. The first teaching bodies at Salerno and Bologna were established, the one to further the study of medicine, the other of civil law. Such independent seats of secular knowledge were at first regarded with suspicion by the Roman See as likely to prove dangerous to the interests of religion, and it was only when the importance of these early guilds of learning was recognized that they were encouraged and patronised by ecclesiastical authority. This patronage of a powerful Church, which threw over the Universities the ægis of religion, was their best protection in the troublous feudal times; without it a class other than that of fighting men would have had small reverence done it, and the young academies, far from acquiring the influence they gradually gathered to themselves, might not even have survived. Our own English Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, afforded a quiet retreat in days of violence and insecurity to the scholar and man of peace. 'Whispering from their towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages,' they link the present with each epoch of the past since Chaucer and his pilgrims rode to Canterbury, and retain, in traditions, in constitution, and in architecture, the marks of each succeeding phase and movement in English thought and action.

The University of Dublin has no claim to the veneration due to foundations like these, whose origin is almost lost in the mists of a remote antiquity; but for three centuries she has looked down on College Green, the scene of the greater events in the story of Ireland. The schools of Ireland had, indeed, been famous as far back as the times of Charlemagne, whose teacher, Alcuin, in his *Life of a celebrated missionary*, Willibrord by name, mentions his many years of study in Ireland, 'inter eximios simul piæ religionis et sacræ lectionis magistros.' The more renowned seminaries were those of
Armagh,

Armagh, Clonard, and Ross. Down to the twelfth century the reputation of the Irish scholars stood high. Osburn, a Canterbury monk, records his impression of their learning, 'Hibernos, quia quod aliis bona voluntas in consuetudinem hoc illis consuetudo vertit in naturam. Quorum multi atque illustres viri divinis ac sæcularibus literis nobiliter eruditi sunt.'

Several attempts were made before the sixteenth century to establish in Ireland a national academy for the promotion of the benefits of education among its people. A Bull of Pope Clement V. had provided for the 'foundation of a University for scholars in Dublin' in the year 1312, in pursuance of an ecclesiastical plan which proved unsuccessful. A University in connexion with the Cathedral of St. Patrick's was founded later in the fourteenth century by Alexander de Bicknor, and the foundation was ratified by Pope John XXII. and favoured by Edward III.; but from various causes, chiefly from the difficulty of obtaining the funds necessary for its support, this, the only educational institution of the kind in Ireland at this period, also failed to achieve success.

In December of the year 1591 Queen Elizabeth gave her consent to the proposal that 'a College for learning whereby knowledge and civility might be increased' should be founded in Dublin. The Monastery of All Hallows, near the city, founded in 1166 by Dermot McMurrrough, King of Leinster, and granted with its possessions to the Corporation, on the dissolution of all such establishments by Henry VIII., was at this time a ruin. Terminable leases had been given to various persons of the buildings and grounds of the old Augustinian house. Archbishop Loftus, a man of the world who had dexterously contrived to combine in his own person most of the high offices of State in the country, exerted himself in favour of the proposed University. Influenced by an address of this prelate, in which he conveyed to the Corporation the Queen's design respecting 'the erection of a University of good literature in the kingdom,' the Mayor summoned a convention of the citizens, and the meadow and orchard of the Priory, with the buildings which were still standing, were voted as a site for the College which was to be the '*mater Universitatis*.' The tradition, that during the building of the College no rain fell except during the night, is recorded in Fuller's 'Church History,' as vouched for to the author by several credible witnesses.

At the close of the century which gave to England her maritime supremacy by the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and her intellectual supremacy in Shakespeare and his contemporaries,

poraries, Ireland was little more than the battle-ground of the Desmonds and O'Neills. Her glory of the days when she was mother of saints had departed, and it seemed for a time far from improbable that the Elizabethan institution would share the fate of its predecessors. A happy fortune preserved it during the precarious days of infancy, and until its roots had struck fast and far into the soil. The same dangers threatened this scion of English oak which had withered the plants set in the interests of religion and watered by words of papal approbation. During the early years of its existence the College suffered from want of funds sufficient to carry on its work, despite the contributions from private persons towards its support, and the grants from the royal revenues in Ireland. The rebellion of Tyrone rendered it impossible to obtain the rents from the province of Munster, where much of the College property was situated, and but for the special grants just mentioned the College must have closed its doors. These consisted of 'a concordatum of forty pounds per annum, and an allowance of six *morte payes* out of such charges as should be imposed on her Majesty's army,' and were renewed and confirmed by the Earl of Essex, the University Chancellor, when Lord Lieutenant. Elizabeth continued to show her interest in her own foundation by a fresh endowment in 1598 of two hundred pounds yearly under the privy seal; and James I. followed her example, when the importance of the College increased, endowing it with estates in the province of Ulster, and settling upon it a pension of four hundred pounds a year in addition to the gifts already made.

The small quadrangle of the Elizabethan College, with its buildings of red brick surmounted on the north by the steeple, which had been a part of the Aroasian Priory, was distinguished by no architectural splendour. It was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that the Library, the first of the present great buildings, was erected. Before that date the work of the University was carried on in buildings destitute of any special dignity or grace, and the exterior gave little token of the value of that work. The Irish sister of the great English Universities possesses none of that subtle charm which cloister and tower and tracery give to their ancient Colleges; but the severe dignity of the great pile of her Halls and Library and the decorated grace of her Schools, perhaps the most successful of modern buildings, make her the chief ornament of a city unsurpassed by any in the United Kingdom for architectural majesty.

The beginning of the vast collection in the Library, which
now

now obtains since 1801 by Act of Parliament a copy of every work published in Great Britain, marks a period of comparative quiet in the history of Ireland. The rebellion in Munster had been put down, and the Spaniards had been driven from Kinsale. As a memorial of their victory the English army subscribed seven hundred pounds for the purchase of books to be presented to the College. Luke Challoner and James Ussher, the great prelate and friend of Charles I., to whom we shall have occasion again to refer, were entrusted with the money, and were sent as delegates to England to procure suitable books. An interesting circumstance in connexion with this mission was the meeting of the representatives of the Dublin University with Sir Thomas Bodley, who was at that time purchasing books for the Oxford library which bears his name. Brereton, the Parliamentary general, records a visit to the library of Trinity College in 1635: 'They glory much in their library, whereof I took a full view, and there were showed unto me many manuscripts; one they highly esteem, which they call Friar Bacon's work.' Grants from the Irish House of Commons on several occasions were of great assistance in extending the library, which in 1661 was once more enriched through the generosity of the officers and soldiers of the army in Ireland. They became the purchasers of Ussher's library, which, originally intended for presentation to the College, had been confiscated by Parliament on the Primate's refusal to attend the Westminster Assembly of Divines; and although restored to him by his friend John Selden, who bought the books as if for his own use, they were eventually bequeathed to Lady Tyrrel, since Ussher, having fallen upon evil days, could make no other provision for his daughter. These books, together with a collection of manuscripts and coins, had been bought for 22,000*l.*; but Cromwell refused to allow the gift to be disposed of according to the wish of the donors, alleging his intention to found a new College, where the books might be placed. Ussher's library therefore was deposited in Dublin Castle, and so neglected that very many books and MSS. were stolen or destroyed. At the Restoration an order of the House of Commons transferred the remainder to their rightful owners. The generosity, spontaneous and magnanimous, on the part of the English soldiery in the interests of education, displayed on the above-mentioned occasions, is, we believe, unique in history.

Of the student life of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries the records are slight. If we are to judge of the character of the undergraduates from the nature and causes

causes of the punishments inflicted upon them, we shall find a curious and almost pathetic resemblance to the emancipated schoolboy of to-day. The student of the sixteenth century showed a preference for the amusements and alehouses of the town to the College sermons and the lectures of the Catechist; and for playing at cards 'in the porter's lodging under the steeple' to attendance upon the usual necessary declamation. He escaped temporarily from College discipline by climbing the wall, and was fined for breaking the Provost's or a Fellow's windows. We are recalled to the fact that he was a student of three hundred years ago, when we read that he was occasionally punished by confinement in the stocks during supper-time, or had a public whipping administered to him at 'Corrections.'*

The lectures of the time, always delivered in Latin, comprised prelections upon Divinity, Philosophy (chiefly, we imagine, scholastico-Aristotelian), and Astronomy (the Ptolemaic system). The study of Mathematics, in the pursuit of which science the Fellows of Trinity afterwards achieved so much distinction, seems to have been at this period almost completely neglected, and it was not until the reign of Henry Cromwell as Chancellor that any attention was paid to it.

The first public Commencements were held about eight years after the issue of the Charter. An account of the ceremony on the occasion of the conferring of degrees, a much more imposing function then than now, appears in a work published in Dublin, entitled '*Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*.' The disputations, which were an essential part of the proceedings, were held in the high choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and there proceeded to degrees Doctors, Masters, and Bachelors, in all thirty-eight graduates. Hampton, the Primate, a Cambridge man who had been incorporated into the University of Dublin, officiated as the Senior Doctor and Moderator, in the presence of the Lord Deputy, the Lord Chancellor, and other great officials of State. Latin orations seem to have been the order of the day, the last of which, delivered by the Lord Primate, 'contained a long discourse in which he administered to the new doctors in divinity four

* An order was given at Dublin Castle in February 1636, forbidding tavern or inn keepers to allow a student to make any stay without notifying the Provost, or to run a score against him or take anything in pawn from him. In May 1638 we read the order that a certain Elizabeth Jones, tavern keeper, was found guilty and condemned 'for her offence to stand fined in 40*l*. to his Majesty, and to stand on a market-day at the Market Cross from 9 till 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and a paper on her head with these words written thereon: "For harbouring a Collegian contrary to the Act of State;" which part of this order, for her standing at the said Cross, the Sheriffs of this city are required to see executed.' (Appendix to Dr. Stubbs's '*Hist. of Univ. of Dublin*.)
academical

academical consequences, which here do follow in order: 1. He set them in his chair. 2. He gave them square caps. 3. He delivered to them the Bible. 4. He put rings upon their fingers.' The customs here detailed may be compared with the usage on like occasions in Bologna. The ancient usage was to give each Doctor a hat, a book, a ring, and a kiss. The graduation ceremony in the Scotch Universities still retains the 'capping' of the recipients of degrees. Ussher was one of the three graduates who proceeded to the higher degree upon this occasion. His is the first great name on the roll of Trinity College; and that he was able to lay there the foundation of the profound erudition for which his name is remembered argues well for the methods and acquirements of his masters. For some years after the establishment of the Irish College, the Provosts and sometimes the Fellows were chosen from among Oxford and Cambridge Dons. From this circumstance came the usage, still in existence, which permits graduates of Dublin to become members of the two English Universities without further residence or academical exercises, a privilege which is of course reciprocal.

With the accession of James I., who, whatever may be said of his strength or weakness as a king, was a generous patron of learning, the University became possessed of several important rights. In 1613 he conferred upon it the valuable privilege of returning two members to Parliament. The Act of Union reduced the University representation to one member, and the original right was not restored until the reign of William IV. The Parliamentary representation has throughout been a distinguished one. Sir James Ware, the author of the '*Antiquities of Ireland*,' Molyneux, the friend of Locke, Hussey Burgh, afterwards Baron of the Exchequer, Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, William Conyngham, Lord Plunket, the patriotic statesman who was Grattan's able ally against Castlereagh, and John Wilson Croker, who held office under the English Government, have represented the constituency.* King James, while favouring the Universities in his realm, was intolerant of dissent. His rule in Ireland did much to foster the bitterness of religious animosity, and to prevent that fusion among the better educated classes without which no settlement of the political problem offered for solution in Ireland is or can become possible. There is little doubt that the intention of Queen Elizabeth and her advisers with respect to the University in Dublin was, that it should be a thoroughly national institu-

* Three members of the present Government are graduates of Trinity College.
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tion. Provisions were made for the education of the 'natives,' as they were called, to distinguish them from the English settlers of the pale, and lectures in the Irish language were provided in order that such as were ignorant of English might not be thereby excluded from the culture of the University. It is indeed probable that the real object of all these provisions was the conversion of such Roman Catholic students as might avail themselves of the educational advantages afforded them; but that the College was designed to be a school for the whole country is, we think, indisputable. The resolution of James to show no clemency to Roman Catholics in any part of his kingdom rendered at once nugatory all attempts to give a wider basis to higher education in Ireland. It is always difficult to determine with any sort of precision what might have resulted had a certain course of action been taken at a certain crisis; but Trinity College would, we think, have acted wisely and in its own interests had all religious tests and disabilities been abolished with the Restoration, or rather never put into force. The governing body is not indeed to be censured in this matter, for the government of the College has been external to it, and in all essential particulars vested in the Executive and Legislature of the country. The Puritan principles of the early Provosts, the first five of whom were from Cambridge, may have had much to do with the formation of the narrow sectarian character of the house. Sir William Temple, who became Provost in 1609, had complaints lodged against him for appearing in chapel without a surplice, and much dissatisfaction was felt and expressed by the Anglican party about the Puritanism of which this was an indication. Temple devoted himself to the endeavour to reform the constitution and statutes, so as to place the management in the hands of the Senior Fellows, making a distinction that had not before existed; and in general to make all the University regulations approximate, as nearly as was possible, to those of Cambridge.

The only other matter which ought to be mentioned in connexion with Temple's Provostship is the mission which he undertook to England to procure separate charters for the University and College, which down to the present time have never been distinguished. It is a common error to suppose that the ancient, and therefore presumably orthodox, type of a University is that afforded by Oxford and Cambridge,—the union of several Colleges under one Chancellor representing a central government. The Academies of Paris and Bologna did not provide for the students who frequented them any houses of residence; and in Ireland, as in the English centres of learning, the

the organization of the University, whether prior to or following on the erection of Colleges, was absolutely distinct from and independent of all such private teaching houses. Probably, therefore, in the constitution of the University of Dublin, which consists but of one College, that of 'sacrosanctæ et individuae Trinitatis,' we have the most exact reproduction of the *Studium Generale* of the Middle Ages. At all events the criticism which has been directed against this academy of a single College flies wide, because urged on the strength of a false analogy. However desirable the system of higher education may be, which in a diversity of parts retains an unmistakable individuality, no charge can with reason be made against Dublin because she has not increased the number of her halls of residence. The attempt to change her constitution thus made by her early heads, who each conceived that his own *Alma Mater* was the most perfect type, and who were anxious to mould the Irish University after the same fashion, all ended in failure. A Trinity Hall, opened in 1617, served as a place of residence and tutorial instruction for members of the University until the Rebellion of 1641, when it fell into a neglected and ruinous condition, and was soon afterwards occupied by Dr. John Stearne, who received permission to repair and use the building as a meeting-place for the use of physicians. This was the beginning of the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, for which a charter was obtained after the Restoration. On the suppression of the Carmelite Seminary of Jesuits by Lord Ely in 1630, their possessions and hall were handed over to the Fellows of Trinity College, who remodelled them and named them the New College. A Rector was appointed and lectures were given, which, we are told, 'the Lords Justices often countenanced with their presence.' This hall had also but brief tenure of existence, and was eventually reconverted by Strafford to its original purpose as a 'Mass-house.' Some similar efforts, coming later, to extend the University in this way met with the same ill success; and since the reign of Charles II. the authorities of Dublin University have ceased to think seriously of assimilating that institution to the English model.

In Provost Bedell's registry for the 29th of August, 1629, we find the entry '*Sir Springham said to keep a hawk.*' This somewhat elliptical sentence, suggestive of contempt of College discipline on Sir Springham's part, has to be read as a note of luxurious and censurable extravagance. The almost monastic severity of the regulations not only forbade any luxury however moderate, but even discouraged recreations and all out-of-door sports as frivolous occupations, indulgence in which was not compatible

compatible with progress in the graver pursuits of the place. The College day seems to have been very fully occupied with morning and evening prayers, meals, and lectures. The lectures, indeed, were necessarily very numerous; for, owing to the scarcity of books and the inadequacy of preparatory schools, the greater mass of the students must have depended largely upon oral instruction for whatever knowledge they obtained during the undergraduate course, which comprised, in addition to the usual subjects, a study of the elements more properly acquired before matriculation. Occasionally it appears that dramatic performances were permitted, as the following entry in the Register shows: 'The Senior Sophisters exercise dominion over the Junior Sort, this Christmas, a comedy acted by them, and a play by the Bachelors.'

Almost from the first the College seems to have been supported by the nobler families of the country, who entered their sons there in preference to sending them to England. Strafford, when Lord Deputy, set the example by entering his two sons in 1637; Lucius Cary, afterwards Lord Falkland, graduated in Dublin in the days of his father's Viceroyalty; while many other notable names are to be found in the College register of these its early days. From the first, too, students in considerable numbers crossed over from Wales and the English counties lying nearer to Ireland. A note in Temple's hand gives in one year of his provostship the following particulars as to the membership of the College:—Irish by birth, 44; Irish by habitation, 16; Irish Fellow Commoners and Pensioners, 18; strangers of Derbyshire, 12; strangers of Cheshire, 8. Boys from all the great English schools are now to be found on the books of Trinity College. Much perplexity exists in the minds of most Englishmen as to the University system in Ireland, and the degrees of the Dublin University are often confused with those of the examining board of the Royal University, —an institution due to Lord Cairns, which may be said to hold the same position in Ireland as the London University in England. The mistake is fostered by the adoption on the part of the Royal University of the academic costume of Dublin.

An interesting episode of Temple's period connects the College with the Papal Inquisition. In the manuscript records of the Inquisition, brought from Italy to France at the close of the last century and preserved in the library of Trinity College, appears the statement of a certain Thaddæus O'Farrihy, a Roman Catholic priest, who voluntarily gave himself up to the Court for the reasons which will appear in the following extract
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in the translation (from the original Latin) of the late Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University, Dr. Gibbings :—

‘I am the offspring of Catholic parents ; and as I was brought up, so to the present time I have lived in a Catholic manner : but two years ago from the month of April, I entered the College of Heretics in the City of Dublin in Ireland, on account of poverty ; and I was received, because I signified to the Heads of that College that I would follow their Sect or Religion ; saying also that I was a Catholic Priest. Wherefore they received me kindly, and supported me, so that I was in want of nothing ; and they instructed me in the doctrine of a certain author Ramus, in the Science of Logic, which author is a Heretic ; and I used to be present at their sermons and prayers ; and in all respects I lived outwardly according to their custom ; and I continued in the said College during the space of about ten months, eating flesh on every day without distinction ; neither celebrating Mass, nor hearing it, and not confessing my sins sacramentally.’ *

For this scandalous sojourn in the tents of wickedness, O’Farrihy was sentenced by the Holy Office to visit seven Privileged Altars, to fast on Fridays upon bread and water for three years, and once in the week to recite the Seven Penitential Psalms.

When the Chancellorship of the University became vacant in 1633 by the death of Archbishop Abbot, Ussher, then Primate, strongly urged the appointment of Laud. From Ussher, Laud learnt that the ‘College was as ill-governed as any in Christendom,’ and that the Fellows were ‘so heady a company that the Provost [Robert Ussher] ; albeit a very honest man and one that minded the good of the House, was of too soft and gentle a disposition to rule them.’

Accordingly Laud became Chancellor ; Provost Ussher, heartily glad to be relieved of his office, was made Bishop of Kildare ; and William Chappel, formerly Fellow of Christ’s College, Cambridge, was appointed to the place. Chappel was Milton’s College tutor, and had acquired a great reputation as a logician. He seems, indeed, to have been a formidable opponent in syllogistic warfare, for an account of Commencements in Cambridge, at which James I. was present, records ‘that Dr. Roberts, of Trinity College, being respondent in St. Maries, this Mr. Chappel opposed him so close and subtilly, that the Doctor, not being able to unloose the arguments, fell into a swooning in the pulpit, so as the King, to hold up the Commencement, undertook to maintain

* Extract from ‘The Holy Office’s Book of those appearing voluntarily in the year 1628,’ fol. 929.

the thesis, which Mr. Chappel, by his syllogisms, prest so home, *ut rex palam gratias ageret deo, quod opponens ei fuisset subditus, non alteri; alias potuisset in suspicionem adduci perinde throno suo atque cathedro submoveri debuisset.** ‘This kind of subtlety,’ says Dr. Mahaffy,† commenting upon the years of misery following Chappel’s nomination, ‘may have enabled him to reconcile his various breaches of statute with his sworn obligations.’

The constant quarrels between Provost and Fellows, and the complaints made against Chappel, which led eventually to a Parliamentary enquiry into his conduct, fill up the years during which he presided over the College. Those complaints were of a serious character. It was alleged ‘that he put back the natives which ought to be preferred to Scholarship or Fellowship, and before and after fetched in strangers of his pupils in Cambridge and others of his purpose, though less learned, and preferred them to the Fellowships and offices in the College and government, though less worthy than the natives.’ It was also asserted that, in addition to dispensing with the mathematical and Hebrew lectures, he abolished the Professorship of Irish, originally intended to be one of the most important of all, and finally that the College property was so mismanaged at his hands as to suffer serious diminution.

The Commons, after investigation of these charges, voted *nemine contradicente* that the ‘proceedings of the Rev. William Chappel, late Provost of Trinity, are great grievances, and fit to receive redress.’ This motion was carried in the June of 1641, in October of which year the Irish Rebellion broke suddenly and fiercely forth, giving to the Government more serious matter for deliberation than even the mismanagement or spoliation of the University. Chappel fled to England, like many other Englishmen who held positions in Ireland, and did not return, even when in 1647 the Parliament before its dissolution by Cromwell found time for further orders and investigations in connexion with the charges mentioned above.

Laud’s Chancellorship was productive of a complete revision of the statutes, undertaken at the request of Strafford, whose dealings with Trinity College were throughout to its advantage, although, as might be expected from the character of the man, arbitrary and interfering. By the new constitution, which was afterwards embodied in a charter of Charles I., one of the more important changes introduced was the reservation to the Crown of the right of nominating the Provost, a privilege till then

* Borlase’s ‘Reduction of Ireland.’

† ‘The Book of Trinity College,’ p. 30.

enjoyed by the Fellows. The tenure of Fellowship was increased from seven years to an optional tenure for life, and the curriculum was almost entirely remodelled. The legislation by Laud under his master, Charles, although many of the clauses were framed with the intention of excluding Roman Catholics, and in this direction therefore ill-advised, has stood the test of time, and Trinity College is still governed in the main by the letters patent obtained in this reign.

The Cromwellian operations in Ireland of a tempest-like and devastating kind did not greatly affect the fortunes of the College. A Dr. Winter was appointed, when the Marquis of Ormonde surrendered Dublin to the Commissioners of the Parliament, to carry on the work of the institution under the Chancellorship of Henry Cromwell. If we except the substitution of the Directory for the Liturgy, a certain devoutness of life on the part of the new heads, and special regulations affecting the spiritual education of the scholars, matters seem to have moved much as before.

An order made by the Lord Deputy and Council in 1654 strikes a familiar note.

‘The Lord Deputy and Council being desirous to give all due encouragement to the advancement of learning and to promote godliness, and on the contrary to discontinue vice, and what hath a tendency to looseness and profaneness; it is therefore thought fit and ordered that Dr. Winter, Maister of Trinity College, Dublin, do call the respective Fellows, students, and other members of the College together, exhort them to a careful walking, becoming the Ghospel, and to build up one another in a knowledge and fear of the Lord, and diligently to attend public prayer, preaching the Word, expositions, and other religious duties; and also by encouraging and countenancing private Christian meetings together in the College or elsewhere for the edifying and encouraging one another in conference and repeating what they have heard preached of the Way of the Lord, and by frequent seeking God by prayer, instructing and admonishing one another, to edify each other that they may increase in the saving knowledge of Christ.’

Such orders in Council, resembling the sermon of the times with its many divisions, need not be dated; they possess the unmistakable inflection of the Puritan voice.

The Duke of Ormonde, than whom the University has never had a wiser or more generous Chancellor, returned with the Restoration to the duties of his office. Jeremy Taylor, then Bishop of Down, who afterwards spoke of ‘the little but good University of Dublin,’ was selected to fill the place of Vice-Chancellor, and a Provost and Senior Fellows were appointed by a king’s letter.

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The new Provost, Dr. Thomas Seele, was the first 'home' graduate who had been elevated to the position. Up to this time most of the public offices in Ireland had been conferred upon Englishmen disappointed of promotion in their own country, and little opportunity had been afforded for native talent to display its powers. With Seele's appointment a new era opened, and the distinct type of culture, which prevails at and distinguishes the University of Dublin, begins to be noticeable. No one can now pass from an experience of the life in Trinity College, Dublin, to that of Oxford and Cambridge, without becoming sensible that the atmosphere has completely changed. The Irish University has indeed been always more closely in relationship with Cambridge than with Oxford, and the spirit of the former of these two seats of learning is more closely akin to that of Dublin; but each great University has lineaments of its own. Perhaps, to an Englishman, the democratic sentiment of Dublin will seem one of its most marked characteristics. 'Tuft-hunting' is unknown as a feature of Irish academic life. In Trinity College, Dublin, the son of a peer has no more court paid him than the son of a small city tradesman, who has ambitions and has learnt the value of education. There the possessor of a large income does not secure by its means the smallest consideration beyond that accorded to the sizar whose parents can allow him nothing, or at most a few pounds yearly. Humour, that most subtle solvent, takes the place of sentiment. It protects the Dublin undergraduate from a hundred follies prevalent among his English brethren, and is one of the most powerful though least definable of the educative influences of the place. It withers the affectations and pretensions to which the well-born or clever youth is so liable, and tempers enthusiasms and extravagances in thought and action. Traditional ceremonies, departure from which in the English Universities has almost a degree of criminality attached to it, are unregarded in the freer life of Trinity; and the manners of the student, though he comes of a race of greater natural courtesy and grace, lack the formality and precision which distinguish the forms of English society.

Yet Dublin no longer suffers under the reproach involved in the designation 'the silent sister.' Since Hamilton and MacCullagh placed her among the first mathematical schools in Europe, and Stokes and Graves did her the same service in medicine, there have been few departments of learning which her sons have not touched and have not also adorned. Within the last few years Cambridge has taken from her two of her most brilliant scientists, Professor MacAlister and lately Sir

Robert

Robert Ball, and her work in the service of letters must be allowed to take rank with the best done in Oxford. That University was once described with epigrammatic bitterness as *la vedova di buone lettere*, 'the widow of sound learning;' and Universities, like individuals, have their periods of production and of hibernation,—'their epochs,' in the late Mr. Matthew Arnold's phrase, 'of expansion and concentration.' If Dublin has not given rise to movements of thought as Oxford has done, it is not because she has been less alive, but because she has never been possessed by that feminine spirit of abandonment to a man or to an idea, which has made Oxford 'the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs and impossible loyalties,' but has preserved her self-control, a masculine reserve of judgment, in a word, 'the wise indifference of the wise.'

There is little of interest to record in the history of the University during the years which passed between the two political crises—the Restoration and the Revolution. Under Ormonde and Jeremy Taylor it grew in favour with the people, and in prosperity material and educational. But the Provostship was never a sinecure. Marsh, the eminent scholar, afterwards elevated to the Archiepiscopal See of Dublin, and later to the Primacy, was for more than five years an unwilling President at the Councils of the College. In his diary* he wrote :—

'Finding the place very troublesome, partly by reason of the multitude of business and important visits the Provost is obliged to, and partly by reason of the ill education that the young scholars have before they come to the College, whereby they are both rude and ignorant, I was quickly weary of 340 young men and boys in this lewd, debauched town, and the more so because I had no time to follow my dearly beloved studies.'

The reason suggested in the last sentence was that which really weighed with Marsh, whose whole heart was in the direction of scientific investigation. In conjunction with Molyneux, Sir William Petty, and others of like pursuits, he had founded a society similar to the Royal Society of London, and contributed many valuable essays and papers to its meetings and transactions, which were afterwards conveyed to the London Society and published by it. The Irish branch of this learned body was however rudely parted from the parent tree by the gale of the civil war, which in Ireland was felt most severely. In the Provostship of Huntingdon, a man of tastes very similar to those of his predecessor Marsh, on the occasion of the King's visit to Chester,

* Preserved in MS. in Marsh's library, Dublin.

when Tyrconnel crossed to meet him for instructions as to the policy to be adopted with the Protestants of Ireland, the College commissioned two of its Fellows to convey to James an address assuring him of the Society's allegiance and prayers for his welfare, to which the King returned the ominously brief reply, 'I thank you for your address, and I don't doubt of your loyalty, or of any others of the Church of England.' The Roman Catholic monarch had already shown by his treatment of the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, when they refused to accept as their head his nominee Antony Farmer, that he had no intention of suffering his wishes to be set aside. In 1687 he issued a mandamus to admit Doyle, a Roman Catholic of no learning or parts, to a Fellowship in the Irish College. Doyle declined to take the usual oath and was refused admission. The King did not take any further proceedings in this case, but very soon adopted different means of enforcing his wishes. It had been customary for the noblemen of Ireland, in entering their sons at Trinity, to present pieces of plate to the College, which was at the time possessed of a large and valuable property of this kind. Permission having been obtained from the Lord Lieutenant to dispose of some 5,000 ounces of the plate to defray the expenses of certain buildings lately erected, the greater part of it was shipped for England. It was, however, seized by Tyrconnel, and only restored on condition that no attempt to send it out of the country should again be made. In 1688 we learn from the Register that the College stock was very low. Various retrenchments, including the abolition of supper in the Hall, were agreed upon, and it was also resolved that the whole of the plate should be sold. A request was accordingly preferred to the Lord Deputy that, since sale in Ireland would involve great loss, leave might be given for its shipment to England. The entry, which follows an account of the resolution, is brief and to the point: 'The Lord Deputy refused leave.'

The remainder of the story of the College until the battle at the Boyne decided the question 'Under which King?' is best told in the graphic directness of the entries in the Register.

'Feb. 19, 1688.—It was agreed on by the Vice-Provost and Senior Fellows that two hundred pounds of the College money should be sent into England for the support of those Fellows that should be forc't to fly thither. At the same time the dangers of staying in the College seemed so great that it was judged reasonable that all those who thought fit to withdraw themselves from the College for their better security, might have free liberty to do so.

'Feb. 25.—All the Horse, Foot, and Dragoons were drawn out
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and posted at severall places in the town, from which they sent parties, who searcht the Protestant houses for arms, whilst others were employed in breaking into stables and taking away all their horses. Two companies of Foot, commanded by Talbot, one of the Captains in the Royal Regiment of Foot Guards, came into the College, searcht all places, and took away those few fusils, swords, and pistols that they found. At the same time a party of Dragoons broke open the College stables and took away all the horses. The Foot continued in the College all night; the next day they were drawn off.

'*March 1.*—Dr. Browne, Mr. Downes, Mr. Barton, Mr. Ashe, and Mr. Smyth, embark't for England: soon after followed Mr. Soroggs, Mr. Leader, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Sayers, and Mr. Hasset. Mr. Patrickson soon after died; and (of ye Fellows) only Dr. Acton, Mr. Thewles, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Allen continued in the College.

'*March 12.*—King James landed in Ireland; and upon the 24 of the same month, being Palm Sunday, he came to Dublin. The College with the Vice-Chancellor waited upon him, and Mr. Thewles made a speech, which he seemed to receive kindly, and promised 'em his favour and protection; (but upon the 16 of Sept.,* 1689, without any offence as much as pretended, the College was seized on for a garrison by the King's order, the Fellows turned out, and a Regiment of Foot took possession and continued in it.)

'*July 24.*—The Vice-Provost and Fellows, with the consent of the Vice-Chancellor, sold a peece of plate weighing about 30 ounces for subsistence of themselves and the scholars that remained.

'*Sept. 6.*—The College was seized on for a garrison by the King's order, and Sir John Fitzgerald took possession of it. Upon Wednesday the 11th, it was made a prison for the Protestants of the city, of whom a great number were confined to the upper part of the Hall. Upon the 14th, the scholars were all turned out by souldiers, and ordered to carry nothing with 'em but their books. But Mr. Thewles' [his speech apparently brought him no favour] 'and some others were not permitted to take their books with 'em. Lenan, one of the scholars of the House, was sick of the small-pox, and died, as it was supposed, by removing. At the same time the King sent an order to apprehend six of the Fellows and Masters, and commit 'em to the main guard, and all this without any provocation or crime as much as pretended; but the Bishop of Meath, our Vice-Chancellor, interceded with the King, and procured the last order to be stopt.

'*Sept. 28.*—The Chappel-plate and the mace were seized on and taken away.

'*Oct. 21.*—Several persons, by order of the Government, seized upon the Chappel and broke open the Library. The Chappel was sprinkled and new consecrated, and Mass was said in it; but afterwards being turned into a store-house for powder, it escaped all further damage.'

* This part of the entry was subsequently added.

Archbishop King, one of the most distinguished graduates of Trinity at this period, gives an account of the sufferings of the College in his 'State of the Protestants': 'Many of the chambers were turned into prisons for Protestants. The garrison destroyed the doors, wainscots, closets and floors, and damnified it in the building and furniture of private rooms to at least the value of two thousand pounds.'

The occupation of the College at this juncture by James's soldiery seemed likely to lead to a complete destruction of all its property, including the library; and but for the appointment, as it proved a most fortunate one, at the instigation of Tyrconnel, of a secular priest of the Roman Church, Dr. Michael Moore, to the management of the institution, and of another priest, named MacCarthy, to the librarianship, little of value would have escaped the general pillage. To Moore the highest praise is due for his exertions, not only to restore order, but on behalf of the Protestant prisoners, and for the use he made of his influence to restrain the more vindictive action of James and his followers. Good service was also done for the University by another Roman Catholic, Coghlan, who was its representative in Parliament. He was successful in a stratagem by which Trinity College escaped inclusion in the Bill of Attainder. Moore forfeited the royal favour soon after he had been appointed head of the College, by his opposition to the scheme of the Jesuit Father Petre, that the College should be handed over to that society, and he retired to Paris and afterwards to Rome. His career was throughout a distinguished one, and, after holding some educational posts in Italy, he was finally chosen to fill the Rector's chair of the University of Paris, while he held in addition the Principalship of the College of Navarre and the Professorship of Philosophy, Greek, and Hebrew.

With peace renewed, the College rapidly regained the prosperity it had enjoyed before the outbreak of the Civil War, and in 1693 the first centenary was celebrated with considerable solemnity. The Provost, who had come in with King William, chose as his text for the sermon on the occasion, 'Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her'—referring to Queen Elizabeth as foundress. The Centenary Ode, written by Tate, the poet laureate, who was a graduate of the College, was performed by a choir, and among the various functions 'a very diverting speech' from the *Terræ Filius*, or University Merryman, had a place.

During the first hundred years, the most anxious as well as the most eventful in its history, the College did much good work.

work. Besides those already mentioned, many splendid names occur upon its rolls during those years, and more, which, without arousing admiration, are of interest: Henry Brooke, the author of 'Gustavus Vasa' and 'The Fool of Quality'; Brady, who was associated with Tate in a well-known version of the Psalms not remarkable for felicity of rendering; the dramatists Southerne, the author of 'Oronooko,' and Congreve and Farquhar, the stars in the firmament of the Restoration; Parnell, the poet of 'The Hermit'; Dudley Loftus, the brilliant antiquarian and Orientalist; Bishop Dopping, described after his death as 'the greatest scholar in Europe';* Peter Browne, the metaphysician; Dodwell, the Camden Professor at Oxford; and that statesman-ecclesiastic, the far-famed Dean of St. Patrick's, Jonathan Swift. Soon after William's accession to the throne the number of students was so greatly increased that new College buildings were found necessary; and by means of grants from the Irish House of Commons, and the generous contributions of the Bishops and gentry of the country, great architectural improvements were made. The date, the beginning of the eighteenth century, accounts for the adoption, in place of the more ornate Elizabethan, of the classical style, to which almost all the public buildings in Dublin, due to the Irish Parliament, conform.

Despite the Treaty of Limerick, the reigns of William III. and of Anne, so far from emancipating the Roman Catholic community in Ireland from the disabilities under which they had so long suffered, greatly increased both the number and severity of the laws directed against them. Not only were members of the obnoxious Church debarred from all high offices and many honourable professions, but inducements of a degrading character were held out to converts, such as transference of his father's property to a son who conformed to the doctrines of the English Church. In times such as these, it will be easily understood, the doors of the University were made strong against dissent, and the original intention with which it was constituted was even more completely lost sight of than during the early years of its existence.

The eighteenth century brought some political dissension and trouble to the College, in which a party not altogether loyal to the principles of the Revolution or the Hanoverian succession grew up and strengthened. In 1708 a certain Edward Forbes was expelled by the act of the Provost and Senior Fellows for a public expression of opinion that the Queen's right to the

* 'Reliquiæ Hearnianæ.'

throne was no better than that of her predecessor and *eodem nititur fundamento*—no very revolutionary sentiment. The expulsion of Forbes led to a curious passage of arms between the Lords and Commons of the Irish Parliament. Fearing that the disloyalty of one of their number might be predicated of the whole body, the Senate of the University prepared a document declaratory of the firmness of their allegiance to the reigning house. The Commons, in an address to the Throne, through the Lord Lieutenant, petitioning for a grant to Trinity College for the erection of a new library, took occasion to strengthen the case by a mention of the stable loyalty of that corporate body. This proceeding, however, found no favour in the Upper House, which passed and embodied in the address a resolution censuring the grounds upon which the petition was partially based. The Commons in turn, taking advantage of the granting of the petition, expressed their indignation at the censure, and voted: 'That the Lords in the Address have highly infringed the rights, privileges, and liberties of the Commons, misrepresented her Majesty's condescension to their humble application, and have unjustly insinuated (to the dishonour of this House) that the principles for encouragement of which the aforesaid application was made were such as her Majesty disapproved.'

The heads of the College deemed it advisable on several subsequent occasions to assert their adherence to the Hanoverian House as against the Stuarts; and Dr. Stubbs has collected a number of instances in which the disloyalty of students and graduates led to summary action on the part of the authorities. Occasionally disagreements took place between the heads of the College and of the University, the latter of which bodies had a strong Jacobite leaven in its composition, while its members were less restricted in the expression of their opinions.

In 1710 a student named Harvey 'was convicted of inflicting an indignity on the memory of King William by wrenching the bâton out of the hand of his equestrian statue in College Green.' For this act he was expelled, together with two aiding and abetting accomplices. 'In 1713 Theodore Barlow was expelled for drinking in the rooms of one of the scholars to the memory of the horse from which King William was thrown, to the great danger of his life, and also to the health of the Pretender, and for denouncing with a curse the Hanoverian succession.' On the 8th of April, 1715, 'a student named Nathaniel Crump was expelled for saying that Oliver Cromwell was to be preferred to Charles I.' In the same year Arch-
bishop

bishop King wrote to Addison, then Chief Secretary for Ireland:—

‘The business of the College gives a great deal of trouble to every honest man, and a peculiar pain to me. ’Tis plain there’s a nest of Jacobites in it; one was convicted last term; two are run away; and, I believe, bills are found against one or two more. But we can’t as yet reach the fountains of the corruption; but I assure you no diligence is wanting, and everybody looks on it to be of the last consequence to purge the fountain of education. I believe next Parliament will look into the matter.’

The unpopularity of the Fellows increased among the students, but the causes cannot have been to any extent political. Riots and disorders were of frequent occurrence, the ringleaders being in many cases sons of noblemen and gentlemen of position. Between 1725 and 1734 Lords Tullamore, Mount Cashel, Strangford, Massarene, and Lord George Sackville, the son of the Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant, were members of the College, while there were almost a hundred Fellow Commoners on the books. During the headship of Dr. Baldwin, a strong adherent of the House of Hanover, who kept very firm though also very arbitrary rule, matters came to a crisis.

One of the most disliked of the Fellows was Edward Ford, whose interference with the actions of the students had in their eyes exceeded the legitimate bounds of the ordinary supervision. One evening a number of gownsmen who felt themselves aggrieved by his conduct proceeded to display their annoyance in the usual way by throwing stones at his windows. Ford, a man of violent temper, losing his self-control, seized a loaded gun and fired upon his assailants below. This so exasperated the students that in a few minutes fire-arms were brought to the spot, and Ford, who persisted in appearing at his window, was shot at and mortally wounded.* As might be expected, intense excitement prevailed, not only in College but throughout the city, after this tragic occurrence; and the five students suspected of the act, with whom public sympathy was general, were expelled and prosecuted for the murder. They were, however, acquitted by the Court of Commission which conducted the trial. After the death of Ford the prevalent disorder seems greatly to have diminished, and no other riot of any consequence occurred within the College walls until 1747, when the last serious outbreak on record took place. A scholar of the house had been arrested by bailiffs within its

* In the late Isaac Butt’s ‘Chapters of College Romance,’ a tragic story is founded on this occurrence, in which, however, an imaginary colouring is given to the facts.

sacred precincts, hitherto inviolate. A studied revenge was taken by a band of gownsmen. They sought through the whole city for the offender, and when found conveyed him to College, where by a free use of the pump, made historic by Lever in 'Charles O'Malley,' he was supposed to be washed of his guilt. Some bold spirit suggested that to celebrate the success of the scheme, an attempt should be made to break open Newgate, and set free all the prisoners. The attempt ended in failure, but not until several citizens lost their lives in the affray to which it gave rise. Among those students who were publicly censured for aiding and abetting the riot by their presence the name of Oliver Goldsmith occurs, whose College career was not looked upon with satisfaction, either as regards behaviour or scholarship, by the authorities.

In 1745 was founded Burke's Historical Club, the parent of the famous Historical Society, that greatest of all the schools of orators. Here Edmund Burke, Grattan and Flood, Curran and Plunket, Bushe and Sheil, Hutchinson and Standish O'Grady made their first essays in rhetoric, while many names afterwards widely known appear in the debates of the 'Historical.' Thomas Moore, Christopher and Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Charles Wolfe, Thomas Davis, Sheridan Lefanu, Archer Butler, Isaac Butt, and the two Magees, Archbishops of Dublin and York, are names popularly known; while to students of history the roll of the Society recalls the public life of Ireland, in every phase, for more than a hundred years, the most crowded and eventful in the story of that island. No other debating society in the world has ever attained a political influence such as that possessed by the 'Historical' during the brief but brilliant period of the Irish Parliament. During that period many of its members were also members of Parliament, and its debates were only second in interest and importance to those which took place in the House on the other side of College Green. This Society, although founded nearly a hundred years before the Oxford or Cambridge Unions, may properly be compared with them, as affording opportunities for the cultivation of many accomplishments which no University curriculum can supply. The 'Historical' has always been famous for the freedom and life of its debates. The freedom of speech cherished as an inalienable privilege of its members resulted on two occasions in serious disagreement with the Board of the College, and the Society met for many years outside the walls. It is, indeed, remarkable that the University of Dublin, and in this we may say she resembles most Universities, has become great despite the efforts of her rulers.

The

The far-shining names upon her roll of fame are those of men whom she did not delight to honour. Swift obtained his degree *speciali gratia*; Goldsmith was frequently under censure; Burke was regarded as a poor scholar; Moore, entering at the very close of the eighteenth century, though entitled to a scholarship, was debarred from its emoluments and honour by his religion; and with the exception of Berkeley no Fellow of the House can be said to have made for himself a deathless name. It is significant that it is among those who resigned their freehold, and entered the wider arena of public life, that the most honourable as well as the most distinguished names are to be found.

Under Andrews, Baldwin's successor in the Provostship, Trinity College gained much of that prestige, intellectual and social, which still attaches to it. Although, by reason of its thoroughly Protestant character, it has never become a national possession in the wider sense, Irishmen of all classes and creeds are proud of its greatness and rejoice at its successes.*

Andrews' reign is distinguished by many interesting events. He was the founder of the School of Music (now presided over by Sir Robert Stewart), whose first Professor was the Earl of Mornington, father of the Duke of Wellington. The installation of the Duke of Bedford as Chancellor in 1768 was an occasion of splendid ceremonies, only surpassed in the College annals by the pageant on the visit of George IV. in 1821.

At this time the statute of celibacy had not been repealed, and the Fellows, who were supposed to be bachelors, had many of them contracted marriages which were an open secret. Society recognized the position of their wives, who (prefixing Mrs.) retained their maiden names, and the violation of the statute was deliberately overlooked.†

* To give a very recent example. In reply to some attacks on Trinity College in the 'Irish National Press' and 'Freeman,' a writer in the 'Daily Independent,' a paper of vastly more liberal tone, said (April 22, 1892): 'We are not concerned to defend the governing body of Trinity College in the anti-Home Rule policy which they have unfortunately pursued, but we think it unworthy of journals professing to be national, to belittle the work done by Irishmen and members of an Irish University which has shed a brilliant lustre on this country.'

† A brilliant *jeu de mot* of the late Cardinal Newman (for which we are indebted to one of the present Professors of the University of Dublin, who had it from Newman's interlocutor on the occasion) on this subject is worth repeating here. On one of his visits to Ireland not long after his secession to Rome, a clergyman of the then Established Church in a conversation with him introduced the subject of the celibacy statute, and deplored its repeal. 'But,' asked Dr. Newman, 'is it not the fact that the statute was evaded?' 'Well, yes,' admitted his friend, 'no doubt it was. G—— was privately married, M—— was privately married, and many others; my own tutor, Elrington, the Bishop of Ferns, was privately married.' 'Naturally,' remarked Dr. Newman, 'one expects to find Ferns among the Cryptogamous.'

With

With the appointment of John Hely Hutchinson to the headship of the College began a modification of the studies in the direction of a more modern education, by attention to the living continental languages. By the establishment of Professorships in French and German, he laid the foundation of a school of Modern Literature which has done important service in the cause of higher education. In this Dublin showed the way to Cambridge, as she has since done in the comprehensive study of philosophy, by the institution of a final degree school in mental and moral science. Hutchinson, rapacious of office, ambitious and arbitrary, was a man of vigorous intellect and power of initiative, and, while careless of academic tradition and time-honoured custom, was in many ways a good friend to the College. His departure from all recognized principles in the establishment within the University of a gymnasium, a fencing and a riding school, is tearfully bemoaned in a book of the time :

‘The College walks and gardens, heretofore sacred to the exercise and contemplation of sober academick, are now infested by himself and military officers, mounted on prancing horses; his wife and adult daughters, with their train of female companions; and his infant children, their nurses and go-carts; who, by their clamour and pomp, have banished the Muses, and may probably be the authors of greater and more serious evils.’*

Hutchinson, not content with the many offices he combined in his own person, exerted himself also for his family, and, in his efforts to secure the Parliamentary representation of the University for his sons, was proved to have used his influence unduly and to have been guilty of the most open bribery. It was said of him by Lord North, in answer to an inquiry by George III. as to what manner of man he was, that if the King ‘were pleased to bestow on him England and Ireland, he would ask for the Isle of Man for a potato-garden.’

Hutchinson’s efforts to recover some of the old privileges attaching to the Provostship made him very unpopular with the Fellows, and at a Visitation held in 1791 most of his claims were disallowed, despite his very vigorous defence of their legality. He was an elegant scholar and a man of liberal views, and but for his ambition admirably suited to the position he filled. As a member of Parliament he was a strong advocate of Catholic emancipation, and by his proposal to confer upon Burke the honorary doctorate of law showed at all events that he was not incapable of appreciating, in its most shining repre-

* Duigenan’s ‘*Lachrymæ Academicæ*.’

sentative of that age, the virtue of self-abnegation. Burke's reply accepting the proffered honour was entered upon the *Register*, and is quoted by Dr. Stubbs. His reply is worth quoting alike for its pathetic dignity and for the gratitude to his *Alma Mater* which it expresses.

"I received," he says, "this most honourable testimony of your approbation just as I was going to the House of Commons yesterday to commence my tenth year's warfare against the most dangerous enemy to the justice, honour, morals, and Constitution of this country, by which they have ever been attacked. I mean the corruption which has come upon us from the east, and in which I act with everything respectable in every party in the House. Although I have been for some days ill in health, and not very full of spirits, your letter enabled me to go through a long and fatiguing day, if not with strength, at least with resolution. I thought that the University which had bred me called upon me not to disgrace in my last stage the lessons she had taught me in the early part of my life; and I hope, old as I am, I shall prove as docile to her lessons as when I was subject to her discipline."

Before Hutchinson's death intrigues for the Provostship began. The Fellows were anxious that a member of their own body should be appointed, and feared that the post might be given to a creature of the Government. Burke, who was himself spoken of for the place, exerted his influence to secure the appointment of Murray, the Vice-Provost, a man of considerable learning and parts. A letter of that most honest as well as most sagacious of statesmen to Mr. Wyndham on this matter is of interest.

"A strange and unfounded report," he wrote, "is, I find, rife all over Ireland, that I am to be made Provost of the University of Dublin. If my Richard had lived, for whom alone I could bear to take any change, I would not accept it on any account. But it is not for that reason I mention it, but most earnestly and pressingly to put it to your conscience not to suffer this great, important, and (just now) most critical of all trusts, to be jobbed away in any manner whatsoever. It ought not to be suffered to enter into any sort of political arrangement. . . . The Provostship ought to be given to a member only of the body, and for a thousand reasons to an ecclesiastic. . . . I have no favourite, no connexion, political or personal, to warp my judgment in this point. The law is wiser than cabal or interest. . . . If I saw you, I could say much more on this subject, for, though my heart is very sick, it has these things in it."

Murray was appointed, and a precedent established, which has since that time determined that the Provost shall be chosen from among men who have been Fellows of the House.

An Act of Parliament in 1793 admitted Roman Catholics to degrees

degrees in the University of Dublin. In 1788 a Relief Act dealing with the property in land of members of the oppressed Church had been carried, and from that date almost every year brought about a further measure of Emancipation reform. In spite of the determined opposition of Lord Clare, Vice-Chancellor of the University, the statutable oath and declaration were not administered to the candidates for degrees, and the University became open to the world. It must, however, be remembered that it was not until late in the present century that the emoluments and honours of the College, such as Scholarship and Fellowship, were free for competition to adherents of any religious creed, and it is only within the last few years that there have been Roman Catholic Fellows.

In the troublous times immediately preceding the Rebellion of '98, secret societies were numerous throughout Ireland, and a number of circumstances pointed to the possible existence of such centres of sedition within the University. The Emmets, Whitley Stokes, and Wolfe Tone were scholars of the house before they became members of the body known as United Irishmen. In 1796 the Volunteer movement for the defence of the country was set on foot by the Government, and a College corps was formed, which had its guard-room in the rooms of the Historical Society, and during the Rebellion had regular duties and the charge of certain important parts of the city. The Visitors, Lord Clare and Dr. Duigenan, determined in April of 1798 to hold a visitation in the College to inquire, in the Vice-Chancellor's words, 'whether the disaffection imputed to the College was founded in reality or was a mere rumour or surmise.' Thomas Moore, who was one of the students examined before this tribunal as to his knowledge of any United Irish Societies in the University, has left us an interesting account of the procedure of the Visitatorial Court. The inquiry did not elicit much information, although it led to the expulsion of nineteen members of the University, who were suspected of implication in conspiracies against the Government. 'There were a few,' writes Moore,* 'and among them poor Robert Emmet, whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that, day after day, followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the unlawful proceedings inquired into by this tribunal.'

To follow the history of Trinity College, Dublin, during the last century is not our present intention. In her constitution, no less than in her origin and history, Dublin stands midway between

* Preface to fourth volume of *Collected Works*.

the more ancient university type in Oxford and Cambridge, and the new in London and Victoria. Since residence is not a *sine quâ non* for an Arts' degree, though indirectly necessary for most of the others, the students are divided into two great classes, the residents and non-residents, or, as they might more correctly be designated, the members of the College and the undergraduates of the University. She thus sustains a twofold part, and fulfils a double mission. The culture, unattainable except by intercourse and companionship with their fellows, she offers to all her sons who are fortunate enough to come more directly under her protecting care; and to that large and constantly increasing class which by circumstances or the demands of hurried modern life is debarred from the social and intellectual gain of academic residence, she does not refuse whatever help in the pursuit of knowledge she can place within its reach. She has just celebrated with due pomp and circumstance her three hundredth birthday, and received the congratulations of all the great learned bodies of the world. Within the last fifty years she has immensely extended her boundaries and developed her resources. The Medical and Engineering Schools have attained their majority, and now rank with the most carefully taught and the most thoroughly equipped of any nation; and the Divinity School has a more completely organized system of lectures and examinations than either of the elder Universities. From being in reputation an almost exclusively mathematical school, Dublin is now no less widely known as the home of an elegant and distinctive classical scholarship, which is brilliantly represented by the present occupants of the Greek and Latin Chairs; while in philosophy she is the only English seat of learning (the Scotch Universities excepted) where Kant and the subsequent German thinkers are really studied and understood. Whatever adverse criticism may be made or charges proved against her, the old Irish College must be universally acknowledged to have done honourable and splendid service not only to Ireland, to whom she has given almost without exception the men of mark in every profession, but to England, and in these latter days to that greater England which lies beyond the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

ART. VII.—*Cardinal Manning*. By Arthur Wollaston Hutton, M.A. With a Bibliography. London, 1892.

ON the 14th of January last two picturesque and interesting figures disappeared from the public life of England. The one was the amiable young Prince who had been for twenty-eight years the ultimate heir to the British Crown. The other was the venerable prelate who for the same period, less one year, had ruled the Roman Church in England, and whose name stands at the head of this paper. It is a striking testimony to the power of intellectual and moral character that, even amid the universal and spontaneous mourning for the Duke of Clarence, the Cardinal's death made its own distinct and separate impression upon the public mind, and evoked from the people of London a demonstration of interest, respect, and regret, such as is seldom bestowed upon even the most popular of public men.

The biography which lies before us was, we understand, projected and mainly written during Cardinal Manning's lifetime; though, by his wish, it was only permitted to see the light after his death. It is at once an honest and a kindly book. It displays commendable accuracy and thoroughness in research; and the author's peculiar experience, as successively Anglican rector, Oratorian priest, and librarian to a political club, enables him to enter with sympathy and insight into the manifold phases of the Cardinal's long and varied career.

Having said so much by way of praise, we are bound to add that we wholly dissent from Mr. Hutton's religious point of view. The book proceeds throughout on the assumption, implied if not expressed, that Catholicity and even Christianity are synonymous terms for the Roman system of religion; that the only alternatives for reasonable men are Romanism and Agnosticism; and that whoever elects to walk in a path which is neither Roman nor Agnostic either silences his conscience or gives less than fair play to his reasoning faculties. We cordially acquit Mr. Hutton of any offensive intention; but, in loyalty to our own convictions of religious truth, we cannot do less than enter this protest against what we hold to be the most unwarrantable of assumptions.

We must now turn to the facts of the Cardinal's career as narrated by Mr. Hutton, and as further illustrated by Mr. Edmund Sheridan Purcell in the April number of the 'Dublin Review.'

Henry Edward Manning was born on the 15th of July, 1808, the ninth and youngest child of William Manning, M.P. for Evesham.

Evesham. His birthplace was Totteridge in Hertfordshire, and his family appears to have sprung from the south-eastern part of England. His grandfather and father were West India merchants, and his father was also Governor of the Bank of England, and for thirty years a Tory Member of Parliament.

Those who speculate in matters of race and pedigree may be interested to know that the future Cardinal had Italian blood in his veins. His mother (who was his father's second wife) was a Miss Hunter, and tradition relates that her family came from Italy, where they bore the name of Venatore.

Soon after the birth of Henry Edward Manning his father left Totteridge, and bought the beautiful estate of Coombe Bank, near Sevenoaks; and here the early life of 'Harry Manning,' as his contemporaries called him to the end, was chiefly spent. His playmates were the sons of the Rector of the parish—Charles and Christopher Wordsworth—afterwards Bishops of St. Andrews and Lincoln. At fourteen he was sent to Harrow, then under the strenuous rule of Dr. George Butler, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, and father of the present Master of Trinity. Henry Manning boarded at the house of the Lower Master, the Rev. B. Evans, who lived near the cricket-ground at the foot of the famous Hill.

Henry Manning was a vigorous and active boy, fond of sport and games. He played two years in the Harrow eleven, and it was a curious omen of future encounters that, in the match between Harrow and Winchester in 1823, he was caught out by Christopher Wordsworth. Of the future Cardinal's character in those distant days, it is difficult now to discover any contemporary impressions; but a single trait, recorded by his schoolfellow the late Bishop Ashton Oxenden, is curiously significant. 'On one occasion he was invited to dinner at Mr. Cunningham's, the Vicar of the parish. On his return at night one of his friends questioned him as to whom he had met, whether he had enjoyed his evening, and especially as to what part he had taken in the general conversation. To these inquiries he answered, that he had spent the evening pleasantly enough, but that he had said but little, and indeed had been almost silent, for there were two or three superior persons present; and he added, "You know that my motto is *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*; I therefore held my tongue and listened."'

It seems that Henry Manning was originally intended for a commercial career; but his own inclinations lay in a different direction, and in 1827 he went up, as a commoner, to Balliol, and very soon made his mark in the University. In person he was striking and attractive. A great living statesman, who
was

was his contemporary at Oxford, reckons him among the three handsomest men he ever saw. He was not tall, but his spare figure and dignified carriage gave him an air of height. His features were singularly regular and delicate, and his eyes piercingly bright. He was always carefully dressed, and his natural advantages of person were reinforced by a certain dignity of gait and manner which made him seem older than he was. We do not find that in his earlier days he was distinguished by any special proficiency in scholarship; his earliest laurels were won at the University Debating Society, afterwards called the Union, of which he became President. In this connexion the following story, published by the late Sir Francis Doyle in 1886, is too good to be lost :—

‘Before Mr. Gladstone paid much attention to the Debating Society, the leader of our house was Manning (the present Cardinal and Archbishop). Besides possessing great natural talents, he was, I think, having been at first intended for a different career, rather older than his average contemporaries. He would always have been in the ascendant, but his greater maturity, as might have been expected, increased that ascendancy. He possessed a fine presence, and his delivery was effective. These qualities, joined to an impressive and somewhat imposing manner, enabled him to speak as one having authority, and drew into his orbit a certain number of satellites who revolved round him, and looked up to him with as much reverence as if he had been the actual Pope instead of only an embryo Cardinal. Their innocent adulation led him into his most obvious weakness, an assumption of omniscience which now and then overshot itself.’

Illustrating this point, Sir Francis went on to give the following story. Mr. Gladstone, speaking at the Union, had attacked the Whig Ministers for their ineffectual handling of the Barilla-duty.

‘Stephen Denison, brother to the present Archdeacon of Taunton, and one of Manning’s most devoted vassals, was puzzled by this new and strange expression, and, in all humbleness, went to the Pope and asked the meaning of the unknown word. “Dear me,” said Manning (this at least is the tradition), “not know what barilla means? I will explain it to you at once. You see, in commerce there are two methods of proceeding. At one time you load your ship with a particular commodity, such as tea, wine, or tobacco; at other times you select a variety of articles suitable to the port of destination. And in the language of trade we denominate this latter operation *Barilla*.” Stephen Denison, thus carefully instructed, went his way, but in a week or so he found out that Barilla meant burnt seaweed or its equivalent; and his faith in Manning’s infallibility was no longer the same. This Oxford legend may be a mere fable, but, even if a fable,

fable, it shows where his Oxford contemporaries thought 'that the weak points in the future Cardinal's armour might be looked for.'

The foregoing story happily illustrates the good effects of an impressive manner ; but, quite apart from such adventitious aids, Manning seems to have had the natural and incommunicable gift of oratory. This gift he improved by cultivation and constant practice. Even in these early days he had a happy knack of phrase-making, and a way of putting things which made even a commonplace argument seem original and cogent. An interesting speech of Manning's, on the relations between England and America, is recorded by his biographer ; and he took a prominent part in the famous debate in November 1829, when a deputation of undergraduate orators, among them Arthur Hallam and Lord Houghton, went over from Cambridge to Oxford to champion the claims of Shelley against those of Byron.

During the latter part of his undergraduate career, circumstances induced Manning to apply himself more seriously to his University studies, and in the Michaelmas term of 1830 he obtained a first class in the school of Literæ Humaniores. His father had sustained severe losses in business, and it became necessary for Henry Manning to betake himself at once to some remunerative occupation. Up to this time he had been ambitious of a political career, but of course the change in his father's fortunes dissipated that ideal ; and soon after taking his degree he obtained a clerkship in the Colonial Office. He spent the year 1831 in London, immersed in official business, and associating, in his leisure hours, with public men and political economists, among them Archbishop Whately, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Tooke ; but a momentous change was impending.

It is impossible, at this distance of time, to form any definite notion concerning the religious atmosphere of Manning's early home. He was born at a period of wide-spread indifference in religious matters, and it is not uncharitable to assume that his father's house shared the prevailing tone and temper of the day. The few who remember Henry Manning in his earlier days at Oxford do not recall him as in any definite sense a religious undergraduate. He was richly endowed with natural gifts ; ambitious of a prominent sphere for their exercise ; precociously mature in thought and character ; and, if it be a sin to covet honour, one of the most offending souls alive. But Divine Providence had destined this brilliant youth to a higher service than that of commerce or politics, and the call to it came in the unwelcome but effective form of secular misfortune. Mr. William Manning's failure in business, while it dislocated all
his

his son's political schemes, drove the young man's keen and eager mind to serious thoughts about the hollowness of ambition and the vanity of human wishes. His melancholy musings were turned into a profitable channel by the agency of two friends of his own standing. He had been a schoolfellow at Harrow of the late Mr. Robert C. L. Bevan, the Evangelical banker, whose family had only lately emerged from Quakerism; and Manning had been in the habit of spending part of his holidays with the Bevans at Trent Park, near Barnet. Robert Bevan had a sister, afterwards Mrs. Mortimer, the well-known authoress of 'Peep of Day,' and other religious books for the young; and on the occasion of Henry Manning's first visit to Trent after his father's losses, this young lady, perceiving his depression, tried to cheer him by telling him that there were higher aims in life than any on which he had yet fixed his ambitions. 'What are they?' he asked. She replied, 'The kingdom of Heaven. Heavenly ambitions are not closed against you.' He listened, and said in reply, 'he did not know but what she was right. She suggested reading the Bible together, saying she was sure her brother Robert would join them. This they did during the whole of that vacation, every morning after breakfast. It was her conviction that this was the beginning of Henry Manning's religious life. He always used to speak of her as his spiritual mother.'

Whatever was the human agency through which religious impressions were first communicated to Manning's mind, they deepened as time went on. While living in London he came to the conclusion that the Christian ministry was his appointed sphere of service, and in 1832 he returned to Oxford in order to prepare for it. It is said that his decision was partly determined by the strong representations of Samuel and Henry Wilberforce, with whom, though both slightly older than himself, he had formed an affectionate intimacy at Oxford.

On the 27th of April, 1832, he was elected to a Fellowship at Merton, and immediately went into residence there. On the 23rd of December he was ordained deacon, and on Christmas Day he preached his first sermon in the parish church of Cuddesdon, where his friend George Anthony Denison, now Archdeacon of Taunton, was curate. He preached from the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd verses of chapter lx. of Isaiah: 'Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.'

Fifty years afterwards, Cardinal Manning, writing to a friend, said: 'Last night I preached on the same words that were my first text on Christmay Day, 1832. I hope we may enter into that Light.'

Manning began his ministerial life as curate to the Rev. John Sargent, Rector of Lavington. The Sargents of Lavington and Graffham, near Petworth, were a family of light and leading in the Evangelical party. The Rev. John Sargent, as heir to the estates, had been brought up to the Bar, but at Cambridge he fell under Mr. Simeon's influence, and devoted himself to Holy Orders. He married the daughter of Mr. Abel Smith, elder brother of the first Lord Carrington, and this lady was niece to Mr. William Manning's first wife, and second cousin to Samuel and Henry Wilberforce. Thus was created a circle of relationships destined to produce important consequences both to individuals and to the Church at large.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sargent had two sons and four daughters; a family long remembered for their delicate beauty and social charm, but all in greater or less degree affected by an hereditary tendency to consumption. In 1828 the eldest of the daughters married her cousin Samuel Wilberforce, and afterwards, by the death of her brothers, became heiress to the property. In 1833 the father, Mr. John Sargent, died, and his vacant living was bestowed on Henry Manning, who, at the end of the same year, married the third daughter, Caroline Sargent. The marriage was performed by Samuel Wilberforce. The two remaining sisters married Henry Wilberforce and G. D. Ryder.

Thus at the age of twenty-five Manning found himself established as the Rector of a little parish under the Sussex Downs, far removed from all those burning and embittered controversies of which Oxford became at this time the centre and the source. Cardinal Newman has taught us to date the Tractarian movement from the 14th of July, 1833,—the day on which Mr. Keble preached at Oxford his famous sermon on National Apostasy: at that date Manning was just settling down to his pastoral work at Lavington, happy in the engrossing interests of his sacred office, and in domestic prospects of the brightest promise.

'The late Rector, the Rev. John Sargent, was an earnest Evangelical imbued with the spirit of Simeon, well known as one of the leaders and shining lights of the Evangelical party. For twenty-seven years he had lived and laboured in the united parishes of Lavington and Graffham. Parish and parsonage were imbued with his spirit. Fortunately for the peace of the parishioners and the Sargent family and household, Manning, like so many others who took later on a distinguished or leading part in the Tractarian movement,

belonged to the Evangelical School. He did not bring down with him to Lavington the infection, in its seed-time, of Puseyism, as it was called in those days.'

Though not a Tractarian or a Puseyite, Manning worked his little parish on the definite lines of sober churchmanship, and with a degree of attention to ecclesiastical rule which was unusual in the Evangelical school of the time. Lavington was a model parish. It lies in a richly-wooded valley, and boasts a beautiful church of Early English type, with the round apse for the altar which is so often seen in Sussex.

'The gentle influence of the Rector was everywhere felt; his administrative skill was apparent in every detail in the management of the parish as in the order and arrangement of the church. His kindness of heart and sympathy drew by degrees almost the whole parish to the little church. An eye-witness, who in those far-off days was a frequent visitor at the rectory, speaks with high appreciation of the aid offered to the Rector of Lavington by his wife in tending to the wants of the villagers, in visiting and comforting the sick or the afflicted, and in looking after the village school. Daily morning prayers were the rule in the little church. In the preface to the Prayer Book it is directed that "the curate that ministereth in every parish church or chapel shall say morning and evening prayer, and shall cause a bell to be tolled thereunto a convenient time before he begin, that the people may come to hear God's word and to pray with him." "It was a picturesque sight," says this friend of Manning's, in his Lavington days, "to watch the zealous and stately Rector, vested in surplice, himself tolling the bell, whilst in the grey of a winter's morning the straggling villagers hurried to morning prayer before going out to their daily toil in the fields. There is another living witness to Manning's work at Lavington — Mr. Gladstone. In a conversation with him a few years ago on this subject, Mr. Gladstone said: "Manning's devotion to his pastoral work had the most successful results. The population of the parish was small, but Manning told me that almost every parishioner was a communicant. That," added Mr. Gladstone, "was as it ought to be."

The three years which now ensued were probably the happiest in Manning's long life. He was wholly untroubled by doubts or questionings; completely satisfied with his position and duties; doing a noble and beneficent work among the Sussex labourers; alleviating the hardships of their temporal lot, sharing their joys and sorrows, educating their children, and ministering with unfailing tact and sympathy to their spiritual needs. In his married life he was supremely blessed; all around, the sky was bright and blue: but suddenly it was darkened by an overwhelming storm. Caroline Manning, the young and beautiful

beautiful bride of three years before, died on the 24th of July, 1837 ; leaving no children.

Never was there a more complete eclipse of earthly happiness. 'I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes at a stroke.' From that day forward life was never the same to Henry Manning. All merely mundane joy had vanished ; and the only consolations which from that time he knew were found in the higher sphere of faith, devotion, and Christian labour. Day by day he used to sit by his wife's grave while he composed his sermons ; but thenceforward he never breathed her name to a human ear, nor made the faintest allusion to the brief but enchanting period of their wedded life. The scenes associated with her memory were thenceforward holy ground. 'I loved,' he wrote in later years, 'the little church under a green hillside, where the morning and evening prayer, and the music of the English Bible, for seventeen years became a part of my soul. Nothing is more beautiful in the natural order, and if there were no eternal world I could have made it my home.'

The circumstances under which it ceased to be his home will be narrated in due course ; but, in the meantime, his whole heart, interests, and energies were there.

Braced and sanctified by the discipline of searching sorrow, Manning returned with solemn eagerness to ministerial work. His parish was too small to absorb the entire energies of so powerful a nature, and he soon became known as a preacher and speaker in great request at all kinds of religious and philanthropic gatherings within a wide range of Lavington. He formed an intimate friendship with his brother-fellow of Merton, Mr. James Robert Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott, and Mr. Gladstone, then fast rising into parliamentary fame. Through these eminent men he was brought into contact with the political and legal friends of the Church in London. Through Samuel Wilberforce, now Chaplain to Prince Albert and *persona gratissima* at Court, his name became known to people in high places. His frequent appearances in the University pulpit kept him in touch with Oxford ; and the translation of Bishop Maltby to Durham made room at Chichester for a prelate with whom the young and ardent Rector of Lavington soon established relations of mutual regard. On all sides, avenues to usefulness and fame were opening up ; Churchmen began to recognize in Henry Manning a vigorous and effective champion of their cause ; and when, in January 1841, he was appointed, by the Bishop, Archdeacon of Chichester, the 'Christian Remembrancer' pronounced the appointment 'a blessing to the whole Church.'

As an Archdeacon, Manning was all that he had been as a parish priest, and more. His pastoral care and zeal for the peasants who formed his flock underwent no diminution, but he superadded a vast amount of official labour in the wider sphere of his Archdeaconry. He strove for the material restoration and adornment of the churches, for the abolition of the pew-system, for the more decorous and attractive rendering of the daily and weekly services, for a stricter observance of the Church's devotional rules, and for religious education in elementary schools, untrammelled by secular control. He delivered a series of careful and earnest charges in which he dealt with all the ecclesiastical controversies of the hour; while, as a dignitary of the Church, his services as a preacher and public speaker were of course in ever-increasing demand. To this period of Manning's life belong the following recollections, which we quote from an article by the late Father Lockhart:—

'I remember, on the first vacation from Oxford that I spent at Chichester, seeing the Archdeacon for the first time—his grand head, bald even then, his dignified figure in his long white surplice, occupying the Archdeacon's stall in the Cathedral. His face was to me some first dim revelation of the meaning of the *supernatural in man*. I have never forgotten it: I see him as vividly now in my mind's eye as when I first beheld him. I think it was the beginning of reflected thought in my soul. Somehow, by one of those mysterious links of thought which come from God's providential guidance, I at once connected his face with those of the old Churchmen of Catholic times that I had seen in stained-glass windows, and in the portraits of the whole line of Catholic Bishops painted in long order on the walls of the south transept of the Cathedral. They began, I think, with S. Richard of Chichester, and ended with the last Catholic Bishop, in the reign of Mary Tudor.

'Well do I remember riding from Chichester over the Sussex Downs, a distance of perhaps eight miles, to pay a visit to the Archdeacon at his Rectory at Lavington. . . . My visit made a great impression on me. All seemed, like the Archdeacon himself, to be part of the old Catholic Church which was in England. It woke up in me the hope that, after all, England was a part of the Universal Church—of the Church of St. Augustine, and of the old Fathers and Schoolmen, of the great Saints and founders of the Cathedrals and Monasteries.

'I could not see how this could be, but I felt that men like Newman and Manning were more likely to be right in staying in the Church of England, and trying to bring back all the old heritage of truth, than I could be in leaving it to join the Church of Rome. When I began to talk with the Archdeacon, I felt overawed. I could not put my doubts into any form which could bear his penetrating eye, so we did not go into controversy. He wanted me to go back to

to Oxford to take my degree, and then become a clergyman. He advised me to seek hard work among the poor and ignorant in some one of our great cities. Dean Hook and others, more advanced Anglicans, at the new church of St. Saviour's, Leeds, founded by Dr. Pusey, were, it was said, doing a great work there. What could be better for me than to join them? So I should be "doing the work of God, and should know of the doctrine that it was of God." It was good advice, so I felt, and I resolved to ponder it.

'Just at this point a visitor arrived, one of name and position in the political world, and a Member of Parliament, so I had no more conversation with the Archdeacon. I dined with him—a very frugal meal, cold boiled beef. I remember it was hard. I remember nothing else.

'Seeing he was engaged with his visitor, I retired to my room, and I heard them talking in the room below me—the library—until the small hours after midnight. Early the next day I rode back over the hills to my home.'

In January 1844, Manning stood for the Preachership of Lincoln's Inn, and was defeated by the Rev. James Anderson, of Brighton. At this time of day it is unnecessary to say more than that there were special circumstances which rendered this preference peculiarly mortifying. Manning's health was naturally robust, but his incessant and exacting labours had told upon it, and in July 1847 he set out on a continental tour. He visited Belgium and Italy, carefully studied the practical working of the Roman system, and cultivated acquaintance with all manner of ecclesiastical persons, regular and secular. In Rome he was presented to Pio Nono, and laid the foundation of a friendship which was destined so momentously to affect his course in life. On his return to England in the summer of 1848, Manning received an address of welcome from the clergy of his Archdeaconry. The following extract shows the high estimation in which he was held:—'We welcome your return among us after so long a period of absence . . . and we pray that we may not by a like cause be again separated, especially in these anxious times, from one whom we have ever found so ready to direct, counsel, and encourage us amid the difficulties which at times attend upon the fulfilment of our offices.' But a graver cause than even broken health was destined to make the next separation between the gifted Archdeacon and his admiring clergy. The time of that separation was now near at hand, and we must examine the steps which led to it.

We have seen that Manning began his ministerial career as an Evangelical Churchman: as one of that small but influential school which, while clinging tenaciously to the central truths
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of Evangelical theology, was scrupulously loyal to the distinctive principles and practices of the Church of England; and which embodied its aims in the effective formula—'Evangelical truth with Apostolical order.' In Manning's case there was, as far as we can see, no definite or conscious break with the past; but gradually, as years went on in the quiet parish-work of Lavington, a process of development took place. The 'Apostolical' side of the earlier teaching became more marked. The distinctive doctrines of the Church were more constantly asserted, and the High or Anglican view of them was steadily enforced. Manning never was a Tractarian, in the sense of being a contributor to the famous series, or even an intimate friend of the tract-writers. But he read the tracts as they came out, and, if not influenced by them, arrived by independent processes of thought and study at most of the conclusions which the tract-writers affirmed.

The first sermon which he published is entitled 'The English Church, its Succession and Witness for Christ.' It was preached at the Archdeacon's visitation in Chichester Cathedral, on the 7th of July, 1835, and was published by request. In this discourse Manning lays down the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession with unmistakable clearness, and insists on unity as essential to the well-being, if not to the very existence, of the Catholic Church. Believing implicitly in the divine authority of the ministerial commission, he did not, as the bulk of even the highest Churchmen then did, shrink from acting on his belief; but received private confessions and administered private absolution. The Evangelical party, at least the more orthodox section of it, had always held a doctrine of Holy Baptism not easily distinguished from that of High Churchmen, so on this great subject Manning had little to learn. As to the views on the cognate doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, the volume before us gives no light; but they would, in all probability, be governed by his beliefs on the fundamental question of 'The Rule of Faith.' On this all-important subject he published an important and erudite sermon, preached at Bishop Otter's primary visitation, on the 13th of June, 1838. In this sermon he makes the most unreserved appeal to the mind of antiquity, for our guidance on all vexed questions of religious belief. The publication of this sermon marked its author's final severance from the Low Church party; but, in so doing, it merely completed and notified a change which had been gradually proceeding for several years.

He was roundly accused of having apostatized. The sermon was 'a departure from the principles of the Reformation:'
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‘substituting the traditions of men for the Word of God,’ and ‘shifting our faith from a divine to a human foundation.’ Leading High Churchmen pronounced it a most admirable sermon, but Bishop Blomfield, hearing that the preacher was going to Rome for the winter, jocosely opined that he was already there.

The unity of the Church—its beauty, its desirability, its necessity to an ideal condition—had long occupied a prominent place in Manning’s thoughts. We have seen that he dealt with it in his first public sermon. Again and again he returned to it in his Archidiaconal charges. In 1842 he elaborated his views about it in a formal treatise, ‘affectionately inscribed’ to his friend Mr. Gladstone, to whose eldest son he was godfather. The main part of the book is occupied with the theory of Catholic unity as set forth in Holy Scripture and the Fathers, and a strong enforcement of its moral and theological importance. It is only in the last twenty pages that the author grapples with the practical difficulties of the subject, and compares the ideal of unity with the actual condition of Christendom. In these pages he substantially reproduces the arguments of Bramhall, and justifies, while he minimizes, the independence of Roman control asserted for the Church of England at the Reformation. This part of the book is sketchy and superficial, and critics have wondered how so keen an intellect as Manning’s could have been satisfied with such inadequate handling of an urgent problem. Nearly fifty years after the date of the book, the venerable author placed it in the hands of the present writer, and told him the circumstances under which it was written. In 1838, Mr. Gladstone had brought out his famous work on ‘The State in its relations with the Church;’ and it seems that Manning, while fully appreciating his friend’s desire to serve the Church of England, thought that he based his advocacy on mistaken grounds, and attributed too much value to her alliance with the State. To supply a more spiritual view of the Church of England as part of the Universal Church, and to assert her claims on higher ground than that of legal establishment, was the object which Manning proposed to himself in his treatise on ‘The Unity of the Church.’ His theory of Church and State, and of the relations of the Anglican Church to the Church Universal, was perfectly clear in his mind, and all went on swimmingly till he approached the consideration of things as they actually were, and tried to square his theory with the facts. ‘Then it all broke down, and I could not get through the last chapter.’ It was a significant failure; but its full significance was not yet clear, even to Manning himself. He thought that the difficulty of reconciling the Anglican position with
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with the doctrine of One Catholic and Apostolic Church was a misfortune which we owed to our unhappy divisions. It marred the logical symmetry and completeness of the Anglican position; but it suggested no disloyal or distrustful thoughts about the claims and character of the English Church. Duties were ours—events were God's. Difficulties would vanish in His good time; and in the meanwhile we must put up with the intellectual annoyance of a theoretical inconsistency.

Archdeacon Manning was now approaching the summit of his Anglican career. On the 6th of October, 1845, Mr. Newman was received into the Church of Rome. The confusion and dismay of the Tractarian party were absolute. Many followed their leader into the new communion, and those who remained faithful to the Church of England were shattered and stunned. Gradually men rallied from the shock, and looked about them for guides and champions to replace, if indeed that were possible, him whom they had lost. Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble, of course, retained their old pre-eminence, but other and younger men now came into prominence. Among these there was no more conspicuous figure than that of the Archdeacon of Chichester. In spite of his theorizations about unity, and his frank acceptance of all Catholic doctrine, he had as yet no hankering after Rome. A sermon preached before the University of Oxford, on Gunpowder Treason Day, 1843, had contained passages so vehemently anti-papal that Mr. Newman, though then an Anglican, refused to see the preacher when he went to call at Littlemore. He was perfectly confident in his position, and his confidence was contagious.

‘He rallied the broken hosts, discomfited and disunited by the retirement of their illustrious leader from the battlefield into silent Littlemore. No one was better adapted for such a saving office than the Archdeacon of Chichester. He took under his protecting wing the unsheltered and orphaned children of the Oxford Movement. He inspired the timid with courage; brought back hope to the despairing; and lifted up the hearts of the downcast and dismayed. He inspired the souls of them that came to him in doubt, with their faces already turned towards Rome, with all the confidence in the Church of England which filled his own heart; yet when the shock of Newman's departure from out of the Anglican Church, though long expected, fell like a sudden surprise, men's minds reeled and their hearts sank within them; they knew not what to do, whom to look to, whither to go. And as week after week, month after month, the long procession of them that went out with Newman in the year '45, that *annus mirabilis*, passed on before their saddened eyes, they who had not the faith, the hope, the heart to follow—the scattered remnant of the Tractarian vanguard—turned instinctively to Manning.

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His voice was heard like that of one "crying in the wilderness." He spoke, as one inspired, of the divine certitude of his faith in the Anglican Church. To the afflicted of heart, the troubled in conscience, to those tortured by doubt, he presented the Anglican Church, "primitive yet purified," possessed "of purities in doctrine and practice wanting in the Christian Churches whither in their impatience men had gone, seeking what was not to be found." One thing alone was wanting to the absolute perfectibility of the Church of England, and that was, her liberation from the bondage imposed upon her by the usurpations of the Civil Power. He directed their energies to this end, not only as good in itself, but as serving to divert their minds from doubts or controversial difficulties. His austere zeal, his earnestness, his personal piety, and his dogmatic assurances attracted the hearts of men in that day of unrest. He became a tower of strength to the weak or the wavering. The timid, almost frightened out of their wits by Newman's secession, were reassured; for men instinctively felt that, under Manning's guidance, they were walking in the ways of safety and in the path of peace. "Safe as Manning" passed almost into a proverb in that time of panic. Thus it was, that the Archdeacon of Chichester stepped into the leadership of the remnant of the advanced Tractarian Party, vacated by the conversion of the illustrious leader of the Oxford Movement.

It was an interesting moment in an interesting career. Never, probably, did Manning exercise a stronger or a wider influence than at this perilous conjuncture in Anglican history; and the effect of his gifts and character would probably have extended itself, year by year, over a wider sphere. At the same time, we must take leave to doubt what Mr. Hutton too readily assumes: that Manning was on the high road to official promotion—to the episcopate, and eventually to Lambeth. He was already a marked man; a ruling spirit, if not the formal and recognized leader, of an unpopular party. The Court was even bitterly opposed to Tractarianism; equally hostile was the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel. True it is that he had just recommended Samuel Wilberforce for the See of Oxford, but that admirable man was still identified with the Evangelical school in which he had been trained, and from which, in truth, he never severed himself. The faintest savour of Tractarianism, which, to do him justice, he had always avoided, would have been absolutely fatal to his promotion to those high spheres in which he was so well fitted to shine. Sir Robert Peel was succeeded in 1846 by Lord John Russell, who in his feelings towards the High Church party was a truly Whiggish compound of fear and dislike. It was not till the accession in 1853 of the 'Popish Presbyterian Puseyite,' Lord Aberdeen, with Mr. Gladstone for his colleague and ecclesiastical counsellor, that the High Church party

party had the faintest chance of preferment, and that faint chance disappeared on the accession of Lord Palmerston in 1855.

We hold, therefore, that so far as it is rational to speculate on the possibilities of the past, Archdeacon Manning had absolutely no chance of further elevation in the Anglican hierarchy for twenty years from the date of which we are writing. Not, indeed, that efforts were wanting to secure his elevation. Bishop Wilberforce repeatedly urged it on Prince Albert; and when Manning had seceded to Rome, the Prince said to the Bishop, 'You see that we were right in thinking that Archdeacon Manning was likely to go over.' 'Not at all, sir,' said the Bishop. 'If you had taken my advice, this would never have happened.'

As respects Manning's own views on the subject of preferment, it is ungracious and beyond just surmise to say that the hopelessness of rising higher in the English Church determined him to look elsewhere. Still, the operation of natural ambitions is difficult to trace. It is no reproach to a man, conscious of great powers, that he should desire a sphere for their exercise; and Manning may well have felt that nature and Providence intended that his singular gifts of government and administration should not be thrown away. Writing on the 5th of December, 1854, Bishop Wilberforce records this conversation with Bishop Trower: 'He told me about Manning discussing with him his prospects of being made a Bishop, and saying, "Unless some crisis comes and they require me to quiet it, no chance." When Manning was shaken, Trower, showing him how ambition had been his danger, reminded him of this.' It is not necessary to accept this story as an exact statement of literal fact, in order to recognize its verisimilitude. *Qualis ab incepto.*

It is impossible, with the limited information at present at our disposal, to trace with exactness the successive stages of Manning's progress towards Rome. It is conceivable that his meditation on Unity had left on his mind some unformulated impressions unfavourable to the Catholic claims of Anglicanism. His prolonged visits to Roman countries, and his minute examination of Roman institutions, most probably showed him that Romanism was not the wholly abominable and anti-Christian system which current Protestantism painted it. The internal difficulties of the Church of England; the inconsistencies between her formularies and her practice; the numerical weakness and isolation of the High Church party; and the dominant Erastianism which was the peculiar reproach of English churchmanship, and which was scandalously manifested in the case of Bishop Hampden, may well have deepened uncomfortable impressions derived from other sources. But all this is speculation.

tion. We know from Manning's own words what it was that brought matters to a crisis.

An Evangelical clergyman, the Rev. G. C. Gorham, had been presented to a living in the diocese of Exeter; and that truly formidable prelate, Bishop Phillpotts, refused to institute him, alleging that he held heterodox views on the subject of Holy Baptism. After complicated litigation, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided, on the 8th of March, 1850, that the doctrine held by the incriminated clergyman was not such as to bar him from preferment in the Church of England. This decision naturally created great commotion. The minds of Churchmen were rudely shaken. The orthodoxy of the Church of England seemed to be jeopardized, and the supremacy of the Privy Council in a matter touching religious doctrine was felt by many to be an intolerable burden. On the 12th of March, 1850, a meeting of leading High Churchmen was held at Mr. Hope-Scott's house, to consider the effect of this judgment on the Church of England. Archdeacon Manning of course was present. Some strong resolutions were drawn up and signed, but no practical steps were taken. On the 19th of March Manning addressed the clergy of his Archdeaconry on the subject, and invited them to consider the question of a new Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical causes. No agreement was arrived at, and the Archdeacon and those who felt with him fell back upon an ineffectual address to the Bishop, praying him to vindicate the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Manning was now most profoundly disturbed. Whatever his previous convictions had been, he now began to fear that the Church of England, which he had so fondly loved and so loyally served, was not the queenly bride of Christ, but a bond-slave of the State. The spring and summer passed, and Manning remained buried in deep dejection at Lavington, chewing the cud of fancies which were wholly bitter.

On the 18th of June he wrote to a friend :

‘ We are in a trial greater than I have ever known, and fraught, I believe, with the gravest consequences. But first let me tell you to believe nothing of me but what comes from me. The world has sent me long ago to P. IX.; but I am still here, and if I may lay my bones under the sod in Lavington churchyard with a soul clear before God, all the world could not move me. . . . I am both calm and patient, deeply sad indeed, and reduced to silence. For I am compelled to acknowledge that the laws, which I believe to be divine, are violated. . . . People tell me to trust and love the Church of England; who has trusted or loved it more? Who loves it more now, even when the foundations of trust are shaken? . . . My contest
now

now is with the State and the world; with secular Churchmen and those who of a divine would make it a human Society, or at the best a Protestant Communion. . . . And I feel, that the love of our Divine Lord will keep us all safe. It is His goodness which gives me the consolation of so many loving hearts, and yours among the kindest. May He bless you both.'

On the 30th of June :

'It is part of the trial, that so few really see the peril and the crisis. . . . This week I hope to send to the press a letter to the Bishop of Chichester. Archdeacon Harrison comes to-morrow and will go over it with me : then Gladstone and Hope. I shall then see my way more clearly. Believe me it is most calm, guarded, and weighed—but it goes home. . . . Write as often as you can, for it cheers me. I thank God that I have so little to bear from those I love in this hour of trial. But you all trust at least my heart before God.'

Early in July he gave utterance to his feelings in a letter to the Bishop of Chichester on 'The Appellate Jurisdiction of the Crown in matters spiritual.' It is a temperate and reasoned exposition of the doctrine of ecclesiastical supremacy, as held by High Churchmen, against Erastian claims. It contains no threat of secession, whether to Rome or to some such Free Church as was then contemplated by certain anti-Erastian members of the Church of England. 'Three hundred years ago,' said Manning to a friend, 'we left a good ship for a boat. I am not going to leave the boat for a tub.' This letter to the Bishop, like all the protests and appeals which had preceded it, was *vox clamantis in deserto*. The authorities of Anglicanism apparently did not hearken; certainly did not help. The solution of the difficulties came suddenly, and from an unexpected quarter. In September 1850, the Pope issued Letters Apostolic, re-establishing a Roman hierarchy in England, and purporting to map out England into papal dioceses. This act of aggression aroused a storm of popular indignation, and all England was beside itself with Protestant fury. But the act which so incensed his countrymen brought light and peace to Henry Manning. It was the signal for which he had been waiting; it pointed him to the open door, and determined him to enter.

On the 23rd of November he wrote to Mr. Hope-Scott as follows :—

'Your last letter was a help to me, for I began to feel as if every man had gone to his own house and left the matter. . . . Since then events have driven me to a decision. This anti-Popery cry has seized my brethren, and they asked me to be convened. I must either
resign

resign at once, or convene them ministerially and express my dissent, the reasons of which would involve my resignation. I went to the Bishop and said this, and tendered my resignation. He was very kind, and wished me to take time, but I have written and made it final. . . . I should be glad if we might keep together; and whatever must be done, do it with a calm and deliberateness which shall give testimony that it is not done in lightness.'

And again on the 11th of December :

'I feel with you that the argument is complete. For a long time I nevertheless felt a fear lest I should be doing an act morally wrong.

'This fear has passed away, because the Church of England has revealed itself in a way to make me fear more on the other side. It remains, therefore, as an act of the will. But this, I suppose, it must be. And in making it I am helped by the fact that to remain under our changed or revealed circumstances would also be an act of the will, and that not in conformity with, but in opposition to, intellectual real conviction; and the intellect is God's gift, and our instrument in attaining knowledge of His will. . . . It would be to me a very great happiness if we could act together, and our names go together in the first publication of the fact. . . . The subject which has brought me to my present convictions is the perpetual office of the Church, under Divine guidance, in expounding the truth and deciding controversies. And the book which forced this on me was Melchior Canus' "*Loci Theologici*." It is a long book, but so orderly that you may get the whole outline with ease. Möhler's "*Symbolik*" you know.

'But, after all, Holy Scripture comes to me in a new light, as Ephes. iv. 4-17, which seems to preclude the notion of a divisible unity: which is, in fact, Arianism in the matter of the Church.

'I entirely feel what you say of the alternative. It is either Rome or licence of thought and will.'

The long struggle was now virtually at an end. In old age, Cardinal Manning said to a friend :

"Shall I tell you where I performed my last act of worship in the Church of England? It was in that little chapel off the Buckingham Palace Road. I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone. Just before the Communion Service commenced I said to him, 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up—'St. Paul is at thy side'—and laying my hand on Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, said, 'Come.' It was the parting of the ways. Mr. Gladstone remained; and I went my way. Mr. Gladstone still remains where I left him."

On Passion Sunday, April 6th, 1851, Henry Manning was received into the Roman Church at the Jesuit Church in Farm Street. Mr. Hope-Scott was received at the same time and place.

place. It is a remarkable testimony to Manning's moral and intellectual gifts, to the impression which he made on those with whom he came in contact, and to his conspicuous fitness for clerical work, that he was admitted to priest's orders in the Roman Church before he had been ten weeks a Romanist. The rapidity of his ordination, immediately due to the good will and keen judgment of Cardinal Wiseman, was not altogether acceptable to some older members of the new communion, and it was sarcastically observed in the 'Tablet' that Mr. Manning intended to visit Rome in the autumn, 'for the purpose of commencing his theological studies.' This he did, residing at the 'Accademia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici.' He returned each summer to England, and preached with great energy and effect in the Roman Churches of London. Early in 1857, the Pope appointed him 'Provost of Westminster,' a provost being the Roman equivalent for an Anglican dean, only without deanery or income.

Meanwhile, he had introduced into England a branch of the 'Oblates of St. Charles'—a community of secular priests, founded in the sixteenth century by the famous Archbishop of Milan; and at Whitsuntide 1857 he took up his abode with his new brethren at Bayswater. Of course he was Superior of the house which he had established. Soon afterwards, Pio Nono, whose favour towards him was unbounded, bestowed on him the honorary titles of 'Protonotary Apostolic and Domestic Prelate.' By this time he was distinctly the ruling spirit of English Romanism.

In January 1865 he was again in Rome, and was brought into closer contact than ever with the Pope. In February, he was summoned back to London to attend the death-bed of Cardinal Wiseman. On the demise of that famous prelate, and the consequent vacancy in the Roman See of Westminster, the Chapter, according to custom, submitted three names to the Pope, as being respectively *dignus*, *dignior*, and *dignissimus*. Monsignor Manning's was not among them; but Pio Nono brushed aside the capitular recommendation, and bestowed the see on his favourite disciple. Great was the consternation of the old-fashioned Romans in England, at finding that they were to be placed under the rule of a comparatively recent convert and a superlatively ardent Ultramontane. But neither Pio Nono nor Monsignor Manning was much affected by their emotions; the appointment went forward in due course; and Henry Edward Manning was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster on the 8th of June, 1865.

Having received the *pallium* in Rome, he was enthroned in
London

London on the 6th of November. 'Habemus Pontificem' was the ecstatic cry of the 'Tablet' over his appointment; and very soon the Roman Catholics of London found that they had a pontiff indeed. Everywhere his eye pierced, his hand reached, his authority was felt. He ruled his clergy with a rod of iron, and even the laity, in so far as they fell under his jurisdiction, found that they had a master to reckon with. From early days the gift of rule had been pre-eminently his; and now he had full scope for its exercise.

He was indefatigable in the duties of his sacred office; preaching and confirming and opening churches in every quarter of London. He laboured in particular for the welfare of the children of poor Roman Catholics; for the better training of Roman ecclesiastics; and for the higher education of the Roman Catholic gentry—though in this connexion it must always be remembered that, dreading the liberalizing spirit of Oxford, he successfully withstood Cardinal Newman's plan for opening a Hall or College in their old University, and thereby gave the great Oratorian a cause of offence which lapse of time was powerless to remove.

Archbishop Manning was often seen on philanthropic platforms; constantly visited the House of Commons; dropped in from time to time at the Athenæum Club; and joined in the rather mystic debates of the Metaphysical Society. He even found time for periodical glimpses of 'society,' in the more frivolous sense, where his attenuated form and ecclesiastical garb made him a picturesque and interesting figure. His ascetic habits prevented him from dining out, but he would sometimes look in at an evening party; he was seen on the lawn of Marlborough House, and he not seldom visited great country-houses. These visits (which he sometimes turned to account for proselytizing purposes) were generally paid in what he called his holidays, but were really a kind of pontifical progress, in which he visited his episcopal brethren in the different dioceses of England, inspected their works, spoke and preached for causes they had at heart, and did all in his power to quicken provincial interest in the Roman Church and her doings.

From the beginning to the end of his Roman career, Manning was pre-eminently an Ultramontane. He believed intensely in the Papal See, as the heart and head and vital spring of Christendom, and all that savoured of Italy was sweet to his taste. Italian architecture, Italian vestments, the Italian mode of pronouncing liturgical Latin,—all these flourished under Manning's wing; and, as in small matters, so in great. He was the strongest, the most consistent, and the most indefatigable supporter

supporter of the Papal Infallibility and of the temporal power of the Pope. During the Vatican Council of 1869-70 he was regarded as the most strenuous advocate of the definition. This circumstance strengthened the bond of mutual regard by which he was already bound to Pio Nono; and though it is not necessary to assume that it in any way contributed to his subsequent elevation to the purple—a distinction which he had amply earned by an active archiepiscopate of ten years—it doubtless enhanced the pleasure with which that high honour was given and received. It was in March 1875 that Archbishop Manning was made a Cardinal, 'by the title of St. Andrew and St. Gregory on the Coelian;' and henceforward, in virtue of an authenticated as distinct from a merely assumed dignity, he became a more conspicuous object in the public eye, and a recognized personage in the civil and social life of London. His tact and adroitness were never more conspicuously displayed than in the ease with which he carried off the rather difficult position of quasi-royalty to which he was now called. His manner neither invited nor repelled the homage usually paid to princes; and every trait of his person and bearing seemed naturally adapted to a dignified and stately rôle.

To imagine that Cardinal Manning regarded station or dignity, or even power, as treasures to be valued in themselves, would be ridiculously to misconceive the man. From the early days of his religious talks at Trent Park, down to the last hours of his eighty-three years, he had two supreme and absorbing objects—if indeed they may not be more properly spoken of as one—the glory of God and the salvation of men. To these all else was subordinated; by its relation to these all else was weighed and calculated. His ecclesiastical dignity, and the secular recognition of it, were valuable as means to these high ends. They attracted public attention to his person and mission; they secured him a wider hearing; they gave him access to circles which, perhaps, would otherwise have been closed. Hence, and for no other reason, they were valuable. If, in objection to this judgment, it is urged that the interests of the Church of Rome occupied the highest place in Cardinal Manning's regard, we reply at once that this was only another form or aspect of the same great truth. In his belief, the Roman Church was the one oracle of truth and the one ark of salvation; and his was the faith which would compass sea and land, sacrifice all that it possessed, and give its body to be burned, if it might by any means bring one more soul to safety. A good Catholic was eternally and certainly safe; and no one else was. This was Cardinal Manning's simple creed; and, if he could win a single
human

human being to see it and act on it, he was supremely happy. To make the Catholic Church attractive, to enlarge her borders, to win recruits for her, was therefore his constant effort. This endeavour underlay all his great public works.

Recognizing, long years before it had become a popular subject, the enormous evils of intemperance and the virtue of total abstinence, he flung himself into the cause as into a new crusade. Christianity, morality, philanthropy, all urged him to the campaign; but behind all these other motives there was the ever-present consciousness that here was a great opportunity for the Roman Church of enlisting English sympathy on her side, and of attracting people whom she could not otherwise hope to reach, if she appeared before the world as the leader of a great social reform.

Again, in those great conflicts between Capital and Labour in which the Cardinal played so prominent a part, the prime impulse was a genial sympathy with the sorrows of the poor, dating from old days in the cottage homes of Lavington, and quickened by thirty years' work amid the more grinding misery of London. But here again was a splendid opportunity for the Church, of showing practical compassion for real distress, and attracting to himself the gratitude and goodwill of those to whom kindness is a new experience. It was an opportunity which the rulers of the Church of England singularly failed to improve; but in Cardinal Manning's hands it yielded the most signal advantage which the Church of Rome has won within living memory.

In the realm of politics, again, Cardinal Manning was, if ever there was, a patriotic Englishman. Constitutionally and officially, he abhorred disorder; and insurrectionary movements, if they clashed with the interests of his Church, stank in his nostrils. Yet all his sympathies were with the cause of Home Rule in Ireland. While considering it just and safe in itself, he saw also that to stand aloof from it would be to alienate the affection and confidence of that great proportion of English Romanists who have Irish blood in their veins.

The same principle which animated Cardinal Manning in these large schemes of public policy and philanthropy made itself felt in the minutest details of daily life and personal dealing. Where he saw the possibility of making a convert, or even of dissipating prejudice and inclining a human being more favourably towards Rome, he left no stone unturned to secure this all-important end. Hence it came that he was constantly, and not very courteously, depicted as a man whom in religious things it was impossible to trust; with whom the end justified

the means ; and whose every act and word, where the interests of his Church were involved, must be watched with the most jealous suspicion. All this was grossly overstated. Whatever else Cardinal Manning was, he was an English gentleman of the old school, with the finest sense of honour and propriety. But still, under all this mass of calumny and exaggeration, there lay this substratum of truth—that he who wills the end, wills the means ; and that in the supreme endeavour to win a human soul, an enthusiastic proselytizer will sometimes use methods to which, in enterprises of less pith and moment, recourse could not properly be had.

This article may be not unfitly closed by a few words from that delightful man and exemplary priest, the late Father Lockhart, of St. Etheldreda's, Holborn. They appeared, in an article from which we have already quoted, in the April number of the 'Dublin Review.' Writing three months after Cardinal Manning's death, he said, 'I have had the invaluable blessing of his friendship and guidance for fifty years. Such bonds are not snapped without a sore wrench. May his spirit be with me still, and may we meet once more and for ever in the Eternal Blessedness!'

These words derive a pathetic interest from the fact that their writer has already followed his friend and guide into the Unseen World. No difference of theological belief can forbid us to say Amen to so devout and touching a supplication.

ART. VIII.—*The Historical Geography of Asia Minor.* By Professor W. M. Ramsay. Royal Geographical Society's Supplementary Papers, Vol. IV. London, 1890.

THE author of a recently written popular work on the island of Cyprus has told us something of the feelings of poetry and romance which were stirred in him when he first saw the coast of Asia Minor from the mountains of that island :

'Facing me through a pass with walls of grey limestone was the misty sparkling sea, and beyond it, peak upon peak of glittering snows and shadows, hung in the air the mountains of Asia Minor. What memories are stirred by it! Beyond those distant peaks Apollo, Pan, and Marsyas made their music among the Phrygian highlands; and "bound about with trees," as Catullus sings, there, too, under Dindymus were the "shadowy places" of Cybele; whilst far to the north-west, the white wild swans of Ovid fluted their dying songs to the reeds and shallows of Mæander.'

His imagination can pierce through the mountains.

'The country behind and under those great snow mountains that were opposite to me is literally to this day a country of unexhausted mysteries. Wonderful cities of the superbest days of Rome still exist there in the heart of untrodden forests. . . . Obscure Turkish villages stand upon broken palaces, and passing guests in rude reed-thatched hovels have discovered that the roofs rested on columns of verd-antique. On lonely mountain roads detached masses of rock are found cut into towers, with sepulchral chambers on the summit: and by the road-side in one gorge is a great Roman sarcophagus, with a winged lion in marble keeping guard over the lid.'

Mr. Mallock shows some vagueness as to facts and details; neither his geography nor his history is exactly scientific; yet these extracts will form a picturesque introduction to an attempt to describe the determined efforts which have recently been made to lift the veil which hides the past and present of Asia Minor from our view.

The work which Englishmen have done in the cause of archæology and archæological reconstruction has been distinctive and characteristic. We look in vain for volumes of systematic erudition, such as the 'Corpus of Latin Inscriptions.' In the scientific developments of recent years England has played, at any rate until quite recently, a subordinate part. But of pioneer work, of archæological discovery which has not become commonplace or methodical,—above all, of work which has a touch, however slight, of the spirit of adventure,—Englishmen have always done their share. For the last fifty years, since Greece has become an independent kingdom, they have done

little for its archæology; previous to that date they were the leading, almost the only authorities. It is sufficient to mention the names of Stuart, of Chandler, of Dodwell, of Gell, of Leake. Before hieroglyphics had been interpreted, an English traveller had copied, and copied with extraordinary accuracy, inscriptions on tombs at Beni Hassan, which have since been destroyed. The best works on Spalatro, on Palmyra, on Baalbek were produced by the cultivated taste of the English eighteenth century. The first, the most successful, and the most brilliant excavations in Mesopotamia were the work of an Englishman. Englishmen have done their part in the exploration of the more inaccessible parts of Syria and Palestine. But if elsewhere they have been adventurous, their love of adventure has always placed them in the forefront of the pioneers who have explored the interior of Asia Minor. Chandler, Leake (who laid the foundation of the historical topography of the country), Stuart, Hamilton (who first made a scientific map), Fellowses, and Arundel are all conspicuous names. We do not wish for a moment to underrate the work of other nations. No Englishman has ever exhibited the imaginative power of Texier; English money has never fitted out expeditions on such an elaborate scale as the Austrians, or sent such excellent draughtsmen as accompanied Perrot on his journey; no volume of inscriptions has yet been produced which will rival that of M. Waddington—if indeed England cannot claim some share in him; but we do not think that we are misled by national pride if we claim for our fellow-countrymen a first place in the exploration of Asia Minor.

But we have only been preparing for a description of the last and most systematic effort that has been made during the past twelve years. First appointed to a travelling archæological studentship instituted by the late Professor M. Bernard of All Souls College, Oxford, afterwards to a Research Fellowship at Exeter College, assisted more recently by the Asia Minor Exploration Fund, Professor Ramsay of Aberdeen has succeeded in the short space of ten years in placing himself in the front rank of archæological research. He has trained under him and received valuable aid from other scholars, most notably Mr. Hogarth, of Magdalen College, Oxford. He has not only carried on what Prof. Mommsen calls the traditions of the roving Englishman, he has shown unique, if unequal, qualities in archæological investigations. If our readers wish to learn the estimation in which he is held and the work which he has done, let them consult the Supplement to the third volume of the 'Corpus of Latin Inscriptions,' edited by Prof. Mommsen; or the

the recent map of Western Asia Minor, published by Kiepert ; or the last two volumes of Perrot and Chipiez's 'History of Ancient Art.' 'There is no one who knows better than Prof. Ramsay the monuments of Asia Minor,' say the last writers.

For twelve years Prof. Ramsay has been writing about Asia Minor ; but, with that grim sense of humour which characterizes a Scotchman, he has been devoting his energies to concealing the information which he has been so industriously collecting. He has scattered his writings in the archæological and learned periodicals of Europe and America. 'It will be one of the labours of the bibliographer of the future to collect the titles of all the articles in which Prof. Ramsay has scattered, in I know not how many different periodicals, the valuable information that he has collected. What trouble he would have spared by writing a book !' So writes M. Perrot. Prof. Ramsay has now collected some of his material into a work on the 'Historical Geography of Asia Minor.' It is one of the most original, most learned, and most valuable works which have appeared recently in England, and it has gained its author a greater reputation abroad than at home. But he has not lost his sense of humour. He has felt it right that those who study him should have to go through some of the labour in which he has been involved. His work is a model of research ; it is not a model of arrangement. It contains passages of considerable literary power, but it does not exhibit that lucidity of exposition which would be such a gain in a book of this character. There are addenda at the beginning, and addenda at the end, and the most important information may be contained in the footnote to the addenda. The production of the work has been attended by the difficulties which growing knowledge always implies ; and Prof. Ramsay has not shown the same capacity for surmounting the difficulties of publication as he has of the acquisition of knowledge.

In the latter field certainly he has succeeded where most men would have failed. If travelling in Asia Minor be not a matter of great danger, it is a matter of great discomfort and difficulty. A treacherous climate, bad roads, slight means of communication, hardships from the stupidities of the inhabitants and the blunders of officials, are constantly occurring. Immense patience is required in describing half-obliterated monuments, and in deciphering obscure inscriptions. A trained eye, an acute mind, a capacity for constructing history out of fragmentary facts, a judgment which is always critical of his own productions, a refusal to be carried away by fanciful guesses—all these Prof. Ramsay has in a marked degree. To read an inscription

so as to arrive at its meaning is more difficult than many imagine. A single instance will show something of the trouble which is required and has been expended. 'The inscription is in a very dark corner of the mosque: in 1883 we read it by light reflected from a pocket mirror: in 1887 I procured a small lamp, and read two words more correctly than in 1883.' Or we may refer to the continuous visits which he paid to the Phrygian monuments, and carefully worked plans, such as those of the Midas city, published in the 'Journal of Hellenic Studies.' Negotiations with the custodians of mosques to obtain leave to copy stones in the floor of the building; contests with native dogs, and avaricious females, and stupid officials, are continuous incidents of Oriental travelling. Attacks of fever and other illness, want of food, filthy accommodation at night—all these the archæological traveller has to encounter. To copy an inscription in a good light in a museum is difficult; it is still more difficult to read it upside down, in a bad light, under a hot sun, with an empty stomach, an aching back, and a crowd of villagers, dirty and odoriferous, collected around.

In the work before us Prof. Ramsay begins with a short survey of the history of Asia Minor, and the changes in its road system; then, in the second part, he proceeds to the identification and localization of every place which is mentioned in ancient authors. It is just the work which is absolutely indispensable for every historian, and is yet the slowest to obtain general recognition. It is a book impossible to read, indispensable to refer to. We must congratulate Prof. Ramsay on what he has achieved, and express a hope that he may do something further. We are almost afraid he will never do as much as we might wish. He has not the methodical self-discipline of a German, or the lucidity of style and arrangement which makes French works so attractive. But we can hope for more. Why is it that, when Englishmen have copied in Anatolia more inscriptions than any one else, we should have to wait the good pleasure of the Berlin Academy for the 'Corpus of Greek Inscriptions'? Why is it that, when Englishmen have explored more of Asia Minor than any others, we should have to go to Kiepert for our maps? We do not grudge M. Waddington the work on the 'Coins of Asia Minor,' for which we have been waiting long; but when Prof. Ramsay has done so much for the discovery of Phrygian and Hittite monuments, why should we have to go to the French works of Perrot and Chipiez for a coherent and comprehensive account of his discoveries?

But we have said enough in the way of criticism. We shall now attempt to put before our readers the results of Prof. Ramsay's

Ramsay's work on Asia Minor, collected from the work before us, and from many other scattered sources. We shall attempt to present a series of pictures of the various stages of civilization that the country has passed through, and the monuments that have been left to us.

The history of Asia Minor has been the result of two causes—its geographical conformation and its geographical situation. Nature has divided it into two parts: one is the coast-line, fringing the peninsula on all three sides with a narrow strip of low land; the other, the central plateau separated from it by mountain ranges, which are always difficult and sometimes almost impossible to cross.

'The plateau is like a continuation of Central Asia, vast, immobile, monotonous. The western coasts on the *Ægean* Sea are full of variety; with a very broken coast-line and long arms of the sea alternating with prominent capes. In the scenery also, the plateau presents an equally strong contrast to the western coast. The plateau from the *Anti-Taurus* westwards consists chiefly of great undulating plains. The scenery as a rule is monotonous and subdued; even the mountains of *Phrygia* seem not to have the spirit of freedom about them. The tone everywhere is melancholy, but not devoid of a certain charm, which after a time takes an even stronger hold of the mind than the bright and varied scenery of the Greek world. Strong contrasts of climate between the long severe winter and the short but hot summer, a fertile soil dependent entirely on the chances of an uncertain rainfall, impressed on the mind of the inhabitants the insignificance of man and his dependence on the power of nature. The tone can be traced throughout the legends and the religion of the plateau. The legends are always sad—*Lityerses* slain by the sickles of the reapers in the field,—*Marsyas* flayed by the god *Apollo*, *Hylas* drowned in the fountain—all end in death during the prime of life and the pride of art.' ('*Historical Geography*,' p. 23.)

Very different is the *Ægean* coast-line. There everything is bright and full of life and vigour. The same sparkling sea, and varied outline, and alluring islands as on the opposite coast of Greece, banish all thoughts of death, and make the sense of life keen and vigorous; only while Greece is poor and rocky, the river valleys of the *Anatolian* coast have always yielded the golden harvest of a rich soil and a genial climate.

Thus the contrast between the plateaux and the coast-line has always been that between the East and the West. The spirit of the East—gloomy, religious, mystical—has brooded over the plains of *Phrygia* and *Cappadocia*; the spirit of the West—bright, progressive, practical—has been the inheritance of the coast-line. And the geographical position of the *Anatolian* peninsula has equally affected its history. Just as
Sicily

Sicily has been one of the battle-grounds of East and West, so Asia Minor has been a high-road—the high-road of commerce and the high-road of conquerors. By it have passed the arts and ideas of the East to mingle with the West; along it have marched the great armies of almost every ancient nation. Through it Cræsus marched against the Persians, and the Persians against Greece. Cyrus and Alexander began the flow of Western reaction, and along the roads by which they marched came one after another the great Roman commanders. Persians and Saracens, Mongols and Turks, the armies of the Crusaders and the hordes of Tamerlane, have all followed along the same road: and now Western civilization is once more beginning to creep up the river valleys from the coast into the interior.

The earliest civilization which flourished in the interior is one which the research of the last fifteen years has rescued from absolute oblivion. The name of Hittite causes a natural feeling of suspicion in critical minds; and the name is unfortunate because it assumes the truth of a theory which may not be capable of proof. We are not now concerned with theories, but with facts; and the facts which we have to emphasize are these: that throughout the whole of the Anatolian peninsula, from the Euphrates valley to the neighbourhood of Smyrna, within the last few years there has been shown to exist a class of monuments of a very marked type, incapable of being associated with any great historical nation previously known. These monuments have a definite artistic style which it is difficult to mistake, and bear inscriptions in a character as yet uninterpreted, but identical with those on similar monuments of Northern Syria. At Boghaz Keui, the ancient Pteria, amongst the hills of Northern Cappadocia, are the remains of a great walled city and palace; and cut in the cliffs of a rocky valley—an impressive open-air temple—is the representation of strange Oriental processions and rites. Not far off, at Eyuk, are the remains of another palace, distinguished by the figures of sphinxes, showing undoubted Egyptian influence. At Tyana, famous at a later day as the home of the greatest of impostors, the fancied rival of the founder of Christianity, a great mound has given up the sepulchral monuments of a race of priest-kings. At Ibreez, in the northern slopes of Taurus, on the sides of a steep ravine, is the sculptured effigy of a river-god giving to the priestly king of the district gifts of wheat and grapes, and presiding over the birth of a stream which springs full-grown out of the earth, and, after fertilizing a whole valley, is swallowed up again in the earth from which it sprang—a true gift of the gods. Far to the east, on the road to the Euphrates,

Euphrates, two great lions still mark the site of a forgotten palace; while in the extreme west, in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, the figure of the Niobe and the pseudo-Sesostris, old even in the time of Herodotus, excite the curiosity of the modern tourist as they did that of the dilettanti of the ancient world, and still bear the inscriptions, however defaced and fragmentary, which unite them with the rock-reliefs of Pteria and the sculptured stones of Hamath.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the monuments which have been described and copied; and when we are asked what of their history, we are obliged to be very discreet in our answers. The inscriptions have not yet been interpreted, although the somewhat erratic ingenuity of Professor Sayce will no doubt eventually succeed in so doing.* We cannot tell whether they are the records of one empire or one people, or merely imply the influence of one type of civilization. The writing may conceal as many different languages as the cuneiform character does; it may have been used by various races. The rock-cut sculptures near Smyrna may be the monuments of an indigenous worship, or, like the sculptures at the Dog river, may commemorate the furthest limit of an Oriental conqueror.

We cannot solve these questions as yet, but in two directions we can trace the influence of the people or peoples who erected these monuments in their roads and their religion. Students of Herodotus have probably often wondered why the royal road of the Persian Empire went by such a circuitous route. In order to reach the sea-coast at Ephesus the road from the Cilician gates went due north to within a few days' journey of the coast of the Euxine before it turned west and crossed the Halys. Why was this? We are indebted to Professor Ramsay for a most ingenious and convincing explanation. Throughout the whole of its course, he points out, the Persian road follows older roads: from Susa to Cilicia it was the highway along which year after year the Assyrian armies had marched, like the devouring locusts; from Cilicia it followed the old Hittite route (we must be allowed to use the term) through the Cilician gates, past Tyana, an old sacred city, past Mazaka, afterwards Cæsarea, on to Pteria, the great commercial and religious, perhaps also political, centre of the district. Pteria was the road centre of Asia Minor in the earliest period of its history. From there one route went north

* In a letter which appeared in a recent number of the 'Academy,' Professor Sayce announces that a winter of leisure in Egypt has been successful, and that he has deciphered them.

to Sinope, the great emporium of the earliest civilization, the first outlet towards Greece of the commerce of the East; another crossed the Halys by a bridge, a triumph of construction for such an early time and the subject of much talk among the Greek merchants, whose gossip Herodotus has so carefully collected. It was this road that the Persians adopted. From the Halys it went west, past a number of sites famous in legend or remarkable for their pre-historic remains. It passed Ancyra, and the border fortress of Giaour Kalessi, where the great figures of the Hittite warriors cut upon the rock seem to guard the road; it passed Gordion, famous in legend, and the rock-built city by which stands the tomb where travellers may still read the name of Midas. Its track westward through the mountains is marked by tumuli, and by cities famous as homes of religion. It went by Sardis, and from Sardis under the monument of Karabel, and so reached the sea-coast at Ephesus, the first great road by which the caravans, and the customs, and the religion, perhaps even the armies of the East, came to the West.

The permanence of religious influence makes it often easy to reconstruct the religion of the past when all else is gone. The rock-sculptures of Pteria and the religious conditions of a later period enable us to realize some of the ideas of this early population. There, marching along the rocks, we can see the great processions of the two deities, male and female, with their eunuch priests, and the crowds of male and female worshippers advancing in rhythmic order, and we learn how the religion of this early people was the same as that which we find among the Phrygians of a later date. It has two great characteristics, its nature worship and its sexual indifference;—but we must let Prof. Ramsay describe it in his own words. He begins by pointing out how prominent a place women occupy in these sculptures.

‘The idea of women as fighting and as warlike finds its religious justification in the warlike goddess who was one of the chief manifestations of divinity: and the masculine air, the short dress, the flatness of the bosom, are quite in the spirit of a religion of which it is characteristic to raise itself above the distinction of sex. Its essence lies in the adoration under various forms of the life of nature, that life subject apparently to death but never dying, but reproducing itself in new forms different and yet the same. This perpetual self-identity under varying forms, this annihilation of death through the power of self-reproduction, was the object of the enthusiastic worship of Asia Minor, with all its self-abandonment, its periods of complete immersion in the divine nature, and of superiority to all moral distinctions and human ties, its mixture of the obscenest regulations and the most sublime truths. The mystery of self-reproduction, of self-identity

self-identity amid diversity, is the key to explain all the repulsive legends which cluster round that worship, and all the manifold manifestations or embodiments of the divine life that are carved on the rocks in Pteria. The parent is the child, the mother is the daughter, the father the son; they seem to men different; religion teaches that they are the same, that death and birth are only two aspects of one idea, and that the birth is only the completeness of the incomplete apparent death.' ('Journal of the Asiatic Society,' xv. (1883), p. 114.)

In harmony with this idea is the constant tendency to obliterate the distinctions of sex :

'One of the central ideas in the religion is that the distinction of sex is not ultimate, is only an appearance and not a real element of the divine life. In its essence that life is self-complete, self-sufficient, continually existent; the idea of death comes in with the idea of sex, of incompleteness, of diversity. The Goddess is the earth, the Mother; the God is the Heaven, the Father; the ultimate divinity comprehends both Heaven and Earth, both God and Goddess. Hence arises the idea which appears in Greek art as the Hermaphrodite, merely a rude symbolical expression of the unreality of sexual distinction. Hence also arises the tendency to confuse or to obliterate the distinction of sex in the Gods, to represent the Goddess with the character of the man, the God as womanly and effeminate; while the priest of the religion must be neither male nor female.' (Ib. p. 115.)

So, too, the prominence of the priest in the religion reflects the character of the political organization :

'The frequency with which the priest appears, shows how great was his importance in the religion, and his influence among the people. He was the embodiment of the god, living always among his people and explaining to them always through the oracle, which was a never-failing accompaniment of the Asian religion, the will of Heaven. This is in complete agreement with all that we know of political organization and government among the people of Asia Minor before they were affected by Greek influence. Either the priesthood comprehended the kingdom in itself and exercised supreme power, or the priest was at least co-ordinate with the king in rank and social power.' (Ib. p. 118.)

And so, when all other influences died, this religious influence lived on. We know it under the form of the worship of Cybele and Atys at Pessinus and at Mount Dindymus. We know it at Komana, where more than 6,000 courtesans honoured the principle of reproduction in nature, by a dishonourable life; we know it probably at Ephesus, where the early nature worship, older than the Greek colonists, older than the Lydian invaders, survived

survived under Greek forms, and partially altered by Greek influence. Artemis, Anaitis, Leto, Cybele, are all names which preserve the religious ideas of this first period in the history of the country.

But before we leave this people we have to narrate one strange influence which they have exercised on Western symbolism. Among the ruins of Eyuk is a figure which no one has failed to recognize as that of a two-headed eagle. So clear was the resemblance, that Hamilton refused to believe that it was archaic. But on this subject there can be no doubt. This two-headed eagle, found among ruins which probably Mohammedan imagination would connect with the work of supernatural beings, attracted the attention of the Seljuk sultans of Roum. They adopted it as their symbol, placed it in their coins, and carved it on their buildings. By the wars of the Crusaders, or by Eastern commerce, this symbol passed to the West, and became the sign of imperial power; so that when the Turks entered Europe they found themselves finally checked in their onward march by armies who bore as the sign of their power this two-headed eagle, which was their own inheritance from the earliest inhabitants of their country.

So far as research seems to point at present, the basis of the populations of Asia Minor was a homogeneous race, with the same origin and the same affinities, spreading from the Euphrates to the Ægean. They were Oriental in their character and their religion; traced descent through the mother, and not through the father; worshipped a female goddess and her son with orgiastic and often impure ceremonies. Everywhere traces of the influence of this original population may be found. East of the Halys it still remained unchanged, even in historic periods. West of that river it had to submit to an invading race from Europe, who adopted from it religious rites and customs, but introduced a new and more progressive Western element. This conclusion is the result of a wide generalization, but one striking illustration of the difference between the two populations must suffice. In nothing does the East differ from the West so much as in its varied relation to the pig. In the East, laws of hygiene which have become sanctified by religion will always condemn the pig as an article of food; in Northern countries the clean-feeding swine of the oak forest is among the most useful of animals. East of the Halys, Eastern ideas prevailed: 'the very presence of a pig in the holy city was a profanation and an impurity.' 'West of the Halys the pig is used in the holiest ceremonies, its image accompanies the dead to their graves to purify them, and the living

living wash with their own hands the pig which is to be their sacrifice.' 'In Komana Pontica the presence of a pig was forbidden; but in Lydia we see a pig under the seat of the deified dead in the Harpy tomb.' In Lydia the pig was a purificatory sacrifice; but when a Phrygian robber chief was made high-priest of Komana, he shocked the local priesthood by introducing his national habit of sacrificing pigs.

But, and this is particularly noteworthy, the line of division was not exactly the Halys. Just where the old religion had one of its most important strongholds, at Pessinus, the horror of the pig prevailed; and side by side with the worship of Atys, and under its priests, old Semitic, or at any rate Oriental, customs still continued.

The evidence of tradition and archaeology alike tell us that it was from the North that this later population came. Northern and Arian in its affinities, it had something of the vigour of Northern races. But it was not unreceptive or unteachable. Its own religion was the worship of a supreme male deity, called by such names as Brontes, kindred in origin and easily capable of being identified with the Greek Zeus; but it learnt from its predecessors the orgiastic rites of Cybele and Atys. It was a race of mail-clad conquerors, who became, under the name of Carians, famous throughout the East as mercenaries; but, like many a race of conquerors, it was itself conquered by the older race over which it ruled. It built its citadels on the summit of steep rocks, but the sacred cities of the older cult still remained, venerated and powerful. From the older people it learnt much, but it transformed what it had learnt with the beauty of poetical power. One of its great capitals seems to have been placed on the highway which we have described as running westward from Pteria, attracted by commercial influences. With Pteria it was in constant communication, and from Pteria it would learn civilized arts unknown to rude Thracian tribes. From the mixture of successive waves of this people with the older inhabitants arose the historical nations of Western Asia Minor, the Lycians, the Carians, the Lydians, and the Phrygians. Half Western, half Oriental in their affinities, akin to the Greek, and akin to the Semite, they formed an excellent mediator between the East and the West; they received and transformed the produce of the East and passed it on to the West, they clothed the legends of the East in the garb of poetry, and they idealized and elevated its religion.

The earliest memorials of this invading race are perhaps those of Mount Sipylus above Smyrna, associated in Greek legend with the name of Tantalus, but more striking are those
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of Northern Phrygia. Just at the dawn of the historic period in the eighth and ninth centuries before Christ, the greatest kingdom in Greek eyes was that of the Phrygians, who ruled over the broad Sangarius valley. Men in after-time remembered how it had represented the ideal of earthly wealth and power to the Greek cities on the shores of the Ægean, and they remembered the shock with which they heard of its overthrow in the great Cimmerian invasion of the seventh century.

Of this ancient kingdom many monuments remain, and these have been carefully examined and described by the recent explorers of Asia Minor. They exist in two great groups in the northern part of what was anciently known as Phrygia. The monuments are military, sepulchral, and to a certain extent religious. The former are strongholds, perched on the top of isolated rocks with ramparts, staircases, and approaches, of which the remains can still be traced. More interesting are the tombs: the northernmost group contains one famous for bearing upon it inscriptions written from left to right in the old Phrygian alphabet, and containing unmistakably the name of Midas. The tomb consists of a façade somewhat like that of a temple, cut in the rock with a false doorway; the front has been sculptured most elaborately with ornamental work, perhaps copied from a carpet, perhaps from a tiled wall. A strange feature is the absence of a sepulchral chamber. This has made the French explorers conjecture that the monument is not a tomb, but a shrine, dedicated to the eponymous ancestor of the royal race. In any case it, and many other tombs like it, are undoubted memorials of an almost forgotten historical period; for the style, and the absence of Greek or other foreign features, indicate that it is indigenous in character, uninfluenced by either Greek or Persian art, and belonging to the early period which the inscription upon it indicates. More striking still are some of the monuments of the southern group. One, unfortunately very much broken, had once three colossal lions guarding it, while over the entrance were the figures of two warriors, their heads protected by what would be called in Greece the archaic or Carian helmet, and their spears pointed at the figure of a Gorgon-like monster which seems to have personified the principle of evil. Another tomb, not far off, has two great lionesses guarding the doorway, with their feet resting on a column, and two cubs lying beside them. The whole monument recalls the Lion gate at Mycenæ, and has led Professor Ramsay into interesting speculations as to the date and affinities of the latter. He is inclined to refer it not to the Achæan population, but to the early Dorian kings, and to see in its design

design the result of the commercial relations between the old Phrygians and the Greeks of the eighth century before Christ.

It might be attractive to study the developments of Phrygian art under foreign influence, but we must pass on to a later period. The part played by the two earliest races was taken up in succession to them by the Persians and the Greeks. The Persians conquered Asia Minor; for two centuries they ruled, but they hardly influenced the country. The old life, the old religion, the old peoples continued, paying tribute, obliged to serve in the army, conscious of a superior power which punished with Oriental cruelty open rebellion, but uninfluenced and unchanged. A few Phrygian tombs show the influence of Persian art; the rule of a single power, and the comparative peace which was thus guaranteed, promoted the spread of commercial intercourse. A change in the road system began, and the southern trade-route which prevailed throughout all the Roman period took the place of the old circuitous route by the royal road. But it was Greece that felt most of all the influence of this new road, open to the merchandise of the East, and Greek influence which began by those roads to penetrate into the interior.

With the Greeks came the most permanent influence to which the country was to be exposed. We can trace the beginning of their settlements in the land when a small body of foreign invaders settled on some strong fortress on the shore. Gradually their influence spread and their city grew, and they began to be influenced in turn by the people among whom they lived. The worship of the Goddess Mother at Ephesus became the cult of the Greek Artemis. The temple outside the city, once the stronghold of a hostile body, became the centre of its worship and the cause of its fame. Ephesus was but a type of other cities. But Greek influence lingered long on the coast before it penetrated into the interior with the conquests of Alexander and the rule of his successors. Yet even then it at first leaves little traces far inland. A few Greek cities along the lines of the roads testify to their origin by the name they bear—Laodicea, Apamea, Antiochia, Nysa, Seleucia; and we begin to be able to trace the spread of Greek colonies and cities in the interior: the Greek commercial activity opens up the trade-routes, the Hellenization of local worship, and their reflex action on the Greek mind—a process which was continued during the following centuries—becomes more and more visible. But it was not until Rome came on the scene, and only in the company of Roman armies, that the influence became general. It was only with the assistance of Christianity that the Greek language finally triumphed.

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The period immediately preceding the final establishment of the Roman power—a period which was marked by the break up of the semi-Greek kingdoms which had been formed in the peninsula—is conspicuous for the rule of various dynasties of priest-kings. We have already referred more than once to the old centres of religious life. Amongst the best known are Tyana, the two Komanas, Venasa, Olba, Pessinus, Aizanoi. At all these places there had existed from remote antiquity temples which had become sacred in popular estimation. Their priests—a close and powerful corporation—ruled over large estates and a subservient population of temple servants. These at a later period passed into the hands of the Emperor, and became the imperial estates which we meet with under Roman rule. The priests had originally probably shared the rule with the king, but the old kings had long ceased to exist; during the centuries of external rule there was no place for them; so that when a state of anarchy arose, and there was need of a central authority, the priest alone was left. His strong inherited position, the sacred character of his office, the large possessions and the rich resources of his temple, alike put him prominently forward; and just as in the troubles which attended the breaking up of the Western Empire, secular power passed largely into the hands of the Christian bishops, so in Asia Minor, in this period of confusion which immediately preceded the establishment of the Roman occupation, we find dynasties of priest-kings ruling with complete royal rights. The best known instance is probably that of Olba in the Cilician mountains, where at the shrine of the Olbian Zeus a dynasty of priest-kings ruled: their coins and their buildings remain as an evidence of their power, and a few scattered notices combined with these have made it possible to construct a history of their kingdom. But we must pass on to the Romans.

The traveller who goes from Smyrna to the Mæander valley by the railroad which passes the site of Ephesus, will see in the first station beyond Ephesus a milestone which is one of the earliest monuments of Roman power in Asia. The inscription on it states that it was erected by Manius Aquillius Glabrio, who was Proconsul of Asia in the year 129 before Christ. It marks one of the earliest roads which the nation of road-makers laid out in the Province of Asia, at a time when they began the organization of their newly-acquired possession, and the most fitting place for it to be preserved in is surely a station built on the same spot by an English company of the first railway of the country, which is step by step following the line of the Roman road right up into the interior.

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It is of course to the Roman period that the great mass of archaeological remains still existing in Asia Minor belong. There is hardly a village which does not reveal its inscriptions, built into the mosque or the fountain, or used, upside down and broken, as the headstone of a Turkish grave. Running through districts now deserted may be seen the track of Roman roads. On the hill-sides are found boundary-stones of provinces, of cities, and of imperial estates; by the hot springs are the remains of the old baths, and the sacred shrine which honoured the manifestation of the power of nature, and the votive offerings of the suppliant to the god. Whenever a road is made or a house built, inscriptions are discovered recording the life of the past. It is naturally with this period that Prof. Ramsay has been most occupied, and to this that he devotes the larger amount of the work before us—a work which we have now to explain. A greater part of what he has done is technical. It is work which is necessary, as the basis of all true history,—work which has been done for us in other parts of the world by men whose labours we use, and whose names we have forgotten. No educated reader need be told that the basis of history must be geography, and it is to settling the correct geography of Asia in ancient times that this volume is devoted. Prof. Ramsay has definitely fixed the sites of a large number of towns, within certain limits, of almost all those mentioned in ancient authorities. He has marked out the line of the Roman roads; he has tracked the march of the great armies through the country. He has mapped out the boundaries of the Roman provinces. But this is only the skeleton which archaeological discovery and the study of authorities are gradually clothing with life.

We used to think that the Greek language early became universal, but a considerable amount of evidence, the existence of inscriptions in the Phrygian language during the second century after Christ, the atrocious spelling and grammar of many late Greek inscriptions, in some districts the comparative absence of any inscriptions until a late date, prove that it was not until the Christian period that Greek became the popular language of the more remote districts.

Old languages live tenaciously; old customs, especially religious customs, still more so. Although local deities acquired Greek names, they preserved their cults and their rites. A single instance will illustrate for us the local rites against which Christianity had to contend. At a place called Badinlar, on the southern bank of the Mæander, the site of an ancient temple and the inscriptions taken thence to the neighbouring villages enable us to reconstruct the worship of the local deity.

The temple was dedicated to Apollo Lairmenus or Lairbenos; it was adorned with inscribed tablets recording the emancipation of slaves, and the anger of the deity against those who had offended him, with votive offerings commemorating expiations which had been performed, with statues and tripods. Round it was a space preserved sacred to the god, and it was held impious that men who required purification should enter the neighbouring village.* Such is one instance. We can read in inscriptions all the life of the people, their athletics, games, and festivals, their religious gatherings, the priesthoods which were the object of so much social emulation; we read the names of the priestly and aristocratic families, who were still proud of their descent from the old rulers of the country, the municipal honours and offices, the guilds and trades' unions. We learn how the people, once living in scattered cantons round some sacred spot, were gradually grouped together into cities for the purpose of administration; we read the details in the management of the great imperial estates. We are introduced, in fact, to all the life and organization of a great empire.

If a traveller were to desire a decisive proof of the greatness and unique character of the Roman power, he should visit the town of Corycus on the Cilician coast, and travel thence by the Roman road to the city of Olba. For five-and-twenty miles through the mountains he will be able to travel along the road. All the pavement is still left, if somewhat broken: every mile as he advances he will find marked by milestones, sometimes five standing together, recording successive restorations of the road. He will ride through a country which is now almost deserted save for a few wandering nomads, yet every few miles he will see the remains of villages and towns. At last the road will open through a rocky gorge into a mountain valley, and he will find himself in the presence of what was once an important city. Above his head, running across the gorge, are the remains of an aqueduct which once brought water many miles across the mountains to a valley now almost waterless. The ruins are still standing of a rock citadel above and a walled town below, with its temples, its churches, its theatre, and its tombs. But he must not stay here. If he follow the road still further, he will reach the sacred city of the priest-kings of Olba, and the remains of the great temple of Olbian Zeus. A great tower is still standing, which dates almost from the period of the Cilician pirates, but the temples, the market-

* See "Apollo Lermenus," by D. G. Hogarth and W. M. Ramsay: 'Journal of Hellenic Studies,' vol. viii. (1887), p. 390.

place, a great portico or colonnade, and a theatre are memorials of the prosperity of the country under the rule of imperial Rome. Once this site was the scene of vast concourses, at the time of its games and festivals, from a district which on all sides bears evidence of having been thickly peopled. Two great cities grew up here under Roman rule. Now it is the residence of a small body of the most backward people that inhabit the Anatolian peninsula.

But a change more far-reaching even than that of the establishment of the Roman rule was to come over the country. That altered its political organization,—the introduction of Christianity transformed its whole life. Of this new stage in the history inscriptions have left us interesting records. One such will give an admirable instance of the critical acuteness of a great English scholar. Among the mass of spurious hagiographical literature which later centuries produced is the *Life of a certain Abercius*, described as Bishop of Hierapolis. The *Life* is certainly late and worthless, but it contains an epitaph which the writer says that he copied from the tomb of the saint. This epitaph was felt by more than one critic to have the ring of genuineness, and as such was used by Bishop Lightfoot, in his edition of the *Epistle to the Colossians*, to illustrate the history of the district. His sagacity has been shown to be correct, and Prof. Ramsay has told us how, in a series of visits to the ancient Phrygia, he first discovered the site and purchased a coin of an almost unknown city, Hierapolis; how he discovered there the tomb of a later successor of Abercius, who had plagiarized his epitaph; how on another visit he found a portion of the tomb of Abercius himself, with a fragment of the epitaph built into the wall of the Turkish bath, on the site of the hot springs which had made the place in early times the holy shrine of the district. The epitaph is full of interest. In barbarous hexameter verse it tells us how Abercius, eager to be certain as to the orthodoxy of his faith and full of zeal against the sectaries of the district, had travelled over the whole Christian world to learn the teaching of the different churches. He lived in the second century, and thus he gives us some insight into the teaching of an early period of which we have not many records. He travelled to Rome in the West, to Nisibis in the East; and everywhere he found the same faith and the same rites. At Rome, he tells us, using the metaphorical language which a desire for secrecy and a feeling of reverence alike suggested to the early Church, how he saw 'the golden-robed, golden-slippered Queen,'—an expression which reminds us of the words 'the king's daughter is all glorious within,' as

applied to the Christian Church. He saw the people 'bearing the splendid seal,' signed with the seal of the cross in baptism. 'Everywhere he had associates;' everywhere 'faith set before him the fish from the fountain, mighty and stainless . . . having good wine and giving the mixed cup with bread.' Here we have the well-known imagery of the catacombs already in common use, and we have a striking picture of the solidarity and universal diffusion of the Christian Church in the second century.

The evidence afforded by the epitaph of Abercius of the spread of Christianity in Phrygia is corroborated by many other instances. Phrygia, the home of one of the earliest heretical teachers, was one of the first districts in which the new religion seized hold of the popular mind, and from the beginning of the second century a series of inscriptions, often obscure and misspelt, often veiling their Christianity under doubtful symbols, attest its wide-spread diffusion. But just where it obtained this hold on the popular mind, it early exhibited the phenomenon of the worship and rites and characteristics of the old worship of the country reappearing under new forms and influencing the new religion. Montanism, one of the earliest Christian heresies, was possible only because in Phrygia, its home, Christianity had become so diffused that it was moulded by the character of the people. Human nature will not change completely in a year or a generation: and that old Asiatic worship which we have seen portrayed in stone on the rock walls of Pteria; which the early Greek settlers found established at Ephesus; which attained a world-wide fame when the Phrygian mother of the gods, whom men honoured by orgiastic revelries and night-processions among the pine-woods of Mount Dindymus, was taken to Rome, and Catullus sang of the self-mutilation of Atys; that worship in which the temple slaves of Komana, and ladies of high rank at Tralles and many another city, dishonoured themselves for the honour of the god; which we have seen reappearing with changed name in the local cults of the Roman period—influenced the new religion. Christianity triumphed; it introduced a new and purer element; but the solemn sobriety of the Catholic Church, with its dignified ritual, seemed tame to men who had followed the processions of the Great Mother, and an enthusiastic outburst of spiritual enthusiasm was necessary as an outlet for human nature, which was unchanged. Such was Montanism when Christianity was young. But Montanism was not alone. In the fourth century, when Christianity had become established, we find the great Basil obliged to rebuke

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a too conservative deacon, who had danced at a Christian festival with a body of young girls, as his forefathers had danced at heathen ceremonies, and who adorned himself on the occasion with the dress of a patriarch, as his forefathers had imitated the dress of the local gods in their mimetic rite. Human nature does not change, or changes very slowly. Even now Konia and Karahissar, a town of ancient Phrygia, are famous for their Tekkes of dancing dervishes; and as the traveller lies in his tent at night outside the village, and hears the discordant sounds of the marriage guests wandering hour after hour through the fields, chanting in a barbarous Eastern fashion, he may fancy he is listening to the procession of the devotees of some local deity who was worshipped with the orgiastic rites of the Phrygian mother of the gods.

But it is not only of the earlier periods of Christianity that memorials have been preserved. There are scattered throughout the country many ecclesiastical remains of a later period which, when they are properly examined, may help to elucidate the history of Christian architecture. There are remains of churches which may date from the fourth and fifth centuries. One of the most interesting is situated at a place called Kojale in Isauria. High on the steep mountain side, looking over the Calycadnus valley, are the remains of a monastery. Although in ruins, it has been marvellously well preserved, and of the church the stone-work is standing almost intact. Unique in design, it is distinguished by its central tower, by its strong masonry, by the double tier of lofty arches, and the rich carving of its doorways. So early is it, that definite Christian motives have hardly begun to be used for decorative purposes; its architecture and its ornaments show the use of early designs, but, treated with the freedom which the new spirit renders possible.

The next change which operated on the fortunes of the country was the foundation of the new capital of the empire at Constantinople. While Rome was the centre of government and of life, all the roads of Asia Minor were directed towards Ephesus. When Constantinople became the centre, roads were directed towards the new capital, and the balance of trade changed. The new system which began then has continued since, if, indeed, that is to be called a system which at present exists in the Turkish Empire. But another change, and one of greater importance, was to come. The earliest organization of Asia Minor had been that of a half-nomad people, living in cantons, grouped round a central shrine, which was probably the centre of trade as well as of religion. The Phrygian invaders

invaders and conquerors had occupied rock citadels. After them came the Greek city, which gradually spread over the country with its higher civilization and organized municipal life. From the later days of the Pergamene kings up to the seventh century, Asia Minor enjoyed an almost uninterrupted period of peace; its cities were built where water was abundant, or where commerce offered advantages; strength of situation was little cared for when the greatest danger was a robber excursion from the mountains. But with the troublous times which follow a change begins. The cities which were in the valley begin to climb up the hill-side, and the most inaccessible rocks and elevated peaks became the situation of the fortresses which were necessary for the long border warfare which the Byzantine emperors had to carry on. Another change is equally significant. What add so much to the interest of the earlier periods are the wealth of inscriptions and the variety of local life furnished by the municipal system. But with later centralization local life decays; an imperial officer takes the place of elected magistrates, a bureaucracy encroaches on the system of local self-government, and the life of the city is no longer illustrated by inscriptions. These at a later time record for us nothing but the name of the dead, or the dedication of a church. But this very silence is expressive, and is perhaps a stronger evidence of the slow decay of centuries than any written monument could be.

The history of the Byzantine empire is the history of a decline, but it is still full of interest. We are accustomed to remember only the corruption and the decrepitude it displayed; we are inclined to forget the services that it rendered to civilization by defending through a thousand years its Eastern border. It has left few striking remains of any architectural and archæological interest; the walls still standing of some of the towns, the castles on isolated rocks, may belong to this period; yet the careful examination of the country will help to explain the marches of the Emperors, their strategy and manœuvres, the many incidents of the continuous border warfare they carried on as the representatives of the West against the East.

Probably in this long history there are few events more romantic than the march of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa to the East. In Professor Ramsay's pages we can follow his track. He rests his troops in the gardens round Konia. We can trace his march over the mountains of Taurus. The ruins of the castle of the Armenian city which entertained him so hospitably are still standing, built on a more ancient site and
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from earlier remains. We can follow him across the Calycadnus valley, where the bridge that he used is still standing, although useless under Turkish rule, until at length near Seleucia the greatest ruler of the day, and the leader of the most powerful army, was drowned by an ignominious accident.

One last period remains—a period which has left us monuments of great interest, which unfortunately have never been adequately or correctly described. Among the rulers of the Middle Ages the Seljuk Sultans of Roum were renowned even in the West for the magnificence of their court. Its reputation was probably enhanced by its inaccessibility and its unknown character, but the remains that it has left attest a considerable greatness. At Konia, where the tombs of the old Sultans may still be seen in the great Tekke of the dancing dervishes, at Karaman, at Nigdeh, at Sivas, and at Sultan Khan remains of medieval Turkish architecture exist, now often in ruins, gorgeous in their conception and workmanship. An archæologist will find them interesting from the lesson they will teach him. They are Saracenic in their design, the inscriptions upon them are in Arabic characters, yet they were undoubtedly erected by Turkish rulers. Remembering how eagerly the similarity of the earliest monuments of Cappadocia to those of Northern Syria in style and in written characters has been made to prove not merely identity of race and language, but even the existence of a single homogeneous kingdom, we can well imagine an archæologist in some future time arguing from the known fact of the inferior capacity of the Ottoman Turk, and proving that these buildings must have been the work of the early Saracen invaders, whose conquest, they would argue, had been much more permanent than was supposed. But, apart from such speculations, the monuments are singularly interesting in themselves; most conspicuously so that called Sultan Khan, which we may take as typical. It is situated on the road which ran east from the old Seljuk capital Konia, in the great central plain which is sometimes called a desert, and was built for the accommodation and protection of travellers by the enlightened medieval rulers of the country. It is an enormous building. Its walls are twelve to fifteen feet thick; its great doorway, richly carved with Saracenic ornament, and belonging to the best period of art, opens into a court surrounded by galleries, and from this another doorway, nearly as large and beautiful, admits into the interior of the khan, which, with its aisles and lofty pointed arches, has much more resemblance to a cathedral than a place for the accommodation of travellers. The Mosque of Konia, the divinity school of Karaman, the great gateway at Sivas,

Sivas, the many ruined khans by the side of the old trade routes, combine in attesting that a Turkish and a Mohammedan power need not be incapable and unprogressive.

We have traced the history of Asia Minor as depicted in its monuments through many stages. Professor Ramsay has told us much of the history of the country through every period; his book is not without information concerning the present day. One fact to which he alludes is full of interest, and forms the last scene in that great drama which we have been watching since the days of Herodotus, the contest of the East and West,—the construction of a railway into the interior by an English company. From the time when Cyrus marched eastwards to try and win the Persian Empire with the assistance of Greek mercenaries, there has always been one great route into the interior—the only one which does not present great engineering difficulties—that up the Mæander valley. This the railway is taking; it follows the line of the great Roman road, and a description of it will give us an opportunity of introducing the traveller to some of the most interesting sites in the country. From Smyrna, the first place of interest at which the traveller arrives is Ayasalouk, the ‘station for the ruins of Ephesus,’ a place whose name, ‘the holy Theologos,’ recalls the tradition of the residence of St. John the Divine. From here it crosses the low ridge of Mount Mesogis, and enters the broad Mæander valley, and the great fig-garden of the world; it passes the site of the ancient Magnesia on the Mæander, and reaches its first important stopping-place, Aidin or Guzel Hissar, the beautiful castle—the Tralles of Roman Imperial times—a city which has always been famous for its wealth. From Aidin, creeping east up the Mæander valley, the country rises so slowly as to make the ascent almost imperceptible, until the confluence of the Lycus and the Mæander is reached. The Mæander flows through a deep and often almost impassable cañon, and the railway deserts it to follow the course of the Lycus. In its course it passes near two sites well known in early Christian history, Colossæ and Laodicea; while on the northern side of the valley the traveller will see the glittering limestone terraces of Hierapolis. Its ruins are among the most striking in Asia Minor, and the hot springs and natural phenomena may still be seen, which made it a great religious centre for the Phrygian nature worship. At the summit of the Lycus valley is the only steep climb in the route, and the railway reaches the level of the central plateau. Its present terminus is the modern Dinair, the ancient Cælænæ, or Apamea Cibotus, one of the most interesting sites in
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Southern Phrygia. Situated at the head-waters of the Mæander valley, its copious springs have always made it a conspicuous place. It was the site of early Phrygian legends, and archæological travellers of the Roman Empire were shown the cave in which Apollo hung up the skin of Marsyas after he had flayed him. The Persian rulers built there a palace, and made a great park for hunting. Under the Roman system it became a great road centre; it was famous in early Christian imagination. On the rocky peak above the town the Christian sibyl saw the site where the Ark had rested, and the name of Noah and the figure of an ark inscribed on a third-century coin of the place forms one of many converging lines of evidence which prove the wide-spread influence of Christianity in Phrygia during the second and third centuries. With the removal of the capital to Constantinople, and the change of the road system, Apamea began to decay; but it is now once more on the main line of traffic. As the terminus of the railway it has become a vigorous centre of commercial life, and all through the summer months long lines of camels may be seen bringing to the railway corn which, without this new means of communication, would have been left to rot upon the fields.

Here the railway at present ends. But when the incalculable power which rules the destinies of the country gives permission, it will still follow the line of the Roman road. If it went due east, it would reach the Antioch of the Pauline journeys, but would find its onward progress stopped by a great mountain mass. By inclining a little to the north, it will turn the mountains and reach the valley of Phrygia Paroreios, passing the tumuli which mark the site of the battle of Ipsus.

From here the old road went first south and then east, past Laodicea Combusta, where the road from Iconium came in, across the great central desert on to where Cæsarea Mazaka, the modern Kaisariye, the home of Basil the Great, lies at the foot of the snow-clad peak of Mount Argæus; thence across the Anti-Taurus it made its way to the valley of the Euphrates and the boundary of the Empire. The railway will have to diverge a little to the south in order to reach Konia, the ancient Iconium, the old Seljuk capital, still one of the most important towns in Anatolia. Here one branch will turn southward to the Cilician gates, if that pass does not present insuperable engineering difficulties; another will rejoin the line of the ancient road and make its way to the east. Perhaps we are too imaginative in believing that this will ever happen; at any rate, we may record the construction of the railway as a sign that the West is beginning to react upon the East in its old battle-field, and to
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revive the country from the stagnation which now reigns supreme.

We have accepted the key-note which Prof. Ramsay himself gives us of his work. Nor is he alone. Every great historian who has written, from the days of Herodotus, has seen the same law influencing history in the struggle between the two great systems of life and thought which we associate with the East and West. That the rich river valleys, the fertile plains, and bright sun of the South and East should develop a different type of character to that which is produced by the vigour of the North,—that different views of the world and religion should exist among peoples who know nature sometimes richly bounteous, sometimes stern, harsh, and barren, always apparently unalterable, to that of men whose life has been a continuous contest against natural difficulties, in which they can always be victorious if they have only the strength to persevere, seems true; and there is no doubt that the generalization which makes history a contest between these two principles contains an element of truth; but we would suggest that, after all, it is only a half-truth. May we suggest that the true account of human progress has been the union of these opposing forms and divergent spirits? Prof. Freeman began the history of Sicily, Prof. Ramsay is studying the history of Asia Minor, in the form of a contest; but it is a contest in which neither side is victorious. Each conquers the other in the moment of its victory. Greece Hellenizes the East, but is impregnated with Oriental thought. Christianity combines the mysticism of the one, and the clear articulated rationalism of the other. It is as the home of this union, as the place where Eastern ideas, through the medium of almost forgotten peoples, came into contact with Greece and the West, and where from the union of the two were produced the thoughts and speculations which have created modern society; it is as a place where, as in Alexandria, Christianity learned to use Western forms, that Asia Minor deserves to be remembered in universal History.

ART. IX.—*On Shibboleths.* By William Samuel Lilly.
London, 1892.

POLITICAL philosophy has never been a very popular branch of study in England, and at no time has it been much less so than in the present century. The neglect is not quite so creditable to our national character for practical ability as is sometimes imagined. The Englishman is apt to take a sort of pride in the loose, unsystematic, and illogical fashion in which he considers public affairs, conscious of the fact that he frequently contrives to blunder into a material success which the scientific Gaul or the philosophic Teuton so much more often fails to attain. But if we have sometimes succeeded in spite of our faults, we need not suppose that these faults can be 'imputed unto us for righteousness.' The spectacle presented by English politics during the past two generations cannot be said to be a testimony wholly favourable to the merits of the rule-of-thumb method. We are entitled to conjecture that the demoralization and confusion of our public life would be no greater, and might very probably be a good deal less, if more serious efforts had been undertaken to analyse and reduce to a system the principles which are supposed to underlie the professions and practices of the great political parties, and, still more, if some attempts had been made to justify the faith of their supporters on the grounds of philosophy and reason. But the task has not commended itself to the many distinguished and accomplished publicists and statesmen who might have seemed well fitted for it. A century so fertile in every other form of intellectual activity has been almost barren of political philosophers in these islands. The list, indeed, is a singularly empty one, and it is not easy to mention off-hand half-a-score names of men of conspicuous eminence or ability, since the death of Edmund Burke, who have seriously devoted themselves to the consideration of the philosophy of politics. Even from such a scanty catalogue exceptions would have to be taken if we excluded, as we ought, the writers who are constitutionalists or jurists, like Hallam, Brougham, Mr. Dicey, Sir James Stephen, and that penetrating and acute thinker, the late Mr. Walter Bagehot; and if we left out those authors, from Godwin to Mr. John Morley, whose works are in reality nothing but political pamphlets or partisan tracts on a more or less extensive scale. Indeed we do not know whether to the names of Mill and Sir Henry Maine, there is more than one other to be added—at least among those of the last three decades. The name is that

that of the late Professor J. R. Green, of Oxford, whose premature death must be regarded as an irreparable loss to the philosophy, and to all the higher thought, of our age. 'Faithful among the faithless found,' that sincere and single-minded student held aloft the lamp of metaphysical inquiry to a generation which has ignorantly chosen to deride the noblest and most fruitful of studies. Fortified by a profound knowledge of the philosophical theories of all ages, and permeated by the ideas of the German transcendentalists, Mr. Green did more than any Englishman of his time to illustrate the inseparable connexion between politics and ethics, and to lay the basis of what may be called, in the correct sense of the words, a system of political science. But, with all his accomplishments, Mr. Green laboured under one great defect. He was not blessed with the gift of style. He was a man of learning rather than a man of letters. No writer was ever less fitted to appeal to the ear, we do not say of the multitude, but even of the ordinary run of cultivated readers. Philosophy, in his case, is by no means as musical as is Apollo's lute. It is undoubtedly somewhat 'harsh and crabbed,' and even those who are not 'dull fools' may find some difficulty in breaking their way through the forbidding crust of Green's valuable and closely-packed treatises. To the scholar and the serious thinker the volumes of his works must always be a treasury of profound thoughts and masterly reasoning; but it is vain to hope that they will be widely read, or indeed that they will be read at all outside the circumference of a small and very select circle.

It is otherwise with the author of the book before us. Mr. W. S. Lilly possesses qualifications which Mr. Green lacked. Almost alone among his contemporaries, if we except Professor Sidgwick—whose valuable text-book, 'The Elements of Politics,' no serious student can neglect—Mr. Lilly has devoted himself to the critical examination of current political ideas, theories, and practices, and investigated them in the light of reason and philosophy. Like Mr. Green, he is a transcendentalist; like him, he brings to a wide acquaintance with the speculative thought of all countries, a special and intimate knowledge of the works of the great German idealists. He has Hegel frequently on his tongue; Trendelenburg, Kant, and Lotze, always at command. Like Mr. Green, also, he wields a fine and delicate logical instrument for testing sophisms, fallacies, and falsifications. But, unlike the Balliol professor, Mr. Lilly does not write exclusively for the esoteric few. To the keenest acuteness and vigour of intellect he adds a style brilliant, taking, easy, and eminently expressive.

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The effect of Mr. Lilly's latest book is to supply us with a rational vindication of the Conservative attitude in public affairs. We say the effect rather than the aim, because we imagine that Mr. Lilly would not himself associate his argument with the cause of any political party, nor perhaps would he care to be regarded as the writer of a Conservative polemic; for the Party system is one of the institutions of the modern world which he treats with the least respect, and he rather frequently takes occasion to inform us that he regards all parties as almost equally degraded and demoralised by the corrupting influence of an extended suffrage and an all-powerful democracy. But in spite of Mr. Lilly's severe and judicial impartiality we are entitled to regard him as a formidable champion in the ranks of those who are struggling to dam the flood of ignorance, rapacity, and disorder, which threatens to overwhelm us. For such—whatever their precise relations to the more or less artificial groups and factions, into which politicians are divided—there is no name save that of Conservative. We claim Mr. Lilly—it may be *malgré lui*—as an apologist for that sober, moderate, reforming Conservatism, which is daily becoming the political creed of a greater number of educated and intelligent Englishmen. But it is a creed professed, too, often at the call of interest or passion, or in response to a blind, though not misguided, instinct. Mr. Lilly provides the reasonable Conservative with a justification of the faith that is in him. He shows him that his resistance to Radicalism and Anarchism can be supported by a strictly scientific and philosophic argument; that it can be defended on the highest ethical grounds; that it is one part only of that great scheme of thought according to which the lives of most of us are vaguely, unconsciously, and incoherently, shaped; that it is not the casual and temporary result of a political crisis, due to certain accidents of history, or the caprice of a few individuals; but that it has its roots in the 'Eternal Veracities' and its sanctions in those inexorable laws which are enforced from age to age by the stern ministers of evolution and necessity. If any thoughtful Conservative desires to take his political conceptions to pieces, as it were, and to examine their inner mechanism and the springs of their movement, he will find in Mr. Lilly's essays the most valuable assistance. They will show him why a man of sense and intelligence, desirous of ruling his public and private life according to the dictates of ethics and the rules of sound reason, must, apart altogether from heredity, impulse, interest, or prepossession, necessarily belong to the party of Order and Moderation.

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We have said enough to show that this book is something more than it may appear to a hasty and superficial reader—a series of disconnected essays on the popular ‘Shibboleths’ of the day. Mr. Lilly examines seven of the catchwords which dominate our age, and considers how far each of them can truly be said to be ‘the application or the misapplication of a syllogism.’ This investigation is based, as we understand it, on a strictly logical scheme. The author works out and develops the ethical view of politics, as it is revealed or obscured by the use of the ‘Shibboleths,’ of Progress, Liberty, the People, Public Opinion, Education, Woman’s Rights, and Supply and Demand; and the conclusion to which he leads us—we do not say that he formally expresses it in so many words—is that the prevailing ‘note’ of modern Radicalism is its de-ethicising influence on public affairs, while it is, or should be, the fundamental principle of Conservatism to counteract that influence. We are not able to agree with Mr. Lilly in all the conclusions he draws, nor can we always go with him in his treatment of particular points; but we do not see how any candid observer can dissent from the general accuracy of his results, or question the scientific unity and symmetry of his method. If he had done nothing else, his book would deserve attention for the emphasis with which it brings out the tendency of the so-called ‘progressive’ parties to divorce morals from politics altogether, and to look at the State solely from the materialistic point of view. ‘The intense Individualism of the age,’ as he calls it, has altogether lost sight of the fact on which he rightly insists as the starting-point of any true political science: the fact that the State is an ethical organism. The modern Radicals, who trace their descent in the direct or collateral line to the Fathers of the French Revolutionary Church, have been content to regard a nation as a fortuitous concourse of human atoms, associated together, by chance or luck or historical accident, for mutual convenience and safety. According to this view, that State fulfils its functions best which gives to the political majority of its citizens the largest number of ‘commodities’—that is, of things which are advantageous or convenient; and this theory underlies the popular construction of the various Shibboleths which Mr. Lilly considers. And he shows, in the course of his logical and closely-reasoned examination, that the assumption involves, in every case and in every one of its applications, propositions which are grossly selfish and essentially immoral, and are destitute of those higher vivifying and spiritual elements without which the State, like the individual, cannot attain that real progress which is the law
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of life. Man does not live by bread alone; States cannot live by 'free institutions,' railways, and a commerce advancing 'by leaps and bounds,' or even by high wages and cheap food. There must be something more—something that tends to the purification of the national character, the realization of great aims and worthy endeavour, with the recognition of things other and better than mere material prosperity, without which the public organism becomes degenerate and degraded :—

‘Embodies and imbrutes till it quite lose
The divine principle of its first being.’

Conservatism—a Conservatism that is worthy the name—recognizes this ‘divine principle;’ Radicalism ignores, if it does not deny, it.

It is this passionate attachment to material ‘progress,’ this hard ignorance of that other progress which is in the minds and spirit of men, that really links together what is now called the New Radicalism with that older form of Radicalism which is beginning to be a little out of date with the shrewder practitioners of actual politics. It is sometimes said that the New Radicalism is not the offspring, but the antithesis, of the Old; and, on occasion, it is even added that the Conservatives themselves are welcome to the cast-off garments of the antiquated economic Liberalism, which the active young fighters in the new army of Progress have discarded. The Tories, it is alleged, in their ponderous fashion, are awkwardly lumbering along the banks of ‘the stream of tendency,’ but so slowly and heavily, that they have even now only reached the point which the pard-like spirits, beautiful and swift, of the rival host passed in their victorious march some decades ago. It is astonishing that this proposition can be seriously maintained; it is more astonishing still that some Conservatives are apparently content to accept it, and profess themselves ready to die in the last ditch with the tattered old colours of Benthamism clasped closely to their bosoms. There is, or there should be, no ground for the assumption that the Tories of to-day are only the Liberals of thirty years ago, just as the Radicals of to-day are such as the Conservatives will presently become. It is true enough that the latter do still cherish certain maxims and sentiments which were common to all English parties in the middle of the century, though they are now contemptuously disregarded by the apostles of Spoliation and Revolution; but this does not make them the spiritual heirs of the Cobdenites and the Manchester School. The Conservatives never accepted that doctrine of systematised and consecrated Selfishness which was the fundamental principle

ciple in politics during the great period of Liberal 'progress' and predominance. The 'enlightened self-interest' which was a veritable 'Shibboleth' for so many middle-class Englishmen, was not more alien to all the deeper thinkers and nobler writers of the period—to Carlyle, to Kingsley, to Ruskin, to Matthew Arnold, to Lord Tennyson—than it was to some of the leaders of the Conservative party. They saw that under the cloak of this plausible theory unnumbered wrongs were comfortably nestling. They could not join in that deification of free contract and free competition which made it a duty for the citizens of a civilized country to hurl themselves upon one another, with tooth and claw,

'Like dragons of the prime
That tear each other in their slime ;'

grovelling and struggling in the mud, for the larger share of those 'utilities fixed and embodied in material objects,' about which the Evangelists of the gospel of Pelf and Self wrote so many dismal volumes. They could not admit that 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number' was truly promoted by the unchecked, unregulated, freedom of a blind Industrialism that brought not peace on earth but a sword, and carried a mimic civil war into every nation, every city, every household; or that the first function of the State was to keep the ring while its subjects pommelled each other inside the ropes. The party which carried its political traditions through Huskisson and Canning to Pitt and Burke could never really recognize this soulless doctrine; and its revolt found expression in the generous movement of the Young England party, and in the great struggle over the Factory Acts, which was the heaviest blow dealt the 'Manchester School' in the period of its greatness. The country gentlemen and lawyers who rallied round Lord Ashley were not philosophers, and in their sturdy insular contempt for abstract ideas they would probably have been a good deal surprised, and possibly a little shocked, if they had been told that their aim was really to vindicate the function of the State, as an ethical organism, in opposition to those who conceived of it merely as a dead mechanical combination of a certain number of human beings. Such, however, was in fact their work; such was the conception of Society and Government of which they were, unconsciously enough, in most cases, the champions. And the championship was not always instinctive and unintelligent. Some at least of the keener spirits of Conservatism knew well what the doctrine of Manchester meant and whither it tended. Mr. Disraeli's 'Sybil' is one prolonged
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and passionate impeachment of the selfish and complacent materialism of middle-class Radicalism. Here, for instance, is a characteristic passage from that striking and brilliant romance:—

‘But if it has not furnished us with abler administrators or a more illustrious senate, the Reform Act may have exercised on the country at large a beneficial influence. Has it? Has it elevated the tone of the public mind? Has it cultured the popular sensibilities to noble and enduring ends? Has it proposed to the people of England a higher test of national respect and confidence than the debasing qualification universally prevalent in this country since the introduction of the system of Dutch finance? Who will pretend it? A spirit of rapacious covetousness, desecrating all the humanities of life, has been the besetting sin of England for the last century and a half; since the passing of the Reform Act the altar of Mammon has blazed with triple worship. To acquire, to accumulate, to plunder each other by virtue of philosophic phrases, to propose a Utopia to consist only of Wealth and Toil, this has been the breathless business of enfranchised England, for the last twelve years, until we are startled from our voracious strife by the wail of intolerable serfage.’

It was the most valuable achievement of Lord Beaconsfield, and that which gives unity to his strange and varied career, that he did something to inspire English politics—fast settling down into a naked conflict of interests, and a mean and squalid parochialism—with a certain imagination, generosity, and largeness of aim. If he sometimes erred on the side of tawdriness and extravagance, if he occasionally exhibited too much of that quality which his opponents were never tired of jeering at as ‘Orientalism,’ he did at least supply a salutary corrective to the theory which regarded men and women as if they were algebraical symbols, or at best ‘featherless two-legged animals,’ provided only with a stomach and a pocket. It has been the mission of Conservatism, though modern Conservatives are too ready to forget it, to combat the superstition that Progress is merely a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; of things to eat, and things to wear. The delusion is excellently dealt with by Mr. Lilly in his chapter on that particular ‘shibboleth.’ In some striking pages he analyses the idea, and asks us to look below the words to the substance. Nothing, he tells us, is commonly held to be better established than the fact that we live in an Age of Progress. But what do we mean by the term? If we intend to signify the mere mastery over the physical world, and the acquisition of much knowledge concerning the phenomena of Nature, the proposition is not to be denied. Thanks to that

knowledge, we can do and we can have many things that the people of former ages did not have and did not want. We travel faster, we communicate with each other more quickly, we have many more luxuries, and perhaps more comforts. A considerable proportion of the population is much richer, and the whole of it is able to enjoy a variety of pleasures and conveniences which are the product of an age of mechanical invention and industrial success. Yet even if we adopt the merely material standard, Mr. Lilly points out that it is open to grave doubt whether the mass of mankind were not better situated amid the coarse plenty of the later Middle Ages, or perhaps even in the tranquil and contented frugality of the East, than in the boundless luxury side by side with the most squalid poverty—the gratified desires of the Few and the ceaseless struggle of the Many—which confront us in the most ‘progressive’ centres of Western civilization. And if happiness is to be judged by higher tests than those of the caterer and the shopkeeper, it is even more difficult to aver dogmatically that its increase has been constant and continuous. On this question, which is in some respects the essential point in his whole argument, we may quote Mr. Lilly:—

‘If then we take happiness in the sense of agreeable feeling, there would seem to be good grounds for holding that earlier generations were happier than the present, notwithstanding the progress of physical science. But if we take the word in the higher sense, and understand by it a physical state arising from the equilibrium of the individual with his proper end, assuredly physical science is not its instrument. And so it may perhaps justly be said that we are in the habit of attaching too much importance to our advance in knowledge of natural law, and to our application thereof to the material arts of life. It is indeed a condition of civilization that the people of a country should be able with moderate toil to procure what is necessary for comely living. But those necessities have not an absolute value. They are a means, not an end. “A man’s life consisteth not of the abundance of the things which he possesseth.” Comfort is not the *summum bonum* of men nor of nations. There is no element of greatness, there is nothing which elevates, which ennobles, in mere utility. Material Progress does not correspond with, does not satisfy, the moral, intellectual, and æsthetic needs of our nature. “The true test of civilization is not the census, not the size of cities, not the crops—no, but the kind of men the country turns out.” So Emerson, who never said anything better; and he said many things excellently well. The real subject of Progress is man himself. And one chief token of his Progress is his possession of the power “to spurn man’s common lure, life’s pleasant things.” No falsèr doctrine was ever formulated than Condorcet’s—that human Progress is exclusively produced by improvement in intelligence.

gence. The law of man's Progress is moral. Its real factors are ethical qualities: probity, honour, justice, and capacity of self-sacrifice, of self-subordination to high ideals. So much is certain. And certain it is that a society, in which moral Progress does not keep pace with intellectual and material Progress, is doomed to decadence.'

Are we then doomed to decadence? Is our civilization to go the way of the great buried civilizations of the past—overwhelmed not by the barbarians from without, but by the Goths and Visigoths, the Huns and the Vandals, whose hordes are camping in the slums of our own cities? Mr. Lilly is not so pessimistic. He does not deny the reality of the progress of the world; but he finds it in a region where the Materialists and the Relativists will not look. 'In our modern society there is a principle of recovery not found in the older civilizations.' The morality, which is based upon religion, even when it is sometimes in form divorced from it, is the antiseptic to corruption and decay. 'There is now in the world what we may call the Christian temper, with all its charities and courtesies, a temper of self-devotion to some worthy cause, of self-effacement for some high end, of fortitude and forgiveness, of purity and pitifulness, of generosity and gentleness.' It is that temper—not least conspicuous in some who would not call themselves Christian—which has triumphed over the 'mists of fabling time,' and can prevail against the disorders in the body politic produced by the philosophy of sense and the glorification of matter. This, then, is where true Progress lies: to so rule and administer a State that it brings to a higher perfection that lofty ideal of duty and spiritual freedom which has been developed in the modern world by nineteen centuries of Christian morality. They are the real progressives who keep this aim before them in public as well as in private life, just as the true reactionaries are those who would root out the ethical principle from the State and take us back to the inferior morality, and the narrower sympathy, of pagan times. And, it might be added, the veritable lovers of Liberty are those who conceive of it as it applies to the world of Spirit, not that of Matter. A man may be 'free' enough in all conscience, so far as the outward world is concerned,—free to vote, free to make speeches, free to express any opinion he pleases, free to accumulate as much money as he can,—and yet a bond-slave to false conventions, to a debased public morality, and to his own worse nature. Is the State to regard the one kind of freedom only and neglect the other? Yes, say the Radicals; let the State provide its subject with tax-collectors, and sanitary inspectors,

and policemen ; let it see that he does not use his freedom in such a way as to do open violence to anybody else, and then let its functions end. The greater the liberty, the greater the benefit. Not so, says Mr. Lilly. A man is free only so far as he obeys the dictates of the Eternal Reason, from which he derives his existence as a thinking being. Liberty is not in itself an absolute good ; but only in so far as it tends to develop the spiritual side of individual personality. Mr. Lilly, both as a philosopher and a constitutionalist, prefers to the modern idea of a freedom based on universal equality, the old English conception of the liberty of the subject, by which he understands the liberty of the private citizen to do with himself what he pleases, subject always to the command of law, conscience, and morality, and those unwritten rules—*ἀγραπτα κάσφαλῇ θεῶν νόμιμα*—which are graven on the tables of the mind. There can be no true liberty without obedience to law, and in particular to those eternal laws which are the expression of the Supreme Reason. Therefore, Mr. Lilly we presume would argue, it is part of the duty of the State, conceived of as an organism with a moral end and aim, to help its citizens to observe these laws, as well as those other laws which enjoin him not to run away with his neighbour's spoons or his neighbour's wife. But all this is the transcendental part of politics, whereof the Radical takes no account. He is more occupied in arranging for the largest number of voting persons to sit at the national tables, and to get the largest possible share of the good things there to be provided.

And this, we take it, is the true link between the Old Radicalism and the New. The latter may have parted with many of the beliefs, abandoned many of the habits and methods, of the former. The Radicals may seem to be worshipping much which they once burnt, burning what they lately adored. But the animating spirit remains the same under the changes of outward form. The revolutionary anarchists of to-day are not so different as they appear from the middle-class Liberals who acclaimed Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. To both sets of men politics is only another name for organized and regulated selfishness. The aim was the same, though the machinery by which it was to be attained has been a good deal modified. The politicians, who appealed chiefly to a *clientèle* of manufacturers and men of business, were satisfied with the formula of the Utilitarian philosophy, and found in the sacred doctrines of Free Contract and Free Competition a sufficient justification for the legislation which was intended mainly to make the world a highly agreeable place for the middle classes. The struggle for
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existence was not to be checked or hampered, because it was tolerably certain that the survivors would be the comfortable persons who enjoyed the advantage of the franchise. War was a nuisance because it was bad for trade. The sublime ideal of a nation of shopkeepers could only be properly cherished in a state of peace :—

‘Peace sitting under her olive and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovelled and hustled together, each sex, like
swine ;
When only the ledger lives, and only not all men lie ;
Peace in her vineyard—yes !—but a company forges the wine.’

Those were ‘the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,’ when the doctrine of ‘enlightened selfishness’ was supposed to have come upon the world as an inspiration, and to excuse, if indeed it did not exalt, the myriad evils and monstrous scandals of the most callous Individualism. Strong in the armour of their faith, the Radicals left the cry of the ‘disinherited’ classes unheeded, and treated the indignant expostulations of novelists like Dickens, and prophetic moralists like Carlyle, as the mere imaginings of unpractical literary men. The majority—that is, the majority of the politically enfranchised—made things comfortable for themselves, and consoled those who were left out in the cold with what nutriment they could get from the dry bones of Political Economy. In the fulness of time the disinherited have got their turn at the wheel. The middle class are swamped ; political economy is thrown overboard ; and the Radical party, adapting itself with its usual adroitness to its environment, is now led by the patrons and friends of the ‘masses.’ The old theories are dropped, the ancient catch-words somewhat out of date. We do not hear much of Free Contract, hardly anything of Free Competition. The cry is all for regulation, for State control, for central or local restrictions on personal initiative. But ‘plus ça change plus c’est la même chose.’ The end to be got from it all is the same ; politics is still an engine for gratifying the selfishness of those who manage its managers ; and as the middle classes no longer weigh heaviest in the balance, and the count of noses has turned the scale in favour of the labourers, the comfort of the labourer has become the new religion of the successful political practitioner. Free competition suited his former client ; it does not do at all for his present master, and so his business is to use the machinery of the State to give the working classes short hours, high wages, free schools, free libraries, free entertainments, parish relief in unlimited quantities, cheap trams, and a general exemption

exemption from all the costs and burdens of citizenship. Just as it was the function of Conservatism to vindicate the claims of the unregarded workers in factories and mines, and to point out that Statesmanship had something else to do besides looking on with approving acquiescence while manufacturers became millionaires, so now it has to protect the practically disfranchised propertied classes, and to insist that the State does not exist solely in order that workmen's wages may rise and their hours of labour be diminished, while their taxes are paid for them out of other pockets than their own.

It is not, of course, denied that it is the duty of the State to promote by every possible means the material comfort of its citizens, and to secure that the opportunity for decent living is placed within the reach of all of them. The condition of the people can never be a matter of indifference to Conservative politicians, and from Mr. Pitt to Lord Salisbury it has always been closely considered by Conservative statesmen. They have never denied that the proper housing, feeding, and sanitation of the masses are matters of which any Government worthy the name is bound to take cognizance; and they insisted on the protection of the wage-earner at a time when, unenfranchised and inarticulate, he had no means of making his voice heard except by an occasional riot. The Radical interest in the working man is of more recent growth. It was not till the Conservative Reform Bill of 1867 had added the urban operative to the electorate that the Liberal Party began to be seriously interested in him; and the interest rose to enthusiasm when the last Reform Act had enfranchised the rural and suburban labourers, and had given over the destinies of the country to those who can tickle the ears, and gain the 'most sweet voices' of the proletariat. That conviction once thoroughly realized, the party which for so long a period flattered and caressed the mercantile interest, as if no other were worth considering, has now become the very humble servants of those who labour with their hands for a weekly wage. The comfort, the ease, the exaltation of that class at the expense of all others, are openly preached as the main end and object of politics. The new Radicals would use the famous phrase of Abraham Lincoln with an important difference. When Lincoln told the Union troops that government of the people, for the people, by the people, should never perish off the face of the earth, he meant by the people the whole community of citizens as distinguished from an oligarchy or an autocracy. But this is almost the opposite sense to that in which the term is now commonly used, more particularly by those who arrogate
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to themselves the title of the People's Friends. They mean the *plebs*, not the *populus*; the members of a single class rather than those of the various classes and groups which go to make up a nation. Government by the People, in this sense, is government by the Populace; the rule of one privileged class, which is not the less privileged because it happens to be the most numerous of all. Such is the inevitable result of a democratic system, where the maxim 'Every man counts for one and no man for more than one,' is accepted as a fundamental axiom. Base a constitution on this principle and you end by giving all power to the most numerous—*οἱ πολλοί*, to use the significant Greek expression. The MANY, under representative institutions and a wide franchise, must rule. The fiction that the whole people rules itself, that there is any true 'self-government,' so far as all but the majority of the majority is concerned, is a fiction merely. It is truly singular to observe how the 'infallibility of the odd man,' as a late witty prelate called it, has absolutely disguised from the minds of most of us the mode in which, in any democratic community, nearly half the citizens may be, and occasionally are, deprived of any effective voice in the conduct of affairs. It might easily happen that a party which can command a very few thousand more than the bare majority of the voters in a nation of forty millions, could exclude the other twenty millions of their fellow-citizens from all share in the administration of the State, from all participation in the laws which they are to be compelled to obey, from all control over the taxes which they are forced to contribute. It is conceivable that a ten per cent. majority of voters, if equally distributed throughout the constituencies of Great Britain, might return six hundred members to Parliament; and, in fact, at the late County Council Elections in London one-fourth of the voters did succeed in electing three-quarters of the Councillors. And it might also happen—indeed it is extremely likely to happen—that the millions, thus reduced to a political powerlessness as absolute as if they had lived under a Venetian oligarchy or an Eastern despotism, may include all the wealth, all the culture, all the superior knowledge, all the representatives of successful commerce, all the literary, artistic, and scientific learning, in the community.

This, no doubt, is a result which may be said to be a necessary incident in a democratic system, and may not be of itself a reason for condemning that system; but the upholders of the New Radicalism are so far from condemning it, that they regard it as almost the ideal condition of government and society. It is strange to observe how the political descendants of those who
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once professed themselves the chosen champions of the cause of liberty of action and expression exalt this naked despotism of the mob, and refuse to hear of anything that may set limits to its power or hinder its unchecked operation. It is with no misgiving or uneasiness that they look forward to the final destruction of the few barriers that still interpose some slight obstacle to the crushing tyranny exercised by those who are falsely called the People over the lives, the property, and the opinions of their fellow-citizens. And for what purpose is this mighty engine to be used? There is no concealment or disguise about the purpose intended. The most active if not the most respected party in English politics proclaims, in season and out of season, that the whole aim and object of government is to secure the material well-being, and to foster and cherish the selfish interests, of those who form the numerical majority of their clients. This, according to the Neo-Radical conception, is the true function of political action. 'Socialism,' says Mr. Karl Pearson, in his 'Ethic of Free Thought,' 'arises from the recognition that the sole aim of man is happiness in this life.' The maxim had already been stamped by the approval of the Radicals, even before that party had been permeated by their slightly more logical allies who call themselves Socialists. 'Let us eat, let us drink, for to-morrow we die; and, if possible, let us get somebody else to pay for the food and the liquor.' That seems to be the whole creed of what Mr. Lilly not unjustly calls 'the philosophy of the trough.'

And this purely materialistic conception is carried into other spheres. Mr. Lilly shows how it penetrates even the prevailing demand for popular education. No one who takes an adequate and sufficient view of the duties of the State, will deny that it is closely concerned in the provision of elementary education to the mass of its citizens. The man who cannot read and write in the world of to-day is almost as helpless as if he were deprived of the use of arms and legs, and we presume that no party in this country would deny that it is among the duties of Government to see that so great a calamity is not inflicted upon any large portion of its subjects by parental incompetence or neglect. To those indeed, who accept what may be called the Conservative conception of government, and who consider one of its chief functions to be that of realizing as far as possible the ethical completeness of the individuals composing the nation, the value of universal education will not be under-estimated. But before we erect education into a shibboleth, and before we conclude that it is a panacea for all the ills of the body politic,
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we must ask ourselves what the true meaning of the term is. The explanation that commends itself most readily to the popular intelligence of the day is simply that it is the acquisition of knowledge. You learn so much, and you are necessarily the better for it; learn a few things more, and you become still further improved. We have not space to follow Mr. Lilly in the sound and careful argument by which he demonstrates the absolute fallacy of this opinion. He does not deny—no sane person of ordinary intelligence would deny—the value of that species of instruction which consists in the acquisition of facts. To have learnt a good many things about the phenomena of natural science, about history, about art, and about literature, is in itself a useful and desirable thing. No man is the worse for a mass of extensive and varied information; but it does not in the smallest degree follow that he is the better in proportion to the amount of this information, whether it comes to him from the Board School or from the University. The knowledge of facts, whether they are facts relating to the material world, or those which relate to the history of past ages, does not in itself constitute education. It does not necessarily make for virtue, which, in the true meaning of the term, is nothing else but manhood. It may leave the higher faculties of the character absolutely untouched, and may turn out only a generation of well-kept, well-clothed, well-informed barbarians. Unless the moral faculties of the mind are developed and trained, education is a failure, and the experience of centuries has shown that for this purpose there is absolutely no instrument available but that of religion.

One of the most interesting portions of Mr. Lilly's book is that which deals with the so-called Rights of Women. By a keen and pointed analysis Mr. Lilly shows that, if the doctrine of natural equality derived from the speculations of Rousseau is false as a whole, no department of it is more conspicuously and glaringly false than that which predicates the equality of the sexes. Woman the equal of man! She is in some respects his superior. She is in nearly all, his opposite. It is true, indeed, that there is a sense in which the equality of men and women may be said to be a reality—in the sense, namely, that all human beings are equal before God. Woman has her rights as an individual, but those very rights are conditioned and relative. The first right of all which she possesses in common with other reasonable beings is that of developing her personality to the highest extent of which it is capable, and that again is only possible by recognizing the limits of her special functions and the quality of her peculiar powers. To
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insist as did Mary Wollstonecraft, and as in more recent times has been done by Mr. Mill and Mr. Karl Pearson and the whole army of the strong-minded females, on the essential similarity and substantial identity of the masculine and feminine nature, is to inflict the greatest wrong upon both. The point, indeed, needs no demonstration even if we had space for it.

But perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book, to the majority of readers, will be the final one in which Mr. Lilly discusses, in connexion with the 'shibboleth' of Supply and Demand, the whole bearing and significance of the so-called 'orthodox' political economy. It is certainly the part of the book which offers itself most easily to criticism and comment, and, it may be added, it is that portion from which it may be presumed that a good many persons who find themselves in the main in agreement with Mr. Lilly, would feel compelled to dissent. From what has already been said, it will be expected that Mr. Lilly should show himself a severe and hostile critic of the older economics of the English School, though possibly some who have followed him so far may be a little surprised at the vehemence and thoroughness with which he denounces it and all its works. Yet it must be admitted that his denunciation rests on a soundly argumentative basis, and follows naturally from the logical scheme of his whole system. To a mind like his which perpetually strives to find a transcendental basis for politics, and which is alike contemptuous of Hedonism and Materialism, the utilitarian philosophy is naturally repugnant. Like most other serious thinkers of the present time, he regards that once vaunted system as built up, in part on mere truisms, and in part on palpable falsehood. Scarcely any man passes a day without being confronted by the most undeniable proof that self-interest and right do *not* always run upon the same lines. And even if the fundamental assumption were true, the enlightened self-interest theory leaves no room for real moral development. It rules out of the account all such conceptions as those of morality, duty, obligation, self-sacrifice. If the end of the individual is really self, and his object and purpose be to make himself as comfortable as possible, by 'enlightened' or other means, it is a mere contradiction in terms to tell him at the same time that he ought on occasion to sacrifice himself. What power is there in this philosophy to induce a man to take a course which is purely painful, instead of one which is entirely agreeable both in its immediate and its ulterior consequences? To say that enlightened self-interest, truly interpreted, would invariably show that the most virtuous course is also in the end the most beneficial, is merely arguing
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in a circle. In every moral conflict that is the very point which has to be either proved, or accepted, under some higher monition, without proof. But there can be no true philosophy any more than there can be any true utility, as an agent of practical morality, in a system which does not contain the word 'ought.' That word is the basis of ethics, and it is absent from Utilitarianism.

It is not difficult to show how the working of this pseudo-philosophy has corrupted and degraded the whole character of the political economy of the old Manchester School. We can go a long way with Mr. Lilly in his indictment of the over-valued doctrine of unlimited competition, which, for nearly two generations, dominated the minds of the mass of middle-class Englishmen. The evils of the competitive system—its heartless race for wealth, its contemptuous disregard for so much that lends amenity and attractiveness to life, its banishment of all ethical considerations from the whole sphere of industry and commerce, its tacit acceptance of the savage doctrine that life in a civilized community must always and necessarily be a battle-field on which the strong are borne aloft in triumph while the weak are crushed under foot, its toleration of hideous cruelties and infamous frauds under the easy plea that they were necessary incidents in the production of wealth—all these points are brought out with great skill by Mr. Lilly, and we, at least, shall not be inclined to deny that there is truth, as well as force, in his indictment.

But we imagine that a good many readers who will go with him heartily so far will be inclined to part company with him in the practical deductions which he draws from his examination of the older economics. The weaknesses of that system have long been obvious, and Mr. Lilly, we think, attributes to it more efficacy in the actual political conflict of the present day, than it really possesses. It is true, no doubt, that at the Universities the 'orthodox' political economy still sits in the chair of authority, but even there it has been partly dethroned, and in the actual world of politics its influence is growing less effective every year. Most of the younger and more popular political economists, and those in particular who have the ear of the masses, have studied in the German School, and some of them in their revolt against the pedantic obstructions of the Cobdenites are inclined to push the historical method further than it can be legitimately carried. Mr. Lilly, we think, would find, if he investigated the somewhat obscure and turbid fountains which supply ideas to the working classes, that his own denunciations of the Manchester School have long since

since been rivalled in vigour, if not in lucidity, in very many different quarters. We doubt very much whether the law of Supply and Demand is any longer a shibboleth outside the daily narrowing circle of middle-class Liberalism. The tendency, in fact, is the other way. There is a growing impatience with all the rules of the old political economy, and a very manifest desire to banish them to Saturn or Jupiter, with all convenient speed: a desire which it would almost seem as if Mr. Lilly himself shares with Mr. Henry George and the evangelists of the Fabian Society. The reaction is natural enough. It was provoked by the excessive assumptions of the extreme followers of Adam Smith, and their pedantic determination to make their singularly thin and narrow formula apply to the whole body of social and industrial phenomena. But the reaction should not carry us too far. Supply and demand should not be a shibboleth; it cannot perhaps, as Mr. Lilly strongly insists, even claim to be a law. But, like so many other of the useful generalizations of the economists, it does provide an explanation of certain observed and accepted facts. It is, moreover, a most convenient automatic rule for adjusting the price both of labour and of commodities, and however unwelcome its occasional operation may be, it is not easy to find a practical substitute for it. We certainly cannot think that Mr. Lilly has been altogether successful when he makes the attempt. He points out with perfect truth and great force that the object of a sound economic system should be to secure to the labourer an equitable portion of the produce of his labour. He ought not to have the whole of it, as the extreme Socialists demand, for that would be an unjust disregard of the rights of those who own the instruments of production. His share, nevertheless, should be a 'fair' one. But what is a fair share? Mr. Lilly, following Professor Marshall, sets up the hypothesis of a *Justum Pretium*—the reward which justice and equity would grant to the worker out of the proceeds of his toil. Yes; but here again we ask, What is the just rule of division? It is a question, says Mr. Lilly, not to be answered off-hand. The master principle of right is human personality; the ethical idea of man, the spiritual being of man, furnish its elements. The problem is to apply that principle which is universal, those elements which are constant, in particular instances varying according to physical environment, climate, race, the state of art and of the experimental sciences; in a word, according to the conditions of material civilization. No exception can be taken to this statement of theory, but we confess it is rather a shock to find that, in the practical application of it, Mr. Lilly follows

follows Professor Marshall, who is bold enough to fix a necessary level below which the wages of unskilled labour ought not to fall. This necessary level is placed at the singularly modest minimum of twenty to twenty-three shillings a week; the reason being that for that sum the ordinary day-labourer can obtain, or so the Cambridge Professor appears to think, 'a well-drained dwelling with several rooms, warm clothing, with some changes of under-clothing, pure water, a plentiful supply of cereal food with a moderate allowance of meat and milk, and a little tea, &c., some education and some recreation, and lastly sufficient freedom for his wife from other work, to enable her to perform properly her maternal and her household duties.' Having got all this, he has had the *justum pretium* for his labour, and should be satisfied.

We confess we very much doubt whether the labourer, if the matter were made clear to him, would quite fall in with the views of the Professor and Mr. Lilly. He might not unreasonably argue that under the ethical economics he is as shabbily treated as under the old competitive system, and with even less justification. 'I could understand,' he might say, 'if not comfortably endure, the hard conditions of my lot, when I look at it in the light of the teaching supplied for my benefit by the graduates of the Manchester School. According to them, it may be regarded as a law of nature that the wages of the lowest class of workers in an industrial community should constantly tend towards the starvation point. There is a perpetual cheapening of the price of commodities owing to the competition of the manufacturers; and a constant, and indeed necessary, effort on the part of these latter to effect this reduction in the price of commodities by a corresponding reduction of the wages of labour. Therefore, wherever the supply of labour is somewhat in excess of the demand—which will usually be the case in a settled and peaceful country with an increasing population—the employer will always be able, owing to the competition of the workers against one another, to make the wages of the unskilled masses approximate to "the smallest sum on which they are able to exist and propagate their species." That, then, is the remuneration with which a large part of my class must remain content. It is not an agreeable state of affairs; but if it arises from the inevitable operation of a natural law, I must bear it, as I bear sickness and death and other inevitable calamities, with such fortitude as I can. But now you suggest another idea. You tell me my scanty reward is not inevitable, is not right. You say that the rate of wages is not to be regulated by the rule of supply and demand; that ethical considerations must
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be taken into account; that the just price of my labour is not what it is worth to my employer in the market, but that which will obtain for me the various requisites for properly developing my personality, and living a healthy, a reasonable, a humane, and a moderately intellectual, life. And having told me all this, you suggest that I am to be satisfied if I can get a cottage which does not let in the rain-water, and a clean shirt now and then, and plenty of oatmeal porridge, with a little meat twice a week, and a wife who has "sufficient freedom from other work" to enable her to nurse my children and scrub my floors. I am obliged to you for allowing me so much; but really, if it is a question of justice, I should like a little more. Why should I not have two meat meals and a change of linen daily, a month's holiday in the summer, the opportunity of developing my personality on books, pictures, and good music, and a few of the other simple comforts, and not immoderate luxuries, which so many other workers of all kinds possess? If we are all scrambling in the dust for what we can snatch, it is useless to complain; he who gets a half-picked bone is lucky, for he might have had nothing at all. But you mock us when you spread your tables for the feast of Reason and Equity, and then throw us these few dry crusts and bid us go away rejoicing.' We do not see that it would be quite easy to answer this argument, and to prove to an adult mechanic, with a plentiful capacity for enjoyment, and sufficient education to cherish intellectual as well as material desires, that abstract justice requires him to be satisfied with a mere pittance. Competition, as a means of fixing wages, often works roughly and inequitably; but it *does* work, and its very inequalities are intelligible, even to those who suffer by them. Whereas if wages and profits are to be fixed by any standard so arbitrary as that which is supposed to be prescribed by abstract justice, we shall speedily find ourselves involved in inextricable confusion. A Board of Moral Philosophers would be no more successful than Parliament and the Privy Council in former centuries at finding the *justum pretium* for all sorts and conditions of labour. What is the fair price for 'Paradise Lost'? The 5*l.* originally paid for it, or the treasures of kings? Is a first-rate engine-driver not very justly entitled to a considerably higher reward than a second-rate surgeon? How many good carpenters are worth one mediocre playwright? Such are the problems in ethical arithmetic which would arise if we seriously attempted to settle the remuneration of the workers in different vocations according to their merits, or according to their requirements. The rough rule of the market, which the political economists laid down, has nothing divine about it; but it is grounded

grounded on common sense, and, in this case at least, on an observation which took account of facts. It would be well if all men could get what they ought to have for their labour. But the attempt to give it them would lead straight to social and economic chaos. There is nothing for it but to let them get what they can, without fraud or violence.

Moreover the argument for a *justum pretium*, whether that is to be fixed by legislation or by moral suasion, is based, as we cannot but think, on some exaggeration of the evils produced by competition. Mr. Lilly certainly seems to us to take a darker view of the condition of the wage-earners than is at all justified by the existing state of society in this country. He quotes with approval a well-known sentence from a speech by Mr. Chamberlain, whom he calls 'the most hard-headed and least emotional of living statesmen'—a criticism which, we fancy, would scarcely be endorsed by those who have closely watched the career of this able politician. 'Never before in our history,' said Mr. Chamberlain, 'was the misery of the very poor more intense, or the conditions of their daily life more hopeless and degraded. . . . The vast wealth which modern progress has created, has run into "pockets;" individuals and classes have grown rich beyond the dreams of avarice . . . but the great majority of the "toilers and spinners" have derived no proportionate advantage from the prosperity which they have helped to create.' This, however, is no more than a rhetorical exaggeration. We need better evidence before we can accept the universal misery of the masses as a fact, while we put aside as fallacious the thousand indications which point to the steady improvement in the material condition of the working classes. We are no blind lovers of *laissez-faire*; but we cannot hide from ourselves that under the system of free contract and unrestricted competition the great body of Englishmen are solidly and increasingly prosperous. The statistics of Friendly Societies, of Building Societies, of Trade Unions, of the Savings Banks, of Co-operative Institutions, of the Post-office, and the Insurance Companies, show clearly enough that the progress of the country has *not* left the great body of the workers untouched, or that the wealth which has been created by their labour has all slipped through their fingers. The competitive system presses with iron harshness on individuals; but it has not succeeded in preventing the mass of the English working classes from attaining to a level of material comfort, which, modest as it is, has not often been reached at previous periods of the world's history, and never perhaps by so large a section of a vast population. In reckoning up the evils of English industrialism,

industrialism, let us not forget that by its means hundreds of thousands of men are able to obtain warm clothing, good dwellings, abundant food, and considerable opportunities for recreation, by labouring for little more than one-third of each weekday in occupations which are neither dangerous nor specially exhausting. The competition among the working classes is not as a rule a competition for bare subsistence, except in so far as regards the lowest contingent of the unskilled workers—that contingent which includes the vicious, the congenitally incapable and degraded, and the ‘social wreckage’ generally. Above this stratum of submerged or sinking humanity, the inferior limit of wages is not the smallest amount on which the labourer can contrive to exist, but the smallest amount on which he can live according to the standard of comfort established by the habits of his class—a standard which rises year by year. This fact would make it all the more difficult to regulate wages by such rules as those which Mr. Lilly suggests. If the majority of labourers were so ill-rewarded for their toil that they were in a permanent condition of actual want, an equitable remuneration—or one that by comparison, at least, would seem equitable—might not be hard to find. It is otherwise when a large portion of them are in a position of moderate comfort which they are striving to increase. Mr. Lilly thinks that the barbarous and wasteful expedient of a strike to raise wages should be superseded by the institution of State Boards of Arbitration, before which all disputes between capital and labour should be brought. The arbitrators ‘should have power to determine, in every case brought before them, what is *hic et nunc* the *justum pretium* of labour, the minimum hire which it shall be lawful for employers to tender to their workpeople.’ But even a Royal Commission could not confer on a body of gentlemen of ordinary intelligence the ability to discern what the *justum pretium* is, according to purely ethical considerations. No doubt it is easy to find it when men are striking for a bare subsistence wage, a ‘docker’s tanner’ or something of the kind; but it is a very different matter when—and this is the case in five out of six modern labour disputes—the strikers are attempting to increase a remuneration which is already sufficient according to the Aristotelian standard, since it would enable them to live temperately and liberally—*σωφρόνως καὶ ἐλευθερίως*—in their station of life. Professor Marshall, if a member of the Arbitration Commission, would probably consider that forty shillings a week, for little more than eight hours’ work a day, is somewhere near the *justum pretium* of the labour of a mechanic. But suppose the mechanic

is not satisfied and asks for more, as he has often enough done in such circumstances; how would the Board of Arbitrators fix his share of the produce of the enterprise on which he and his employer are jointly concerned? Ethical considerations would not greatly help. It would be necessary to consider the question of profit and loss alike with reference to the supply and demand of commodities and the supply and demand of labour. We should come back, though it might be indirectly, to the rule of the economists, which, so far as can be seen at present, cannot be lightly superseded without involving not merely confusion unlimited, but also injustice and inequality as great as those which it is sought to extinguish.

We have dwelt somewhat upon this point because it is one of the most suggestive in the whole of Mr. Lilly's suggestive book, and because it is one upon which we do not altogether find ourselves in agreement with its author. With much, however, that is contained in his chapter on 'Supply and Demand' we imagine that most thoughtful Conservatives will concur. At any rate, Mr. Lilly's examination, of this and other 'shibboleths' of the day, must prove fruitful and interesting to all who are anxious to penetrate a little way below the surface of things, and to find some solid ground of philosophic thought beneath the clash and conflict, the jarring voices, and the discordant and confused opinions, of active politics. And we believe, as we have said, that the result will be to strengthen the convictions and confirm the faith of those who are wedded to a reasonable, moderate, and reforming Conservatism, who hold that selfishness in public life as in private is a sign of corruption and decay, who regard a State as one great living whole, and who reject at once the Collectivism, which is only a plea for the tyranny of numbers, and 'the spurious, mechanical Individualism, which ignores or denies that moral and spiritual force wherein consists the organic unity of men and of nations of men.' One rises from Mr. Lilly's eloquent pages with a fresh perception of the truth to which the master-minds of philosophy in many ages have borne witness. 'The State,' says Aristotle, 'is an association having for its end the Supreme Good.'

- ART. X.—1. *A Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment.* By Roundell, Earl of Selborne. Third Edition. London, 1887.
2. *Ancient Facts and Fictions concerning Churches and Tithes.* By Roundell, Earl of Selborne. Second Edition. London, 1892.
3. *Wales and the Welsh Church.* Papers by Henry T. Edwards, M.A., late Dean of Bangor. London, 1889.
4. *A Summary of the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission.* By Spencer T. Holland, M.A. London, 1884.
5. *Progress of the Church in London during the last Fifty Years.* By the Rev. W. Walsh, M.A. London, 1887.

DISESTABLISHMENT is in the air. It is an atmosphere that is breathed by those who are Churchmen and those who are not, by those who reject Christianity and those who regard its influence as vital, by those who wish to disestablish the Church as well as by those who wish to disestablish the State. Outside the Church stand those, who, hostile to all religion, resent any recognition of it by the State, or who are aggrieved by the favour that Establishment seems to confer on one religious body, or who regard as prejudicial to the spiritual interests of the nation the preservation of any union between Church and State. Within the Church stand those who feel that religion is enslaved and its influence fettered by the control of the civil power, and those who regard what seems to them the true conception of Church life as endangered by the threatened ascendancy of a party which, within the pale of the Establishment, advocates different views from their own.

The attack increases in vigour as the defence slackens its energy. The assailants gather confidence from their practical unanimity; they see the shaking of the spears of the defenders; they know what they want, and how it is to be obtained. The defenders are uneasy, anxious, perplexed, divided in their immediate aims, suspicious of each other's ulterior objects, distracted by internecine strife,—some secretly wishing for the success of their adversaries, others dubious whether they do not lose more than they gain by continuing the struggle. And the vast majority of citizens stand aloof from the contest, some waiting to shout with the larger crowd, others anxious for political reasons to see the measure carried, others but dimly comprehending the issues involved, others regarding the final victory of the assailants as inevitable.

The prospect is not cheerful for those who, like ourselves, regard Disestablishment as an unparalleled national calamity.

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To Continental Europe, the measure, coupled, as it necessarily will be, with a vast diversion of ecclesiastical endowments to purely secular purposes, means something more than a declaration of mere indifference to Christianity. To Continental Europe, Disestablishment and Disendowment proclaim the public disavowal of religion by Christian England, and declare that Christian principles shall no longer influence our secular politics. The effect of such a public disavowal will be enormous throughout the civilized world. To the world in general, it signifies not the neutrality, but the active hostility of the practical industrial nation which has hitherto enshrined religion in a place of honour at the side of the civil power. In England, the measure means the destruction of the strongest barrier to the progress of irreligion, the overthrow of a stout wall of defence in order to meet the secularists in the open field. In these days, when what is called free thought is the slave of fashion and in fetters to the prejudices of half-education, thousands of citizens are only bound to Christianity by the slender ties of custom, habit, association ; they move, if they move at all, in masses, and not as individuals ; they are greatly influenced by the action of public bodies. Such a link with religion may be, and often is, a fragile link ; but, so long as it is not broken, it may be at any moment strengthened. If the bond is once cut, it is a very different thing to reweave the severed strands. If the State publicly disavows the influence of religion,—if, that is, the National Church, into which every man is born just as he is born an Englishman, ceases to exist, these thousands will pass for ever into the ranks of the Secularists.

Less to be deprecated, but still alarming enough, is the probable effect of Disestablishment on the progress of Rome in this country. In this aspect the measure means the demolition of the only solid breakwater which stems the intruding tide of Roman Catholicism. The Church in England contains a multitude of antagonistic, centrifugal, mutually repellent forces, which are at present held together by the broad traditionary platform of the Establishment. If the religious expression of this heterogeneous body be no longer controlled, there is at least a danger that it will split up into as many sections as divide the Free Churches themselves ; it may, and possibly will, dissolve into a sand heap of disconnected atoms, without cohesion or consistency. It is not the Anglican clergy, perhaps, who will seek peace in the bosom of authority. Times have changed since the Tractarian movement. But what is, or ought to be, of more importance to those shepherds

who look without personal misgiving upon Disestablishment and Disendowment, is the effect upon their flocks, who have but dimly comprehended their teaching, and who have not sufficiently grasped the principles of what is styled scientific churchmanship. Do the clergy who favour Disestablishment adequately gauge the added attractiveness which the measure will confer on the one endowed Established Church that will still remain, when all the glamour of its historical associations, and all the prestige of its rank and wealth, are enhanced by the fall of its only rival? Do they seriously consider the number of those who will feel that they have lost the only home of their religious affections, and who cannot live without a real visible polity to engage their public duties, or without the stimulus that antiquity and authority lend to the support of their practice?

There are those who believe that Disestablishment, even accompanied by its inevitable companion, Disendowment, will promote the good of the Church itself and tend to the advancement of religion generally. We, on the other hand, believe that only the Secularist and Roman Catholic will profit by the overthrow of the Establishment. If these reasons stood alone, we should deprecate and oppose the measure with our utmost powers. But they do not stand alone.

To disestablish the Church is to risk the sacrifice of some of those characteristics which are of the most vital importance. If the measure that has been applied to the Church in Ireland were applied to the Church in England and Wales, there is grave danger that the example of the Irish Church in Ireland may be followed, or that the pendulum may swing too violently in the opposite direction. The General Synod, in which the government of the Church in Ireland is vested, has power to modify and alter the Thirty-nine Articles, doctrines, rubrics, rites, or formularies. It has exercised these powers in a Revision of the Prayer-book, the spirit of which may be gathered from such changes in the rules and rites of the Church as the following. The black gown may be worn. When offering public prayer, the officiating minister may not turn his back upon the congregation. When saying the prayer of consecration, he must stand on the north side of the table. He may not make the sign of the Cross except where it is enjoined in the Rubric. He may not bow or make any sign of obeisance to the Lord's Table, or to anything there or thereon. The Communion Table is to be of wood, and no lights are to be upon it, except for the purpose of giving light. No cross, ornamental or otherwise, is to be on the Communion Table or its

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its covering; no cross is to be erected, or depicted, on the wall or structure behind the Communion Table. No elevation of the paten or the cup at the Lord's Supper is to be permitted beyond what is necessary for taking it into the minister's hands. The use of incense, and the carrying of crosses, pictures, banners, are forbidden in any religious service or ceremonial. These canons are the result of Disestablishment, and, if the Church were disestablished in England and Wales, what chance is there of the existing body holding together? Would High Churchmen endure such legislation as this? Would Evangelicals tolerate the opposite results which the supremacy of the Anglican priest in the English Synod would produce? It is at least a probability that the Disestablishment of the Church would mean the destruction of its broad traditionary platform, and the division of the body, which at present holds together in harmony, though not in unity, into rival communions.

The changes forced upon the minority by the majority of the General Synod in Ireland bring home the dangers of Disestablishment to the mind of every moderate man. The forces that have moulded the Church are the excesses of Romanism which produced the Reformation, and the excesses of Puritanism which produced the Restoration. She stands at the point where the oscillation in the direction of the two extremes is balanced. She has been placed in a position most favourable for the formation of a sober, watchful, discriminating temper. She has not had to lead an attack, with its attendant risks of intemperance and incaution. She has had to defend a post, to maintain her ground against adversaries, to scrutinize her weak points, to deliberate upon every movement lest success in one direction should produce loss in another. And the effect of her position is marked in the moderation and cautious comprehensiveness of her religious professions. It is thus that she has become the middle-term between the Churches of the world, and, in this country, the standard of temperate piety, the guarantee of doctrinal stability, the safeguard of toleration. Nor can the spirit which has been fostered within the Church be confounded with torpid quietude, even by those who see in the absence of intemperance a soporific influence. Her gigantic efforts within the last half-century afford a sufficient answer to such a charge. But there is, to say the least, the gravest possible danger that the advantages of her position may be sacrificed by such a measure as Disestablishment. Every consideration points in this direction.

Such a measure is not calculated to draw together Churchmen
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and Nonconformists. It will not reconcile religious bodies; it will rather separate them yet further. So far from bringing peace, it will multiply division. It will leave behind it in the minds of Churchmen a rankling sense of cruel injustice inflicted by an ominous alliance of Nonconformists and Secularists. It will intensify rivalry and competition, for it will bring the Church into the arena of conflicting sects. It will magnify theological differences, embitter sectarian animosities, and transform the clergy into proselytising zealots. Nor is it calculated to increase the legitimate and beneficent influence of the Church itself. Its first, and most inevitable, result will be to give fresh impulse to sacerdotal tendencies. Thrust the Church naked and bleeding into the wilderness, and she is bound in self-defence to secure her own safety by a strong priestly organization. Deprive her of the assured position and influence that have been her inheritance for centuries, and she will be too often tempted to regain those inherited advantages by fostering that spurious religion which lives on popular prejudices, plays to popular passions, and relies for its power on superstition and fanaticism. As the Church of England is now established, she is the middle term between the despotic Church of Rome and the democratic Free Churches. Her balanced moderation is placed midway between two extremes. It may be a chimera of dreamers that the One, Catholic, Apostolic Church can ever be again restored to unity, but the loss of her moderating agency would render the dream totally impossible of realization. At present the Church is the guarantee of doctrinal stability; she ceases to be so if the balance is overturned. Destroy her traditionary platform, and you establish in its stead the right of religious societies to frame and impose their own creeds, the right of private judgment without reference to authority, the undisguised supremacy in religion of the will and fancy of the individual. If neither forms nor doctrines are to be respected as parts of a historic creed, it is but a step before the door is thrown open to Deism, Pantheism, and every phantasm that makes mention of a God, every pageant of man's imagination that makes an idol of nature,—everything, in short, which professes to raise man to some object above himself. At present, again, the Church is the safeguard of religious toleration. The essence of a National Church is its comprehensiveness; the essence of a Free Church is its sectarian exclusiveness. To destroy the comprehensiveness of the Church is to introduce a rivalry which may breed pernicious results in this country. She will be able to impose what shibboleths she pleases on her members, make her rules

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of communion more stringent, exact uniformity of faith by a system of rigid exclusion. And in the competition of the various Churches, society will be divided into a number of hostile camps, with the clergy of the different denominations patrolling to and fro like sentinels to arrest deserters.

It is impossible that Disestablishment can tend to the religious peace of this country. Will it conduce to the welfare of the nation, or to political and social peace? No rich man will be appreciably richer, no poor man less poor; but the nation will be impoverished. The measure will, as we believe, diminish the store of generous sympathies, and chill the lofty aspirations, which give healthy circulation to the life-blood of a people. It will freeze at their source the fountains of benevolence, for who will make bequests to-day which may be appropriated to different purposes to-morrow? It will necessitate the abandonment of vast fields of missionary labour in this country, the withdrawal of numerous ecclesiastical organizations, and the consequent relapse into practical heathenism of masses of people to whom the moral discipline of Christianity is invaluable. It will cripple half the charitable institutions in this country. It will cramp the efforts and narrow the scope of some of the most powerful agencies that exist for promoting kindly feelings between different classes. It will leave force as the only guardian of order. It will abolish a centre of independent life, make another step towards the monotony and uniformity which are the tendencies of democracies, silence a standing protest against that exclusive attention to material interests which is the bane of democratic progress, and make a gigantic advance towards the reduction of society to a plain of sand. The State cannot ignore religion; it cannot even be wholly indifferent to it. The attempt at separation and neutrality will breed, as continental examples tend to prove, a bitter strife between Church and State. Those who regard religion as an evil will hail the opportunity to proscribe creeds and sacraments; while those who consider religion to be the basis of society and morality will necessarily accept the issue. The State cannot secure neutrality on such a subject as education. To decree undenominational education is not enough; schoolmasters become anti-clerical, and the contest extends from administration to the sphere of conscience. It will enhance the personal influence of the clergy at the same time that it deteriorates their character, and abandons the control of moderating influences. It will let loose against the State a central, property-holding, independent body, at the same time that it throws upon that body the necessity of fighting for
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existence. It will array against the State the uncontrolled power of a sacerdotal organization, using spiritual weapons which it is difficult for material forces to resist. To establish the Church is to place it under the safe restraints of the civil authority; to disestablish it is to plunge it into political strife against a power which, in one sphere of its efforts, threatens its proscription as an educator of the people. Disestablished, the Church will become a dangerous, because independent, factor in national life. The Free Church in a Free State is a fallacy; the armed Church in a disarmed State is the fact.

To sum up what has been said. If the united National Church is disestablished and disendowed, the chief barrier against irreligion, the most effective breakwater against Roman Catholicism, will be destroyed. The middle term between the Churches of the world will be eliminated; the standard of temperate piety will be lowered, the guarantee of doctrinal stability lost, the safeguard of religious toleration sacrificed. The comprehensiveness of a National Church will be exchanged for the exclusiveness of a sect, and theological rivalries will be rather embittered than reconciled. The nation will be impoverished, and no individual enriched. A powerful civilizing agency will be crippled, a bulwark of order weakened. It is a measure which cannot be effected without formidable political and social convulsions, which will exasperate religious discords, and will of necessity be accompanied by a dangerous subversion of rights of property. Church and State, separated from one another, lose something of their dignity, their security, and authority. Both deteriorate: the first because it loses respect, and is driven to emphasize priestly claims, to accentuate theological dogmatism, to employ her weapons of excommunication against liberty of opinion; the second because it ceases to hold any relations with its citizens except those of business or of interest, and because it thus tends to become more and more materialized. And further, let it be remembered that the strength of a people lies in its morality. It was the wreck of its iron system of morals which enervated Rome. The experiment has never been tried whether there is such a thing as independent morality, and whether morals can exist detached from religious beliefs. The example of men who, without religion, live moral lives, is no proof in the future, for their principles were established by Christianity, and society is still saturated by its influence. *Fas*, supported by religion, is older than *jus*, which is the creature of choice and of will. If once *fas* becomes powerless through usurpation or religious unbelief, the State has lost the foundation of morality, and is

on the road to ruin. Nor is it every form of religion which supplies a permanent basis to morality. Sects which govern religion are not governed by it; the religion of individualism is the effect, and not the cause, of virtue. Faiths which are founded on private judgment are loose and fleeting: here in the morning, there in the evening, and to-morrow nowhere. The historic creed of a historic Church is the best guarantee for permanence as the basis of religion and morals, and the predominance of such a creed in this country is dangerously threatened by such a measure as Disestablishment and Disendowment.

Such are some of the more obvious, natural, and, as it seems to us, necessary dangers of such a measure as Disestablishment. Many other arguments might be adduced against such a breach with the past as the severance of the Church from the State implies. To some of them we shall return hereafter. Little would, in our opinion, be heard of Disestablishment, from one section at least of its advocates, if it were not for the endowments which it is at the same time proposed to dissipate. But on the financial side of the question we do not propose to touch; neither shall we deal with the case of Wales as a separate or separable question. The principle of Disestablishment is our chief object, and enough has been said to raise a *primâ facie* case in favour of the existing alliance, and to make it incumbent on those who demand its nullification to show the expediency and justice of a measure which endangers such large and important interests. Three questions will be asked: (1) What is the meaning and value of Establishment? (2) What are the arguments by which those outside the Church, whether actuated by hostility to religion or by the desire to promote its influence, justify their demand to disestablish the Church? (3) What is the ground on which is based the demand for disestablishment of those who, from within the Church, desire to disestablish the State?

The Establishment is the *Concordat* between Church and State. It constitutes the terms by which the independent powers of both bodies are balanced. It consists in the control exercised over the Church in matters of legislation, judicature, and official appointments. The Crown enacts with the consent of Parliament laws for the regulation of Church administration, licenses the proceedings of Convocation, acts as the Supreme Court of Appeal, and incidentally, though not necessarily, appoints Archbishops and Bishops. Establishment, therefore, consists rather in the securities taken by the State than in the privileges conferred on the clergy. It represents the conditions
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on which the State permits the Church to exercise its functions of educating the people and hallowing the fabric of society, the precautions which the State takes against trespasses on civil authority or religious liberty, the rights of visitation, interference, and control which the Church has conceded to the State, and the rights and privileges which the State allows to the Church as its spiritual coefficient. Summing up, as it does, the relations in which the two bodies have stood toward each other in the centuries of their existence, Establishment is a complicated condition, no single element of which can be fixed upon as essential. And it must be remembered that every one of the 174 Nonconformist sects is to some extent established; that is, their religious worship is protected by the civil authority, and they pay for protection by submission to State control.

The Establishment is a compromise between union and separation: on the one side, between that identity in which Church and State are conterminous, and in which the State is the corporate embodiment of the religious thought of the nation; on the other side, between that absolute separation in which the civil and religious communities go their separate ways, pursuing their own ends by every means which is not illegal. It is the middle term between the Jewish Theocracy, or the Khalifate of Islamism, and the conditions of America or of Ireland and Belgium, where the bonds of union have either never grown up or have been forcibly severed. So long as the identity of Church and State was based on unanimity of religious conviction, so long as it was the same thing to be a citizen and a churchman, the union was a source of national strength. But no such unanimity exists at the present day in England, and therefore the demand is made for absolute separation as the only equitable, or as the only salutary, alternative. Church and State, it is said, and said with much truth, pursue different ends and employ different means. The spheres of action of the two bodies may be kindred, but they are certainly divergent; if they do not entirely separate, they do not wholly coincide. The mission of the one is to uphold the law and promote the material prosperity of its citizens; the object of the other is the ideal perfection of the kingdom of heaven, and the spiritual welfare of the community. The one compels its members to submit their wills to its law by force; the other requires obedience, but the obedience it exacts is free. The one asserts, the other rejects, physical compulsion. The one deals with overt action, outward conduct, external interests; the other directs itself to the will, the motives, the spiritual being. It

It may be true, though even this is disputed, that, though abstruse points of belief lie between man and his Maker, the religion which underlies social obligations or human duties is a matter of national concern, and that, in this sense, neither can wholly dispense with the other. The State cannot dispense with religion, because a good moral education of its people is its supreme interest. Moral principles protect persons and secure property; they are worth all the judges, the prisons, and the police put together. On the other side, religion cannot dispense with the State, because, if life eternal is the supreme end of man, all the forces of society, and among them the State is the most powerful, should be directed to that end.

The idea of complete separation is attractive in theory; but it has proved disastrous, if not impossible, in fact, and the reasoning on which it depends misconceives the true character of the Establishment, and overlooks the nature and claims of the Church.

The State cannot wholly ignore the proselytism of large, organized, religious communities, which derive their powers, duties, and authority from some source external to itself. Much less can it do so when its influence is controlled by representative institutions. On the other hand, the Church cannot entirely renounce her influence over the State and withdraw into the sphere of the mind, for religious interests are involved in the most important political and social problems. Nor has the attempt to effect an absolute separation between the two bodies proved successful in fact. In the criticism of literary contemporaries, foreign judgments correct our estimates: so too in political life foreign experience enables us to bring to bear on contemporary problems the unbiassed judgment of posterity. In Belgium, the prolonged and bitter conflicts between Church and State are the results of separation. In France, Gambetta too clearly gauged the effect of such a measure to support a project which tended to increase the ascendancy of the clergy, to inflame fanaticism, and to leave the material power of the State powerless against the spiritual forces of the Church. In Italy, men have learned the fallacy of Cavour's maxim of 'a Free Church in a Free State,' and the bitter truth of Arnim's 'armed Church in a disarmed State.'

But, above all, the reasoning of those who demand separation ignores the present nature and value of the Establishment as well as the character of the claims of the Church. The existing relations between Church and State have been regulated to secure the interests of the State rather than the privileges of the Established Church. The Establishment recognizes the Church

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as a distinct, independent, self-subsisting body, and it imposes certain restraints on the exercise of its power within the limits of the nation to which it ministers. The Establishment no longer binds the Sovereign to be a judge of rival creeds, to support with the civil power the confession of faith which he professes, to vindicate the superiority of his creed over other forms of belief by penal enactments or ecclesiastical privileges. It no longer identifies the Church with an arbitrary despot, steeped in theories of prerogative or divine right, backed by Courts of High Commission, and wielding his power to enforce uniformity of belief. On the contrary it identifies the Church with a constitutional monarchy, limited by the will of a free people expressed in a free Parliament. It protects, rather than fetters, freedom of conscience; it sacrifices no liberty to conformity; but it upholds comprehension and rejects exclusion. It maintains at once the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and the Episcopalian Church in England. The civil power, with which the Church is now allied, is the instrument of religious liberty; it is not now, and, as long as the Establishment lasts in its present form, can never be again, the instrument of ecclesiastical tyranny. The change from the headship of a personal ruler to a constitutional monarchy, and the loss of those individual relations that is implied in that change, are deplored by Anglicans and ignored by Free Churchmen; yet, rightly understood, they constitute one of the strongest defences that can be urged for the Establishment.

The defence becomes the more powerful, if the nature of the claims of the Church of Christ in England, and the teaching of past history, are duly appreciated.

'The Act of Parliament' theory of the origin of the Church in England cannot stand the test of facts. Few educated persons now maintain, even for controversial purposes, that the Church of Christ in England is a State Church, created by the State, deriving from the State the laws of its existence, accepting from the State the formularies of its faith, established by the State to be the National Church at the time of the Reformation. The historical theory is at the present day universally accepted. The Church in England is a substantive religious organization, existing prior to the State, with which it has been now united and now allied. It is not an institution issuing out of the State, but a complement and coefficient of the State, 'possessing its own independent powers, deriving its commission, its constitution, its authority, its duties, from God, and not from man. No power on earth created it; no power on earth can destroy it. And the creed of this religious organization is no creation
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of Parliament or of law. In the first three centuries of Christianity, as soon as Churches were planted all over the Roman world, there were found certain forms of teaching,—uniform and identical in all essential points. These forms had been preserved as Apostolical, and were transmitted from age to age as an unalterable heritage. From the earliest times they were the test of error and the touchstone of truth; they were upheld against heresy, schism, and controversy; they were maintained as the public formularies of communion, accepted as the credentials of membership, repeated as the watchwords of the Christian army. Upon the Church thus constituted and commissioned, time lays no hand. The *Quod semper* has always stood before the *Quod ab omnibus*. As she existed in her Divine Head, so she exists throughout the ages. Her truth is His truth, one and unalterable. The stream may be tortured by rocks, or drunk in by sands, so that it flows only as a silver thread; yet it continues to be the stream, not because of its breadth, but because of its Divine Source.

This separate identity and this corporate faith necessarily create special relations with the State,—relations which cannot arise where religious communions insist on individualism in religion, and credit their ministers with no superhuman authority. The Church is not an organ of the State, but a contracting party with the national Government. Its organization and creed are external to the State, and derive their sanctions from sources that lie beyond the boundaries of particular nations. In the face of such an *imperium in imperio*, the State has seen fit to make terms, define limits, exercise the rights of a visitor, and seek the protection of constitutional safeguards. It might equally, without any violation of justice, proclaim its indifference to clerical ascendancy, and permit the Church to exist in the country, free of State control, making her own laws, nominating her own officers, maintaining her own discipline. The question is one of policy rather than of justice. But our present point is to show that the supposed necessity of Establishment arises out of the existence within the same territorial limits of two independent powers, and that the relations between the State and the Church, whether it be the Roman, the Greek, or the Anglican branch, are of necessity more complicated and more delicate than those which arise between the State and any other religious communion. The Church is a continuous historic organization, inheriting its doctrines not from private individuals or private interpretation, but from Catholic antiquity, essentially public in its comprehensiveness, objects, and management. The Free Churches are essentially private enterprises, satisfying private needs,

needs, submitting to private control, without links with the past, ready at any time to make a fresh doctrinal departure, asserting the principles of private judgment and religious individualism. An Established Church means a Church in which the rights and duties of the clergy, and the rights and duties of the congregations, are defined and determined by the law of the land; and a Free Church means a Church in which those respective rights and duties are determined either by voluntary compact between the members, as in the Nonconforming communions, or by some authority which is independent of, and superior to, national laws.

It would be foolish to represent the conditions of medieval society as likely to be repeated in the nineteenth century. It would be an insult to the understanding alike of the Anglican clergy and of their congregations. But the power of the Papacy in the Middle Ages exemplifies, in an exaggerated form, the logical results of the theory of a Free Church which claims an express divine commission; it also proves the historical accuracy of the view which has been taken of the true nature and value of Establishment as a bar to clerical ascendancy.

Originally the Church in England was a local, national branch of the Catholic Universal Church, owing no allegiance to the Bishop of Rome, acknowledging his primacy but denying his supremacy. It managed its own affairs independently; it maintained its own national traditions and local usages. It was at once national and independent; it accepted the Sovereign as its head; its bishops were nominated by him; he was its Court of Appeal; he controlled its legislative proceedings. The Bishop of Rome was only the first among his equals, the co-ordinate head of the National Church of Italy, the president of ecclesiastical Councils, the representative of the unity of Christendom, the link between the East and the West, the bond between the Greek and Latin Churches. But he did not encroach upon the independent rights either of sovereigns or of his ecclesiastical brethren among the patriarchs, metropolitans, and bishops.

But from the ninth century onwards a change began. The Church rapidly assumed the form of an absolute monarchy, and submitted to the will of a single infallible Head. Like some hundred-handed Briareus, the Papacy crushed out every detail of national independence. But this ecclesiastical transformation was only one side of the stupendous fabric of Roman domination. Claiming an authority of divine origin, and acting in virtue of a divine commission, the Church of Rome rejected allegiance to civil and political powers, and set up her authority

as an *imperium in imperio* in every country where her faith was held. The distinction was firmly drawn between the terrestrial and the heavenly end of life, between bodily welfare and everlasting salvation. The eternal destiny is the highest; the other is but a means or an obstacle to its attainment. Therefore the spiritual power is above the temporal. The Church is the soul and the thought, the State is the body and the action; the Church is the sun, the State the borrowed light of the moon; the Church is the greater star that rules the day, the State is the lesser star that rules the night; the Church is the pure gold, the State is the worthless dross. Once accept the premisses, and the conclusion is irresistible. The position is logically consistent, and its results were pushed home with pitiless reasoning and startling audacity. No national law of human enactment can override the divine rights of the Church. The Pope could depose a sovereign, and absolve his subjects from their allegiance; he could not only excommunicate an individual, but place a whole nation under an interdict. Thus he became the lord and master of earth and heaven, and placed his feet upon the necks of kings and emperors. And so much as the Pope was above an earthly potentate, so much was the clerk above the layman. 'Nolite tangere Christos meos' was the Papal watchword. Nay, the Canonists even went so far as to assert that the most corrupt of the clergy were superior to the most saintly of the laity ('Pessimus ergo homo qui est sacerdos dignior est sanctissimo homine qui est laicus').

Thus within the limits of every nation arose an independent sovereignty, which claimed supremacy over the laws of the land, — a Church governed by a supreme infallible Head, absolute alike over doctrine and discipline, promulgating laws, appointing officers, limiting personal rights, and prohibiting opinions. And this Church is the very ideal of a Free Church, spurning the control of national laws, rejecting the authority of earthly rulers, wielding paramount powers of divine origin and sanction. The Reformation expressed the revolt of clergy and laity against this domination. To the Crown that movement restored the prerogative rights which had belonged to it of immemorial usage, and to the National Church it restored those liberties of which it had been deprived by foreign usurpations. The realm was emancipated from the authority of the Pope, and the Royal Supremacy was once more vindicated by the assertion of the rights of the Crown to appoint the bishops, to act as the supreme Court of Appeal, and to license ecclesiastical legislation. The clergy submitted to the civil power; the laws, government, jurisdiction, patronage of the Church, passed under national control;

control ; and legal rights were asserted as opposed to clerical privileges. To sweep away the Establishment constitutes no advance towards religious liberty. The measure is rather a retrogression in practice, if not in principle.

In practice it surrenders a control which has been dearly bought, which may at any moment prove invaluable, and which can never be re-imposed with any prospect of success. In principle, if Disestablishment be granted at the demand of a party within the Church, it sanctions the belief in the superiority of an external authority to national laws ; it affords the opportunity, if it does not create the necessity as a means of self-defence, for a revival of those sacerdotal claims which have in the past provoked, and may in the near future renew, bitter and prolonged political strife.

Disestablishment—the severance, that is, of the bond between Church and State, the rupture of the Concordat between the spiritual and temporal powers—means the release of the clergy from the control of the State, the withdrawal of legislation, discipline, and doctrine from subjection to the national laws of the land, the destruction of an alliance which is at once the guarantee of doctrinal stability, the standard of temperate piety, and the safeguard of religious toleration. Instead of an Established Church the Church will become a Free Church, to use the specious phrase which masks the limitations of human liberty. In other words, it will become an ecclesiastical power responsible only to its Divine Head, uncontrolled by national enactments, emancipated from secular interference, relieved from considerations of public policy. It will be able, if it chooses, to exercise its weapon of excommunication, able to eject or exclude without appeal or redress, unless property is involved, able to increase the stringency of its rules of communion and the rigour of its doctrinal definitions. It will be free to uphold, not the public comprehensiveness and broad charity of a National Church, but the narrow exclusiveness and rancorous antipathies of a sect. Such a change from publicity to privacy, from responsibility to the State to ecclesiastical independence, can scarcely mean an advance towards religious toleration or increased respect for rights of conscience. And when we find Nonconformists and Anglicans alike demanding Disestablishment, we are compelled to ask, what has the demand for freedom always meant in the mouths of religious bodies? Does it mean increased intolerance, or increased liberty? In our opinion, there can be but one answer. The so-called freedom means a restriction of liberty, and an increase of intolerance.

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The principle at work in the demand alike of Nonconformist and of Anglican is the same. It has been, and may be again, the plea of persecution, and the theory of intolerance; it is the same in effect on which all secessions from the Church have hitherto proceeded. Non-jurors discovered in the New Testament, or in apostolic tradition, a complete, exact, rigid system of doctrine, ritual, and constitution, and conceived that it was their paramount duty to impose this system on the Church of this country. Independents believed that Congregationalism was the very pattern of the Mount, and the one immovable, universal mould of Christian society. Presbyterians regarded Presbyteries and Kirk Sessions as the Scriptural organization, and the only unalterable, undeviating form of a religious community. Baptists treated their baptismal theories as the only forms for which the Divine Sanction could be asserted. As before, so now, the demand for freedom, whether it be made by Nonconformists or by Anglicans, proceeds from hostility to the comprehensive spirit which is represented in the Established Church. The Nonconformist treats as incestuous the union of things spiritual and things temporal, and insists on the uniformity of the Voluntary principle with the same hard-mouthed vehemence with which his ancestor asserted the uniformity of Presbyteries. The Anglican, who frames his theory of the primitive Church constitution upon a denial of the Royal Supremacy, desires to impose it as a vital dogma of religion upon all his brethren. The old enemy rears its head again in the principle that underlies the demand for freedom, and stands revealed in the alliance that has been formed between Puritan and Sacerdotal intolerance.

That an Anglican should regard the Union of Church and State as dearly purchased by subordination to the laws of Parliament, and should claim for his Church a spiritual autocracy, independent of civil authority, and incompatible with the civil power, may be intelligible enough. But how, if it be not a revival of the bitter persecuting spirit of the Puritan, can we reconcile the attitude of Nonconformity with its professions of toleration? The demand for Disestablishment means the proscription of a public organization in favour of private enterprise, the extinction of one form of ecclesiastical association to gratify its only rival, the withdrawal of a great public institution from State control, publicity of aim and management, and considerations of public policy. It is strange indeed to find such propositions supported by Nonconformists and by Liberals, if, that is, we take them at their own valuation for largeness of view and breadth of sympathy. Where is the

boasted dissidence of Dissent in the destruction of a rival system of religious communion? Where is the vaunted liberality of Liberalism in the determination to confer an absolute monopoly on the private framework of religion?

But though there is a common principle asserted in the demand of Nonconformist and of Anglican, there is little agreement in the arguments by which the proposals to disestablish the Church or to disestablish the State are respectively defended.

What, then, are the principal arguments of those from outside, who wish to disestablish the Church? We pass over those of Secularists, and proceed at once to those of Free Churchmen.

Those arguments, which are drawn either from the silence or the language of Scripture respecting the alliance of the Church with the State, are too trivial to be seriously discussed. The contingency never arose. It is possible that St. Paul, if his visit to Rome had been followed by the conversion of Cæsar and his Senate, might have repudiated official facilities for the propagation of the Gospel, and rejected the offer of Cæsar to be the nursing father of the infant Church. But it is idle to conjecture the Apostle's conduct under circumstances that never occurred. And one thing is certain. No words of St. Paul give the slightest intimation that he would have refused temporal aid in the propagation of the Gospel. Again, another feature in the primitive Church was its poverty and the humble station of its followers. Christ, we are urged to remember, was the son of a carpenter; the Apostles were fishermen; all were poor. But these superficial commonplaces about religious poverty are curiously fallacious. Those who utter them so unctuously forget the implied Socinianism of their language. They forget the endowments of infinite power in the water made wine, in the bread multiplied, in the dead restored to life; they forget the supernatural powers of the Apostles. In the Person of our Lord, and, in a lesser degree, in the Apostles, were combined an infinite command of material resources and an infinite unwillingness to use them for selfish purposes. That combination is the true conception of a Church. The Church stands in her right relation to matter, when she is endowed with material wealth, and animated by the divine spirit of self-denial, which bids her ministers utilize those resources for the welfare of humanity.

Scarcely more worthy of serious consideration than the Scriptural arguments is the argument that, if Disestablishment were to take place, religion would be more general and more sincere.

sincere. Here, again, results are conjectured of conditions that have not yet arisen. If Free Churchmen argued that their religion would be more sincere after Disestablishment than it was before, we might admire their candour, though we might doubt whether any valuable religion can really depend on the gratification of personal pique. If the argument means that the religion of members of the Established Church would be rendered more sincere by Disestablishment, we should reply that Churchmen themselves are the best judges of their own feelings. If they do not consider that pecuniary fines and humiliation are the true cure for maladies which they do not altogether admit, why should those remedies be applied at the suggestion of those who are not unprejudiced in their diagnosis, and who are not supposed to be warmly interested in the health of the Establishment? No one is competent to gauge the effects of an untried experiment on minds the workings of which he does not know, when tested by circumstances of which he has no experience. The insincerity of inward exaggeration is greater, and far more mischievous, than the insincerity of external profession, and it can scarcely be denied that the tendency to exaggeration is as much checked by the assured position of an Established Church as it is fostered by the heat and competition of rival voluntary communions. Religion might gain something in the intensity of devotional excitement; but it would lose incomparably more in range of influence, in the temptation to exaggerate, and in the sacrifice of temperate piety to emotional exaltation. And what charm is there in Disestablishment and Disendowment to make religion more general? If the argument means anything, it means that the results of voluntary action are larger than those of compulsory practice. If the reasoning were sound, we might ask whether it would be safe to dispense with the compulsory provision for the poor, or with compulsory payment of taxes, on the ground that spontaneous charity would thereby be rendered more general, or that voluntary contributions would produce larger results? Would hospitals be better maintained, if the endowments were taken away from those that possess property of their own? Yet surely, if it is true that the abolition of an endowed Established Church would produce larger religious results and render the influence of religion more general, it is equally true of voluntary taxation, or spontaneous provision for the poor, or the disendowment of endowed hospitals.

Another argument is that of religious equality. Here we are confronted by one of those cut and dried formulas, those general propositions which are fascinating because they wear the mask

of political science. It is also one of those arguments which suggest that the hostility of Nonconformists to the Established Church is due to a memory of the past rather than to any sense of present wrong. There was a time when the Church enjoyed a religious monopoly, and when the Church was identified with the prerogatives and arbitrary theories of despotic rulers. But now the Church is identified with a constitutional monarchy, and only the memory of Divine Right remains. It enjoys no monopoly now of the right to teach. Every town, every hamlet, is, so far as the Establishment is concerned, open to every man. It still retains a monopoly of endowments, but these were never conferred by the State. And if they were, does the Nonconformist wish for a system of concurrent endowment? No! State aid is the accursed thing, and his object is therefore to exclude the clergy from a manger into which he will not himself enter. Civil and religious liberty is universally enjoyed at the present day. No difference of creed excludes a man from civil rights or franchises. Men are free to write, speak, and associate for, or against, religious objects. Nonconformists have the same rights, the same liberties, the same opportunities, of worshipping God according to their consciences as Churchmen possess. How does a Dissenter occupy before the law a different position from a Churchman? Here again memory remains, after old conditions have passed away. Under the old law, no Nonconformist could obtain admission for his children to public schools or national universities. Consequently the law produced an educational inferiority among ministers of Nonconformist communions, which lowered their social position, deterred their aristocracy from entering the ministry, and produced a galling sense of wrong. But this educational inferiority, so far as it is the work of the law, has long ago passed away.

The argument, then, does not raise the question of religious toleration or of liberty of conscience. But it depends on the acceptance of the principle of equality, a principle of which Wesley knew nothing, and which Baxter would have denounced as the invention of the Evil One,—a principle also which is advocated with little regard to consistency or to the ulterior consequences of its acceptance. Equality of treatment without identity of existence is often rank tyranny. ‘What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,’ says the proverb. But both are birds. Supposing that a man has a rare plant and a rare fish, and that he puts both in the ground or both in the pond, one or other dies. Apart from this initial objection that the identity is not proved, inequalities exist without any infringements

ments of rights; and if there be no infringement of rights, there is no injustice. Every title of honour, every distinction of rank, is a civil inequality; every possession of property is a social inequality; every limitation imposed upon particular trades is a commercial inequality; every exemption from the taxes is a financial inequality; every advantage of birth or intellect is a natural inequality. Sweep away all such distinctions in the name of equality, make all men equal in property, rank, birth, and intellect, and then the plea for religious equality assumes consistency and a meaning. But so long as the full consequences of the principle are not accepted, the argument that is based upon it falls to the ground. It cannot justly be applied to one corner only of the social fabric; it applies to all or none. Neither, if the argument were accepted, would Disestablishment produce either absolute, or even relative, equality. The measure would not bring the Free Churches an inch nearer to the cultured and educated classes than they are at present. The clergy of the Establishment and of the Free Churches are already equal before the law as citizens; as men they will be equalized by culture and education, and by these agencies only. Even at the present day, if a Nonconformist is the superior of a Churchman in education or ability, he requires no legislative enactment to vindicate his superiority. To demand more than equality before the law, is to revive the old fallacy of the state of Nature—a theory of the origin of society which Darwinism has proved to be altogether untenable.

That the Voluntary system has its own special advantages is fully conceded. But the Church is not so crippled by the Establishment as to be incapable of forming voluntary associations. Societies such as those for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, Additional Curates, Pastoral Aid, or foreign Missions, prove that the Church is able to appropriate to herself the special advantages of Voluntaryism, while she combines with them those special advantages of the Establishment which the universal adoption of the rival system would necessarily sacrifice. Of the effect of Disestablishment on the religious temper, of the inflammation of sectarian bitternesses, the exaggeration of theological dogmatism, the multiplication of divisions and discords, we do not intend to speak further. Neither will we discuss the influence of a Voluntary system in making men cowards to their consciences. Neither will we touch upon the effect of the measure on the stability of doctrine. But, assuming that Voluntaryism means freedom, we are tempted to ask, What provision does the Voluntary system make for a
continuance

continuance of financial support in periods of religious apathy or hostility? May not the idea of freedom be cultivated too exclusively? Is there no danger in the further development of the permission to seek religious good, each for each, according to the idiosyncrasies of his separate individuality? For the present we deal with the effect upon the clergy of imposing upon them the Voluntary system.

Disestablishment, accompanied by disendowment, would alter the relations of the clergy to their parishioners; they would cease to be the advisers, and would become the servants, of their paymasters, liable to dismissal if their doctrine gave offence. It would limit the choice of able men; the highest class of our educated youth would not be encouraged to undertake the responsibilities of the ministry, and men of inferior capacity and slighter training would take their place. It would stunt the independence of the clergy. They must either find a congregation which exactly holds their opinions, or else suppress their real convictions; the hundreds of men who do not rise above mediocrity, or who are either too sensitive or too proud to stoop to the acts which captivate the multitude, must preach, not what they think fit, but what their congregations prefer. Disestablishment, with its twin sister, Disendowment, will necessarily suspend, and in most cases permanently cripple, the religious efforts of the Church. Clergymen are bound to lead cheerfully in the paths of righteousness; and what alacrity is possible in the mind of him who is discomposed, discouraged, and depressed, by anxiety for daily bread? Few men are like Epictetus, able to play the philosopher in slavery. They are bound to deal impartially with all men, to admonish and reprove without respect of persons. Will they rebuke the practices, and oppose the opinions, of those by whose alms they are supported? What minister in the Southern States of America raised his voice against slavery? How many of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland have publicly repudiated outrages? A popular movement may be a pest to society in some of its features. But the clergy who depend on a voluntary system are compelled to follow the lead of their flocks; if they attempted to guide, they lose not only authority but bread.

There are thousands of Nonconformist ministers who lead self-denying, devoted lives of Christian charity. But are the strongest intellects sent to the front to carry on the aggressive war against ignorance and vice in the most squalid and poverty-stricken districts, or are they kept behind in the camp to minister to the wants of wealthy congregations? The class who most require, are the least able to purchase, religious ministrations.

ministrations. It is the chief advantage of an endowed system that the Church can send her best men into the thick of the fray in the poorest and most unattractive quarters, where the most strenuous voluntary exertions would necessarily fail to provide adequate provision for those who cannot afford to contribute to their own ministers. It may be said that the example of America and of the Roman Catholic Church is a proof of what a voluntary system can effect. As to the first example, two extracts from New York papers ('The New York Examiner' and 'The New York Times') may be instructive.

'These voluntary institutions at the best seem only for a few individuals, and those the richest, the most privileged and cultured—something of that privilege which should be the aim of religion to bestow upon all. The churches supported by exorbitant pew-rents, and fitted up like splendid parlours for the comfort and luxury of the rich, existing side by side with the non-churched masses, are at once the most gorgeous and painful proofs that the Voluntary system has failed to do its work.'

Or again :

'Where the poor swarm in such numbers that less of the earth's surface is allowed for the living than would be required for decent burial of the dead, the old-time churches have been converted into shops, factories, and beer-gardens. In the wealthy districts, some of whose squares of palatial residences contain fewer souls than some tenements pack under a single roof, the churches are so thick that if every Protestant family in the immediate vicinage were to turn out some fine Sunday, there would still be room in the unfilled pews for strangers.'

Nor is the example of the celibate Roman Catholic priesthood altogether a fair example of what a voluntary system may effect. The power to bind and loose, to administer or withhold the sacraments which open or close the gates of eternity, to liberate the souls of departed friends from purgatorial torment,—these are functions which invest their possessors with powers of moral restraint and despotic influence, which are great in proportion as belief is sincere. The indefinite period of suffering which the Roman Catholic sees before himself or before the friends he has loved and lost, may be abridged by certain definite acts. Where selfishness and unselfish love thus combine, a man must be a sordid being if he would not coin his heart into gold. Nor need we go to America to see the failure of the Voluntary system in poverty-stricken districts. The Free Churches of this country are unable to support their spiritual agencies among those starving populations, which cannot contribute to their support. It is no disgrace to them that they fail.

fail. Their ministers would be there if they could. It is the system, and neither the men nor the zeal, that is wanting.

The obvious, inevitable effect, then, of the universal substitution of a voluntary system for the endowed and established system that now exists by its side, would be to throw in the way of the Church the same obstacles which now hamper and impede the Free Churches. Is it wise, is it safe, to take such a course at the present moment? A seething mass of misery, crime, and discontent, fringes the borders of all our great cities. It is ever increasing in volume, ever swelling beyond control. The people of whom this mass is composed have been stimulated by extravagant political panaceas, inflamed by wild Utopias of social happiness, excited by the tardy recognition of their condition and the still more tardy efforts for their relief. The chief, if not the only, civilizing influence in these teeming, poverty-stricken, fever-haunted districts, is that of the Established Church. There the Established clergy are labouring by hundreds, and all their agencies of schools, mission-rooms, clubs, coffee-taverns, reading-rooms, soup-kitchens, are in full work. In the political order, these devoted men, as even the enemies of the Church acknowledge most of them to be, fashion the lawless instincts of their flocks into harmony with society, maintain order, guard justice. In the order of the individual life, they are human consciences, witnesses to duty,—its hopes, fears, discipline, and vindication. In the Christian order, they uphold the verity of God's moral government of the world against countless temptations to doubt and rebellion. They penetrate dull frozen minds with the warm breath of Christian charity; they help men and women who are overburdened by the struggle for life, to rise step by step to a felicity which reck nothing of the sorrows of the present world. They not only alleviate some of the bitterest pangs of human suffering, but they are living tokens of the sympathy which is felt by those whose lot in life is so different as to afford an appalling contrast. To disestablish and disendow the Church, to throw on every churchman the burden of supporting his own minister, is in all cases to cripple, and in many to destroy, these civilizing agencies among a people who need them most, and who receive their benefits 'without money and without price.'

And, from another point of view, a crisis is rapidly approaching when the religion which is embodied in the historic creed of a historic Church will prove an invaluable factor in national life. England is already in reality, if not in form, a democracy. And the problem before the country is to save society from being swamped by material interests, or from drifting into anarchy,

anarchy, and to give to democratic institutions a wholesome orderly action. The problem can only be solved by imparting more virtue and more intelligence to the people. Government cannot perform the task, for the will of representatives controls the Government. A written constitution cannot do it, for the constitution is the will of a majority at a general election. Newspapers cannot do it, for they only exaggerate popular errors and popular prejudices. Education cannot do it, for intelligence without virtue only makes men more capable rascals. A religion that is controlled by the Government, or that, like Nonconformity, is placed under the authority of the faithful, or that depends like Individualism on the choice of the individual, cannot perform the task. In each of these cases the old difficulty remains. The Erastian view of religion places it under the control of the Government, that is, the people; the Nonconformist view makes those who are to be taught the judges of the teaching; the individual view makes a man's religion the effect, and not the cause, of his virtue and intelligence. The only force that is the master, and not the slave, of the people is the revealed religion embodied in a historic creed. It alone is not subject to popular control, dependent on the breath of popular sentiment, or compelled to follow the fluctuations of the popular will. To disestablish the Church which holds that historic creed is to impair the influence, and perhaps imperil the existence, of the one permanent, independent, unalterable factor in the wholesome and orderly development of democratic institutions.

If any of the results that have been indicated are likely to follow, or even may possibly follow, from Disestablishment, the responsibility of those Churchmen who support such a measure, or who do not oppose it with the utmost energy, is grave indeed. The danger that threatens religion from the continuance of the existing union must be formidable, if it justifies their action or even their indifference.

It is obvious to all thinking men, that the conditions under which the Establishment is now united to the State, are very different from those which prevailed when the alliance was cemented. In the first place, when the Royal Supremacy was accepted by the Church, the authority was vested in a monarch, who governed as well as reigned, who stood to the Church in a personal, semi-spiritual relationship, who was a morally responsible person with a conscience, who had the power and the will to guard ecclesiastical liberties, and who was one with the Church in faith, in objects, and in aims. The personal relationship has disappeared. The Royal Supremacy is really vested

vested in a Parliament, not one of whose members need be a Christian,—an impersonal body without conscience, moral responsibility, or religion, without sympathy with the Church, if it is not hostile to its aims and objects. In the second place, when the civil control was originally accepted, Convocation was a real power, exercising, with the sanction of the Crown, legislative, declarative, administrative, taxative functions. The modern Convocation is an academic Debating Society, without a shred of power except in administration, and exercising no influence over legislation except to insure the defeat of any measure in which it is interested by means of its recommendations. In the third place, the Royal jurisdiction which, with the consent of the Church, asserted its supremacy over ecclesiastical tribunals, neither extinguished ecclesiastical jurisdiction, nor superseded ecclesiastical law. On the contrary, it recognized the first, and sanctioned the second. All cases of dispute were tried, and the rights enforced, by Courts under the royal jurisdiction and under the royal name. But the administration of the law was extended to the Bishops or their Commissioners in special ecclesiastical courts, assisted by trained ecclesiastical lawyers; and the duties of appellate jurisdiction were discharged by a Court of Delegates, lay and clerical, personally chosen by a ‘godly Prince’ to administer his powers. Now the old episcopal authority of the Church Courts has vanished; the ecclesiastical training of Judges and of Bar has been swept away; the Court of Appeal consists of lay Judges, without canonical or theological training, sitting often, but not necessary, with Episcopal assessors, nominated by a Parliamentary official, interpreting ecclesiastical formularies with a bias against ritual and in favour of heresy, and admittedly guided by public policy as much as by hard law.

A change so complete in the conditions of the Establishment may well lead men to think that they have more to lose than gain by the continuance of the connexion. But it is the first duty of the Church to hallow and Christianize the State; and if Churchmen, by any action of their own, hasten the separation of the two bodies, they are neglecting their duties for their personal ease. The Church is not like Israel in Egypt. It rather resembles a Christian wife united to a husband whose faith is tottering, and all that patience and forbearance can do to save the State from the crime of a divorce should be first attempted. Men have been awakened to a sense—a right and worthy sense—of the spiritual independence of the Church, as holding her spiritual privileges and spiritual being wholly and immediately from God. But are things worse now than they were

were when Whitgift remonstrated against Elizabeth's sacrilege, or when Hooker bewailed the daily bruises of spiritual life, or when Sancroft and the Bishops were suspended? Yet the older divines never despaired. In the seventeenth century they might well have doubted God's favour to the Church, as the Jews in Babylon might have distrusted His favour to Jerusalem. But though the visage of the Church was furrowed with affliction, yet to their eyes she was the more lovely. In her sorrow they saw an added beauty, in her humiliation a deeper claim to revenge, in her sufferings a conformity to the image of her Divine Head. If one thought more than another strengthened weak hands and confirmed feeble knees,—if one feeling made the peaceful court danger and the headstrong possess their souls in patience, it was the sense that they were members of a body glorified in the past and full of hope to be glorified hereafter. Shall we at this day, with brighter hopes, less fiery trials, and larger experience of the Church's strength, by any act of ours forfeit inherited advantages, dissolve agencies of proved utility which no other system can create, sacrifice progress already made, destroy institutions of long-tested power, and abandon sanctuaries which are now the centres of religion and charity? Shall we do so to make a leap in the dark, to produce a dead level for which a fresh start must be made again, to create a chaos in the uncertain hope that it may prove the ground of future effort?

There remains the sentimental argument, which by itself has little weight, but which, supported by practical arguments, may weigh even with those who attach little value to religion.

The Church is the oldest institution in this country. It alone has stood by the grave of old worlds and by the cradle of new, bidding order arise out of confusion. It alone has survived the fall of dynasties and the rise of constitutions, unchanged and unchangeable amid the vicissitudes of centuries,—the grand central fact round which English history has revolved. By its side the English nation is a modern growth, and kingships and dignities are things of to-day. The spiritual pedigree of its Bishops spans by their uninterrupted succession the nineteen centuries of the Christian era. It has been the chosen instrument for extending the spiritual blessings and glorious hopes of Christianity among barbarous and ignorant peoples. Its spiritual order rose above the turmoil of the world, subduing to silence those whom its sacred teaching failed to attract. It was the civilizing agency which tamed the ferocity of savage tribes, shielding the honour of women, guarding the slave against oppression, protecting the weak against the strong. It maintained

maintained rights of property, upheld rights of marriage, supported public justice as opposed to private vengeance by the privileges of sanctuary, which sheltered innocence and provided a fair trial for crime. It was the chief, if not the sole, depository of human learning, literature, arts, and sciences. The books brought by Augustine were the mother books of our literature. The monastic schools, libraries, and scholars of England made the country illustrious in the ninth century. The Church was the pioneer of agriculture, the teacher of mathematics, of medicine, of botany. It was the physician and surgeon of the body as well as of the soul. To the efforts of the Church painting, sculpture, music, architecture, owed their inspiration.

The Church was all this everywhere. In England it was something more. It formed the earliest basis of national union; it gave the first idea of an united England. It supplied a bond of cohesion which no other force or institution could provide; only as Churchmen did West Saxon, Mercian, and Northumbrian feel that they were fellow-countrymen and fellow-subjects. Its synods and councils were models and prototypes of Parliament and of representative institutions. Its canons were the patterns of national legislation, and the earliest extant laws of this country begin with a section relating to the Church. It was essentially a national Church, free, spontaneous, independent in its development, using the native tongue, observing the native festivals, revering the native saints, bound up with every crisis in the nation's history, maintaining the faith in which our fathers lived and died, and in which we hope to rear our children. It was a bulwark of national liberties, a nursery of patriots, training the people to regard their liberties as a national heirloom, preparing the way for the time when, under other conditions and circumstances, it headed the movement which won the Magna Carta of national freedom. The Church was present at the birth of the State. As an elder sister it guided its steps in infancy, modelled its institutions, strengthened its authority by the alliance of Christianity, breathed a new spirit into its legislation, infused into its conduct a stronger sense of duty and responsibility, and invested its public acts with the solemn sanctions of religion. Thus Church and State grew up together, now united, now in rivalry, now allied, locked and folded in each other's embrace so closely that only the axe can cut them asunder. Without the Church the State would have been a chaos, 'a lacerated, bleeding mass.'

And as we contemplate the Church of to-day, it is a grand idea embodied in an impressive fact. In bygone days the Church may too often have said that she and progress could not co-exist.

co-exist. She may have too often used the civil power as the instrument of ecclesiastical bigotry ; she may have accepted the terms of the State—

‘ Assist us to accomplish all our ends,
And sanctify whatever means we use
To gain them.’

But such charges cannot be used against her now. Her ranks are filled with earnest self-devoted men, of pure life and untiring zeal. The roystering Levites, who swore and gambled and drank with the squire, are men of the past. The Church of to-day makes a noble use of a noble endowment. She commends the services of the present by the august traditions of the past. She offers her ministrations without money and without price to the very poorest. She does her work in much, with every prospect and hope of doing it in more. She has open to her a broad and living way to the hearts of the people. She is doing as much and more than any other institution to meet the multifarious needs of the century. It is one thing to reform, another to destroy ; it is one thing to rebuild and adapt, another thing to be the architect of wide and irreparable ruin. To disestablish and disendow the Church is to destroy a historic institution, which has humanized and Christianized this country, and which is the parent of the Free Churches themselves,—to destroy an institution which was born of our national needs, and was coeval with our national life. It is to barter away for promises, that are incapable of realization, an inheritance of ages, which is sanctified by thousands of saintly lives spent in its service, which has gathered round it venerable, ennobling, and reverence-inspiring charms of memory, imagination, and association, and which has commemorated its spirit in a glorious literature and in many of the stateliest shrines of Europe. It is to cripple an institution whose restraining influence cannot be fully gauged till it is gone, to leave force the only guardian of order, to extinguish the brightest beacon-light on a dark and dangerous shore, and to impoverish the life-blood of the nation without putting a penny into the pockets of the people.

It rests with the electorate to say whether an alliance, which is fraught with far more good than evil, shall continue, or whether the union of Church and State shall be exchanged for sad unspoken isolation—

‘ We played old parts, we used old names—in vain—
We go our ways, and twain once more are twain.’

Disestablishment counts only as one among the many political issues of momentous gravity which the country is now asked

asked to decide. Nominally, indeed, the present issue is narrowed to the simplest possible form; practically it is as wide as the variegated programme of the Liberals can make it. As these pages leave our hands, the elections are on the eve of their commencement; before they reach our readers, the polls will have been in most instances declared. Even if general elections were not necessarily leaps in the dark, the occasion is scarcely favourable for political prophecy; nor shall we imitate the numerous prophets who foretell with equal confidence the triumph of one side or the other. It seems to us, that each party may win, and, therefore, that neither has any excuse for relaxing its efforts to secure a victory. Whatever we may have to say on the results will be postponed till after the event is decided.

Meanwhile we cannot refrain from pointing out what seems to us the principal danger to the Unionist cause. We have been told by Mr. Gladstone, and told with unusual clearness, that, till he has settled the question of Home Rule, he will attempt no other legislation. The statement that Ireland is to have the precedence for an indefinite period over English, Scotch, Welsh, and Colonial affairs, in our opinion, disqualifies the speaker as a Minister of the British Crown. Because two millions of ignorant peasants, led by men who make politics a trade, demand Home Rule, and because Mr. Gladstone's rash promises and desperate efforts to win the eighty-five Irish votes have pledged him to a particular measure, there is no reason why the business of 35 millions, to say nothing of the vast populations of Imperial Britain, should wait, or why the administrative duties of the Government of a vast empire should be suspended, for the proverbially distant period of a more convenient season. Such a statement might well excite Unionists to strain every effort to prevent the return of the Gladstonians to power. It has, however, produced a contrary effect. Not a few have become indifferent to the success of Mr. Gladstone. They hope that, if placed in power, he will be unable to fulfil his Irish pledges without destroying his party. In giving way to this feeling they are, in our opinion, fatally mistaken. It is never wise to put your head into a halter on the assumption that the hand is too feeble to pull the cord. It is never the part of a patriot to contemplate with apathy, much less with pleasure, an event which may ultimately secure some petty success in a party game, but which will, in its immediate results, bring discredit, disaster, and disgrace upon the country both at home and abroad.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Sir Walter Raleigh, a Biography.* By William Stebbing, M.A., formerly Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. Oxford, 1891.
2. *Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland.* By Sir John Pope Hennessy. London, 1883.
3. *The Works of Sir Walter Raleigh, Kt.* In eight volumes. Oxford, 1829.

THE greatest event in modern history, it has been often said, was the discovery of America. But we may question whether Englishmen would have looked upon it with much satisfaction had not Cabot followed Columbus, and Sir Walter Raleigh planted the standard of 'Elizabeth, Queen of Virginia,' by the hands of his lieutenants, on Hoboken Island, North Carolina. Columbus may be, like Washington, a stainless hero, whose misfortunes set out in high relief his constant virtues; and Raleigh, when all is said and done, remains what Gibbon has called him, 'an ambiguous character,' who had, according to Hume's impartial judgment, a 'great but ill-regulated mind,' and whose actions, if not always the motives of them, are still open to discussion as interesting as it is inexhaustible. Yet Mr. Stebbing does not exaggerate in saying that this enigmatic and versatile figure has captivated posterity: wherever his name occurs, though on the dullest page, it draws all eyes, as the man himself, with his bold face and apparel of the finest, would have drawn them in his lifetime. He belongs to that select number who are not merely written about by historians, but who have entered into the popular imagination and dwell there as by right. We can fancy the age of Elizabeth to be wanting in many a name which meets us often in the State papers and is yet insignificant; but no effort will conjure away that of the pirate and the
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courtier, the Devon adventurer with his broad West-country accent, and his mixture of policy and poetry, whom we see taking the air, as on the same high terrace, with Spenser and Shakspeare, their equal in the quality of his mind, and, like them, inspired by the great Renaissance or new-birth of the world. To such men the present time looks back, over the heads of those dead and 'gone Puritans who made of the seventeenth century an interregnum in which their narrow and fantastic thoughts usurped the guidance of England. For we are moving once more in the general stream; and we have a fellow-feeling with those who, in 'the spacious days of great Elizabeth,' handled life boldly, as men resolved upon trying all things, even if they did not, in every case, hold fast that which was good. Not that we can simply drop out Puritanism from the record, and so find ourselves at home amid the chaos in which, three hundred years ago, belief and practice were weltering. Remote as we are from the principles, no less than the disputes, of that fiery time, it is possible for us, surely, to be impartial,—to admire and to condemn without 'hoisting the flag of party,' and to see virtues as well as faults on both sides.

Nevertheless, some of our most eloquent writers have, while imaginatively reproducing the form and pressure of the Tudor period, undertaken to revive not only its language, but its cast of thought. Not wisely, as it seems to us. For the heroic-truculent mood in which, as at a white heat, the most notable events of that day were shaped on the anvil, is no longer ours. The settled English mind does not feel at ease among the piracies, nor quite even among the pieties, of the buccaneering age. We are conscious of something strange, which does not appeal to our better judgment, in the 'Ballad of the Revenge' itself. Spain has not simply fallen; it has disappeared, and with it the world of passions and rivalries which it called forth in English bosoms. We condemn the Inquisition in all its forms, at home and abroad,—the intolerance, the chicanery, the torture, which made up that evil system, whether at Seville or in the Tower. Much we can praise in Raleigh, yet by no means all;—not the Court-plotter, nor the swordsman of Smerwick, nor the eulogist of assassination; not the enemy of Desmond or of Essex; but the explorer, the colonizer, the historian, the chemist, and the poet; the much-devising, affectionate, and magnanimous hero, whose life was a romance, and whose death remains, after that of Sir Thomas More, the noblest, perhaps, that England has witnessed on the scaffold. Raleigh connects himself with our day by his large outlook on the future, and with his own by most that was evil in him.

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His claim to immortality rests, however, on these two things,—that he alone, of all the pirates, rose to the vision of an enduring British Empire across the Atlantic; and that he has left us a tale of doing and suffering so mixed and yet so heroical, in which, while faults abound, tears can never be lacking, or the feelings from which they spring. As long as men are sensible to the sorrows of their kind, so long will they remember the caged eagle in the Bloody Tower, the recluse writing his 'History of the World' where another would have broken his heart, the daring of that last voyage in search of Eldorado, with young Walter Raleigh's death and his father's despair; they will read, not unmoved, the calm and splendid scene in Old Palace Yard, and feel that 'destiny is stronger than counsel,' when Lady Raleigh, his 'sweet Besse,' receives her husband's head, wrapped in the black velvet gown he wore at his execution, and embalms it for an everlasting relic. For the trusting apostrophe into which he broke out, 'O just, eloquent, and mighty Death,' has been verified in his own case; death has made him immortal. And these words may yet crown the tragedy written by genius, which shall add another masterpiece to the chronicle extending from 'Lear' to 'Henry the Eighth,' and in 'Macbeth' showing us in prophetic glass the line of Britain's kings, with the first of whom Raleigh's fate was to be for ever entangled.

As yet, however, in spite of Kingsley's enthusiasm, the sacred poet is not forthcoming; and in prose no life worthy of the man has appeared, down to the biography which we have named at the head of our article. Gibbon, attracted for a moment by his 'eventful story,' put it aside in the well-known words: 'His character is ambiguous, his actions are obscure, his writings are English; and his fame is confined to the narrow limits of our language and our island.' Since then, much has been brought to light which lay hidden among our State papers; Venice and Simancas have yielded up their treasures; the muniment rooms of great English houses have added to the store; and still, the figure of Raleigh stands in a curious Rembrandt shadow, pierced by rays which leave a deal of darkness visible. Only the other day, Dr. S. R. Gardiner, as impartial as he is deeply read in the documents bearing on his subject, stated the case against Raleigh with all the force which his rare knowledge enabled him to display. Sir John Pope Hennessy, seated in Sir Walter's study at the table where he wrote, in the Warden's House, now called Myrtle Grove, at Youghal, put together some years ago what Mr. Stebbing has judged to be a 'picturesque though bitter monograph,' describing his adventures

in Munster and his plantation on the banks of the Blackwater. Mr. Froude, while (for reasons which he has not explained) avoiding whenever he could to name Raleigh, has given us, in his high-wrought style, the materials out of which to form a view of the pirate-age in the English Channel, round the Atlantic Islands, and in the Spanish Main. Biographers like Cayley, Tytler, and Edwards, have done their best to supplant the 'tediously minute' and servile panegyric of Oldys. But no one had set down, in a straightforward dispassionate narrative, the facts and probabilities on which at last we must rely, as Mr. Stebbing has now done, 'not carved, coloured, digested, and classified,' as he remarks in his judicious Preface, but, so far as may be, 'in the actor's own words,' and with candour, though by no means coldly. Once and again, Mr. Stebbing has achieved a condensed and subtle page that Mr. George Meredith might mistake for his own. As he comes to the tragic end, his style rises, and feeling is allowed to strike a few energetic and persuasive chords, to which we can listen without suspecting the writer of partisanship or uncritical sentiment. The infinite mass of details, in which were so many things that asked to be read but not recounted, has been brought within a reasonable, perhaps even a too brief compass. Mr. Stebbing's severely truthful painting is sure to enlighten, and will go far to satisfy, his attentive readers. Yet we could pardon him a little more eloquence. His short, emphatic sentences move with an impatient rhythm, which has none of the fire of Macaulay, or the witching lightness of Froude. On the other hand, he is no advocate, and the charm of his volume is its transparent honesty.

Every great historical drama has had its overture,—the prelude of coming events: and here it is the wild sea-story with which we begin, how that John Cabot, the Venetian, sailing from Bristol in 1497 for the Islands of Cathay, struck upon the coast of Nova Scotia, and ascended into the Greenland waters until he was blocked by the ice; then, coasting down to Florida, turned home again. His son Sebastian was 'Grand Pilot of England' in 1549; but Hawkins had already in 1580 made the run from Plymouth to Guinea and Brazil, and John Lok in 1554 brought slaves from Benin; while a second and more famous Hawkins stole blacks in 1562 at Sierra Leone, to sell them to the Spaniards of San Domingo. By this time, the gentlemen of Devon had revived the old Greek trade of buccaneering. In Mary's reign, Protestant refugees had taken shelter in French harbours and Irish fiords; the 'Carews, Killigrews, Tremaynes, Strangwayses, Throgmortons,

Throgmortons, Horseys, Cobhams,' had become roving chiefs, who, on Elizabeth's accession, were advanced to places of trust, but did not dream of abandoning what was now the 'most lucrative and devout of occupations.' The sons of Lord Cobham of Cowling are described by Mr. Froude as 'irregular, lawless Protestants;' and by way of justifying in the eyes of Englishmen their irregularities no less than their Protestantism, the Inquisition, which might have been supposed to have its hands full in the control of public worship, was given the management of the Spanish harbours. War, commerce, and religion were henceforth inextricably combined. If Tom Cobham sewed up the captain and survivors of a Spanish crew in their own sails, and flung them overboard; or if English seamen displayed a 'careless audacity' at Gibraltar, and opened fire on 'the Vicar of the Holy Office,' and shot at the harbour police;—if, again, the English Channel was infested with native 'sea-hawks,' and Cecil in 1565 could reckon sixty-one cases of open piracy committed by the Queen's subjects, who spared neither Dutch, French, nor Flemings,—the other side of the account shows captured Englishmen undergoing torture and death in the prisons of Spain, with particulars which not even their 'desperate insolence' can strip of the ghastly horror that clings to them. We need not wonder if excellent Bishop Jewel assured Elizabeth that God would be pleased to see the Spaniards plundered, and Sir Arthur Champernowne, Vice-Admiral of the West, gave as his deliberate sentence in 1568 that 'anything taken from that wicked nation is both necessary and profitable to our Commonweal.' The terrible Sir John Hawkins, who found the natives of Cape de Verde 'gentle and loving,' and therefore captured them the more easily, and who was as determined a slave-trader as ever wrote himself 'one of God's elect,' could not be persuaded that the New World belonged to Spain; which, indeed, to borrow Sir Walter Scott's perfectly just language, had been merely 'the buccaneer who committed the earliest piracy on its shores.' Drake, in his memorable voyage round the world, had seized, within sight of the Andes, Spanish treasure amounting to a million and a half of ducats, and went on his way rejoicing, with as untroubled a conscience as when afterwards he helped to break and scatter the great Armada. During all these years, Venice was dying and Spain was choking itself with gold. And in the slow English mind there grew and grew an obscure determination to reach the Meta Incognita after which it was blindly feeling, and which has proved to be an empire in all waters, the planting of nations in America, Australia, and Africa,

Africa, the pacification of India, and the sure establishment of the language of Shakspeare and Raleigh as that of civilized mankind.

In this amazing story, Devonshire led the way. When Raleigh talked of 'a hundred gentlemen of my kindred,' he meant the Gilberts, Champernownes, Carews, and the rest, whose wealth too often consisted in 'other men's goods,' and upon whom the Queen was willing to bestow not even a single penny from her purse, but patents drawn up in the ample style of Alexander VI., dividing to those who could conquer them lands which were yet to be discovered. 'The British Empire,' said a great Captain of our own time, General Gordon, 'has been made by adventurers, and will be ruined by politicians.' It is the interest of Raleigh's career that he was at once an adventurer and a politician, who combined strength with subtlety, and the calculations of Court-chess with a hand that could strike hard. Perhaps all Devonshire men had something of the visionary in them. Raleigh was of almost unmixed Devon descent; nor can it be maintained that his family, which has been traced as far back as Henry III., was utterly decayed when his father held Hayes and Fardell. In any case, he was a younger son, the last issue of three marriages. His childhood was passed in the 'lonely, one-storied, thatched farmhouse,' lying among low hills on the edge of a tract of moorland, within two miles and a half of Budleigh-Salterton Bay. Nothing whatever is known of him, until his entrance as a commoner into Oriel College,—'in 1568 or thereabouts,' says the inevitable Anthony à Wood. And this, too, may be disputed, like the date of his birth, the spelling of his name, and the romantic details connected with him by tradition. It is convenient to suppose that he was born in 1552; while we know for certain that in 1569 he was campaigning in France with the Huguenots, and retreated under Count Louis of Nassau from Moncontour. His stay in Oxford must have been brief; nor need we imagine it distinguished.

He saw the atrocities of a civil war, cloaked under the name of religion, and tells how the Huguenots in Languedoc smoked out their Catholic enemies from the caverns into which they had chased them, by lighting bundles of straw and letting them down at the mouth of the caves. In Admiral Coligny he detected party spirit, as well as attachment to the creed he was defending. France was no good school for an English lad; nor are we astonished when, eight years later, Raleigh is heard of in London as the master of riotous servants, and by and by is himself committed to the Fleet for brawling with Sir Thomas Perrot.

Perrot. In 1577 his half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, formed a plan to capture foreign ships,—‘especially the Spanish and Portuguese, which resorted to the Newfoundland coasts for the fisheries,’—without warning (that is to say, by sheer piracy), and to sell his prizes in the Dutch ports. Of this project no more is heard; but next year Gilbert received his patent to discover and occupy heathen lands not actually possessed by any Christian prince or people. The expedition was delayed, then set sail, encountered a Spanish squadron, and came back, *re infecta*, Raleigh alone holding on his course for some time, and being at length compelled to return, by want of victuals, early in 1579. Now, however, Gilbert, who had been appointed President of Munster, and who ‘administered his Irish province,’ says Mr. Stebbing, ‘with a vigour somewhat in excess even of the taste of his age,’ enabled his half-brother to join the Queen’s service. In 1580, Raleigh was commissioned as captain of a hundred foot-soldiers to fight the Munster insurgents, and sailed from the Isle of Wight for Cove Harbour.

Ireland had even then earned its melancholy fame as ‘the grave of English reputations.’ It may have seemed, as Mr. Froude remarks, ‘to young Englishmen of spirit a land of hope and adventure, where they might win glory and perhaps fortune;’ but ‘the original scheme,’ on which Burke expatiates in his letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, and which, he says, ‘was never deviated from for a single hour’ during the reign of Elizabeth, had in view ‘the total extirpation of the interest of the natives in their own soil;’ and such is not the policy with which a humane or a far-seeing statesman would desire his name to be associated. Mr. Lecky, whose judicial fairness we must account among the public benefits of our time, has pointed out with his accustomed sagacity that neither religious nor nationalist views were important factors in the Irish question, when Munster was confiscated to the ‘undertakers’ from Devonshire. The express testimony of Maurice Creagh, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, who went as ambassador from the Irish chieftains to Madrid in 1569, confirms Mr. Lecky’s opinion; which may be further strengthened by the language and the acts of the English Privy Council, whose Laodicean policy gave ever fresh trouble to pious Crusaders like Lord Grey. What was contemplated, to quote Mr. Froude once more, was ‘to extinguish an entire people,’ who were themselves ‘not incurably disloyal,’ and who by force of circumstances had been left outside the Renaissance, whether religious or scientific, under the stress of which Europe was falling to pieces. But they held out to the new race of adventurers the prize

prize of lands near home, which might be claimed on the flimsiest of pretexts from men unprovided with better weapons than the Aztecs or the Peruvians, and who were never able to withstand the shock of artillery. That such was the true explanation of the planting of Munster, Edmund Burke, who lived when a boy at Castletown Roche, between the estates of Raleigh and Spenser, was always aware; and his imperial patriotism may justify others in holding that the scheme, which was nothing short of an 'indictment against a nation,' deserved to fail, as in the event it did.

To make room for a new colony, the readiest legal weapon was forfeiture, although, as Cecil anxiously remarked, it should have been preceded by attainder to give it a countenance. But readier even than the law was the simple brutality employed by Sir Peter Carew, by Sidney, by Gilbert, and by Sir John Perrot. To hunt down and destroy the 'naked knaves,' to fling their bodies from the battlements of conquered places, and to slay women and children as if they were *feræ naturæ*, seemed in the eyes of these captains not only permissible, but a work of piety and civilization. Even Ormond, who was at the head of the 'old English' interest, and who did not love the adventurers from Devon, joined Pelham in the expedition which 'passed through the rebel countries in two companies, consuming with fire all habitations, and executing the people wherever' it 'found them.' In 1580, the Southern Geraldines were broken. When Lord Grey arrived in Dublin to relieve Pelham, the desolation of Munster was already begun. But some eight hundred Spaniards and Italians had been landed at Smerwick, in as ill-chosen a place as they could have lighted upon; and Admiral Winter blockaded them from the sea, while the Lord Deputy was assailing the position with heavy batteries. Among the names of the officers who accompanied Grey are found those of Burghley's kinsman, young Mr. Cheke, of Edmund Spenser, and of Walter Raleigh.

Raleigh had begun his career in Ireland by helping Sir Warham St. Leger at Cork, in August 1580, in the trial and execution of Sir James Fitzgerald, the Earl of Desmond's brother. Fitzgerald was drawn, hanged, and quartered. Now, in November, a memorable thing was to befall the young campaigner. The garrison of Smerwick surrendered without conditions; and while the foreign officers were held to ransom, it was resolved to deal with the rest as the natives from Glendalough to Kilmallock and the Kerry mountains had been dealt with. Raleigh and Macworth, who had the ward of the day, were put in, like ferrets into a rabbit-hole, and, as Hooker narrates, they made

made a great slaughter. Four hundred Spaniards and Italians were put to the sword. All the Irishmen and several Irishwomen were hanged. An Englishman and an Irish priest, who suffered the same doom, had their legs and arms first broken. In 'Westward Ho,' Canon Kingsley makes Lord Grey hesitate, and puts into his mouth the observation that Elizabeth 'will be furious when she hears of this cruelty.' Never was there less ground for such romancing. Grey had no compunctious visitings either then or afterwards. He desired, in the historic phrase, to make a 'Mahometan conquest of Ireland;' and when he was thwarted, he broke out into a lament that 'Baal's prophets and councillors shall prevail,' and that he was in despair. As for Elizabeth, Bacon has written that she was 'much displeased,' and Leland that she 'expressed the utmost concern and displeasure at this barbarous execution;' but her own letter on December 12, 1580, testifies that the Deputy's exploit was 'greately to our lyking,' while two years later she repeated her approval, and was dissatisfied only inasmuch as, in Mr. Stebbing's words, 'she had not been left free to kill or spare the officers at her discretion.' Burghley, indeed, was of a different mind. But then Burghley had views with regard to Ireland which neither the Queen nor her adventurers could abide; and it was he who wrote to Sir H. Wallop that 'the Flemings had not such cause to rebel by the oppression of the Spaniards,' as the Irish people by what they had undergone. The Treasurer did not sympathize with 'these intending colonists,' to whom the natives 'were of no more value than their own wolves,' and by whom they 'would have been exterminated with equal indifference,' as Mr. Froude believes. When Hooker dedicated his record of the Irish Wars to Raleigh, he did so on the ground that 'the right worthie and honorable gentleman and knight' was 'a partie and a doer, a painful and a faithful servitor' in those enterprises, the effect of which was that 'the common people, such as escaped the sword, all for the most part are perished with famine or fled the countrie. The land itself, from being very fertile, is waxed barren, yeelding nor corn nor fruits—the pastures without cattell: nothing there to be seene but miserie and desolation.' At Smerwick, the 'right worthie' captain was only an agent; but 'his invariable rule with Irishmen and Anglo-Irishmen of every degree,' says Mr. Stebbing, 'was to crush;' and he looked upon extermination as policy and steadfastness. During eight-and-twenty years Raleigh was associated with the broken fortunes of the Geraldines. For twenty of those years, even when banished from Court, he acted as Elizabeth's favourite adviser on Irish affairs. And there is not

not a syllable in his correspondence, nor an incident in his life, which would lead us to suspect that he dissented from the opinion roundly expressed in a letter to Walsingham by the Irish Lord Chancellor, that 'it would have been better, if ten years past the Governor had put on determination to subject the whole Irishry to the sword.'

It had been an instruction from Burghley to Wallop that confiscated estates should be given not to persons but to offices. The exact contrary was done. Raleigh, who showed the utmost daring and vigour in hunting down Anglo-Irish nobles, like Lord Barry and Lord Roche, earned but small pay from the parsimony of Elizabeth, and endeavoured to eke out that 'poor entertainment,' by asking for the demesne of Barry's Court, which extended from Rostellan Castle to Fota, comprising one side of Cork Harbour and the island now called Queenstown. Burghley, it is said, protested, and the grant was refused. Not until 1586, when the Desmond rebellion was finally got under, did he obtain his Irish seignior, amounting to forty-two thousand acres, and including the 'havan roiall' of Youghal on the Blackwater; the Dominican Friary built by Thomas Fitzgerald in 1286; Molana Abbey, where Raymond le Gros lies buried; the 'College of Our Lady,' and the Preceptory, with its lands, of the Knights Templars at Rincrow; and, above all, those endless reaches of forest which alone would have been a fortune. As Mr. Goldwin Smith has pithily remarked of the adventurers who added a glory and a shame to the reign of Elizabeth, 'The eagles took wing for the Spanish Main; the vultures descended upon Ireland.' Raleigh was to prove himself eagle no less than vulture. His Irish colony never came to anything. But the patent by which he was to settle Virginia has, in the long run, borne abundant and most unexpected fruit.

How, on his return from Munster, he became Elizabeth's favourite, has been told in every boy's story-book, and by Scott in a brilliant page of 'Kenilworth,' after Fuller's legend; but neither that nor any other tale of the same pattern can be proved authentic. He may have been indebted to Leicester or to Sussex for his first appearance in the charmed circle which, at that time, was the only centre of politics and literature as well as of fashion. Yet the 'hundred gentlemen of his kindred' must have made its entrance easy to him; and once within Elizabeth's sight and hearing, the rest followed. He was versatility itself, 'poet, statesman, courtier, schemer, patriot, soldier, sailor, freebooter, discoverer, colonist, castle-builder, historian, philosopher, chemist, and visionary.' It is Mr. Stebbing's catalogue, and it takes away one's breath. For such

such a man to win the Queen's admiration, and to repay it with the extravagant yet not quite unreal chivalry of the Court of Love, it was but requisite that he should come near her. Elizabeth made him Captain of the Guard, Warden of the Stannaries, Lieutenant of Cornwall, and Vice-Admiral. She bestowed on him, from the lands of All Souls' College, two beneficial leases, and gave him the farm of wines, by which he became a sort of publican-general, and the monopoly for several years of the exportation of woollen broadcloths; and in 1587 he acquired lands in Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, and Notts, as his part of the forfeited Babington property.

He was profuse in his dress and entertainment, and 'loved architecture and building, gardens, pictures, books, furniture, and immense retinues of servants.' The courtiers of that day spent lavishly what they had gained in ways which would now scandalize or startle us,—by sinecures, confiscations, and shares in trading adventures that were mostly piratical. And Raleigh yielded to none in greed or luxury. The famous Jesuit, Father Parsons, satirized him as being 'too high in the regard of the English Cleopatra;' nor can the gentleman himself, with his genius and good looks, have taken the humour in very ill part. He was neither a Leicester nor a Hatton; yet his keen sense of the situation, while it made Elizabeth's demeanour in his eyes a little laughable, must have prompted him to talk and act with the pretended passion which she invited from all around her. Spenser extolled him as 'the summer's nightingale,' in verses which will live, according to his hope, with the eternity of his mistress's fame. Yet Raleigh, though his own rhymes could be 'most lofty, insolent, and passionate,' was not for an instant disposed to fall in love with the lady, concerning whom he once wrote to his cousin Carew, 'The Queen thinks that George Carew longs to see her, and, therefore, see her.' At all times, he must have been a consummate actor. He could rhapsodize and drive a furious pen, while thinking steadily of the advantages his rants or his supplications were likely to bring him.

'Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his,]
That can empierce a Prince's mighty harte,'

sang his brother poet of Kilcolman, perhaps after Raleigh had shown him the beginning of his 'prodigious elegy,' called 'Cynthia,' which was aimed at the fancy, if not at the affections, of 'the Ladie of the Sea.' It was to have run, the critics believe, to fifteen thousand lines, and happily never reached completion or has all been lost, save the 'twenty-first and last book of the

the Ocean.' Whosoever composed, it was 'a lamentable lay,' complaining 'of great unkindness and of usage hard,' the like of which Raleigh underwent, in 1589 and later, on occasion of his marriage with Elizabeth Throgmorton. While flattery and adulation were the language of the day, he employed them; but the intense egoism which breathes in all he said and did, made him armour-proof against the inward touches of that Quixotic passion the dialect of which he managed so gracefully. In all his portraits, a 'too determined mouth,' as Sir John Hennessy remarks, is partly shown and partly hidden by the moustache and peaked beard. It was as characteristic of the man as his extraordinarily high forehead, intelligent bluish-grey eyes, and commanding appearance. The Munster captain wrote sonnets and satirical verse, and handled them as he would a pack of cards, in the desperate game called life, where there was no telling what colour might win. But his sonnets were meant to draw places and patents for their maker. As soon as he grew opulent, he built the 'Ark Raleigh,' at a cost of two thousand pounds. And on March 25, 1584, the parchment was sealed whereby he might hold 'remote heathen and barbarous lands,' on the same terms as his half-brother Gilbert, if he could discover any within the next six years. A fifth of the gold and silver acquired was reserved to the Crown.

Here begins the romance of Eldorado and the Golden City of Manoa, which Raleigh was to pursue all the days of his life, and hardly to relinquish on the scaffold. Not that he looked first towards Guiana. His eyes were bent, says Mr. Stebbing, on the region north of the Gulf of Florida, where French Protestants and Spaniards had fought one another in 1565 and 1567, but which was now untenanted by white men. Raleigh sent out his first expedition, consisting of two small vessels, in April 1584, under Captains Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow. They sailed by the Canaries and West Indies; and in July entered the mouth of a river on the banks of which they saw vines laden with grapes, like the old Norsemen who had wandered into Wineland across the Atlantic, some six hundred years before. On July 13 they proclaimed the Queen's sovereignty, and delivered over the land to Raleigh's use. It was the Island of Hoboken in Ocracoke Inlet, off the coast of North Carolina. The natives were friendly and timid; their chiefs offered precious gifts to the strangers; and in September the expedition returned, bringing chamois skins, a bracelet of pearls, and two of the Indians, Manteo and Wanchese, as samples of what they had discovered.

Elizabeth christened the new-found region Virginia; and
Raleigh

Raleigh made haste to send out fresh adventurers, commanded by his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville. On the voyage Grenville exhibited intolerable pride and ambition, as Mr. Ralph Lane, the proposed Governor of the colony, reported to Walsingham. But he took a couple of Spanish frigates, when sailing by Hispaniola and Florida, and a third on the homeward journey. He left 107 colonists with Lane, and promised to return with supplies by Easter. It was 'the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven,' said these sanguine pioneers. Hariot learned from the natives the use of tobacco, and potatoes now began to play their historic and not altogether happy part in European culture. But troubles arose; the 'gentle Indians' turned out to be 'murderous and cunning' (or was it the newcomers who did so?); and, in spite of help from Sir Francis Drake, who arrived on the coast with twenty-five sail, fresh from the sack of Cartagena and San Domingo, the little colony abandoned their goodly soil only a few days before Grenville and the supplies would have reached them. Even now, Raleigh did not bate his confidence. In 1587 he despatched a fourth expedition, containing a hundred and fifty householders, under command of Captain John White. The city of Raleigh was founded at Roanoke. But Lane's fort had been razed; the men left by Grenville were nowhere to be seen; jealousies sprang up again between the colonists and the Indians, some of whom were murdered by the Englishmen; Governor White came home for help, but could get none; and when he went back in 1590 all trace of the plantation had disappeared, and the 'eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and two children,' including his own daughter and her child, whom he had left behind him, had vanished into the unknown. Raleigh could do no more for his kingdom at that time. He had spent, according to his computation, forty thousand pounds in these attempts; and, as Hakluyt has written, 'it demanded a prince's purse to have the action thoroughly fulfilled without lingering.' But the founder would not surrender his hopes. He promoted a company to Virginia in 1589, helped other expeditions as late as 1603, and said with confidence, on the eve of his downfall, 'I shall yet live to see it an English nation.' That high dream was by no means entirely unfulfilled; for in 1606, a new and strong colony was sent out, which did succeed: and, though Raleigh was a captive in the Tower, his jurisdiction was not disowned over the wide regions in which, at length, Englishmen were planting their race and language. The merit of so fruitful an idea, if not its immediate realization, we cannot give to another. It was Raleigh that held on the path of empire, while his contemporaries,

poraries, sailing free and fast round the world, and, like Cavendish, returning up the Thames 'with sails of damask and topsail-cloth of gold,' would have left England the small kingdom they found her. As Humboldt discerned, North America might never have spoken our tongue but for the persistent efforts which, aiming too often at the impossible, taught Raleigh's countrymen the secret of their strength and Spain's foredoomed weakness.

He lost immense sums over the enterprise, but gained a reputation, amusingly at other men's expense, which has defied criticism and will endure as romance, if not as history. The popular mind attributes to him much that he never did, or was not the first to do. He had the glory of bestowing on Europeans new fruits, plants, and flowers; it was said that he imported mahogany into England from Guiana, introduced orange-trees into Devonshire, discovered the potato (which he did but plant in his garden at Youghal after the Spaniards, and his own officers, Hariot and Lane, had become acquainted with them), and, of course, smoked tobacco before any one else in Europe. But Hariot anticipated him in knowledge of its virtues, and Drake had conveyed it to England. However, the halo of the pipe hovers about Sir Walter even on the death-scene; and 'tobacco' was almost the last word he wrote.

Among his constant motives of action, says Mr. Stebbing, was a fiery indignation at the monopoly of the New World by Spain. And the English people shared his feeling. They, like him, were again putting forth the Viking spirit, and 'mewing their mighty youth.' His generation burnt with a free-booter's passion for the sea. In his 'Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Azores,' published anonymously in 1591, Raleigh has given the fiercest tone and colouring to the indictment against Castile. The Spanish system, he proves by instances, was 'to entertain basely the traitors and vagabonds of all nations,' and to grasp at supreme dominion everywhere, 'as if the kings of Castile were the natural heirs of all the world.' 'Yet,' he argues, 'the obedience even of the Turk is easy, and a liberty, in respect of the slavery and tyranny of Spain. What have they done in Sicily, Naples, Milan, and the Low Countries?' And what across the Ocean? He cries out that 'in one only island, called Hispaniola, they have wasted three millions of the natural people, besides many millions else in other places of the Indies; a poor and harmless people, created of God, and might have been won to his knowledge, as many of them were.' He was amply justified; but historians cannot forbear thinking of the 'desolation of Munster,' as it appears
in

in Spenser's 'State of Ireland,' when the murdered tribes of Hispaniola are exhibited for an eternal disgrace to the chivalry of Spain in these burning pages. Nor can we feel unmixed admiration when Raleigh's patriotism not only led him to join in the 'Fellowship' of Humphrey Gilbert by which Davis was sent out to find the North-West Passage, but prompted 'private raids' on barques of Cherbourg, ships of Bayonne, and Venetian merchantmen; while his own vessels, 'Serpent' and 'Mary Spark,' fought the Spaniards in 1586 at the Azores, the same year in which he 'contributed a pinnace to a plundering expedition of the Earl of Cumberland's to the South Sea.' Doubtless, observes Mr. Stebbing, outrages were committed, under the cloak of his Court favour, and the Privy Council had to expostulate. But knowing how lucrative was the trade of the buccaneer, Government interfered as seldom as possible; and when privateers brought home their thirty thousand pounds' worth of spoil, Her Majesty condescended to accept the lion's share. Discreet Robert Cecil was willing to speculate, if his dealings were kept dark, 'though, I thank God,' said he, 'that I have no other meaning than becometh an honest man in any of my actions.' But Raleigh has told us that Englishmen never objected to the most fearful odds when 'royals of plate and pistols' were the high prize of their calling. 'Ah,' he is reported to have cried in answer to Bacon's scruples just before his last voyage, when, if his followers 'missed of the gold mine,' he said they would look after the Plate Fleet, 'who ever heard of men being pirates for millions?' The speech may not have been spoken, but the sentiment was in character. Raleigh made slight account of peace beyond the line, 'where there is no peace,' at any time; and, in the years between 1583 and his first imprisonment, he combined the dignity of Vice-Admiral in the West with an impartial piracy which nothing in his own temper or the public conscience was calculated to restrain.

He was covetous, indefatigable, and magnificent, the patron of Hakluyt and many others in their literary undertakings, as of Hariot, 'the universal philosopher,' Laurence Keymis the explorer, and Udal the Hebraist. He could serve Leicester and keep on fair terms with Burghley; but friends like Northumberland, no less than resolved enemies such as Lord Henry Howard, agree in describing him as 'insolent, extremely heated, a man that desired to seem to be able to sway all men's courses,' and in Aubrey's phrase, which has become classic, 'damnably proud.' In 1587, he was described as 'the best hated man of the world in Court, city, and country.' What were

were his crimes? Ambition and capacity, perhaps we may answer; he knew that he could lead, and he would not follow. His contempt for the 'rascal multitude' was unqualified; but even courtiers of the stamp of Hatton, and much more Essex and the old nobles, looked on him as an upstart, a soldier of fortune, and a rival in the Queen's graces, whom it was exceedingly desirable to ruin. The case against him was that he had risen in virtue of a handsome person and a courtly wit; that he had equipped expeditions, in which he took no share of the perils and the whole of the glory; and that, if he fought and plundered the Spaniards, it was by the hands of other men while he lingered at the door of the Presence Chamber and wrote madrigals. From 1587 onwards, however, the touch of adversity brought out his extreme independence, while the appearance on the scene in that year of Arabella Stuart portended the very shape of the catastrophe which brought him to the block.

In one tragic tale he never took a part,—the captivity and death of Mary of Scotland. But her execution was followed by the Armada, and we have all shared in the enthusiasm with which the exploits of Raleigh, no less than those of Drake and Howard, during the sharp storm of 'Britain's Salamis,' have been greeted ever since. In the previous year, he had been levying horse and foot in Cornwall and Devon, and in 1588 was Mayor of Youghal, where he pulled down the Dominican Friary which was on his estate, and of which the broken arches still remain. He now hastened back to muster his troops and strengthen Portland Castle. But his own trust was in England's wooden walls. He gave his voice for the fitting out of the fleet, surrendered his land charge, and hurried with the rest to Portland, 'as unto a sea-field where immortal fame and glory was to be attained, and faithful service to be performed unto their Prince and country.' From July 23 he followed in the 'morris-dance upon the waters' which moved on by the Isle of Wight to Dover, and the struggle before Calais, where 'never was seen by any man living such a battery.' Then it passed to Gravelines; and the Spaniards, 'beaten and shuffled,' and 'driven with squibs from their anchors,' as they had been, were, at length, 'chased out of the sight of England' into the Northern Sea. The 'gentleman of the Queen's Privy Chamber,' who is described by a correspondent of Mendoza, and who was undoubtedly Sir Walter Raleigh, was but one of many gallant captains who joined in this memorable hunting-piece; and the completeness of the victory dispensed him and Grenville from being sent, as had been proposed, to Ireland that they might encounter

encounter the Spanish fugitives. Next year, when Drake and Norris with six men-of-war and a hundred and twenty sail of volunteers, attacked Lisbon, burnt Vigo, and destroyed two hundred vessels in the Tagus, Raleigh was there in his own ship as a volunteer without command. He made some lucrative captures, although little glory came from the attempt to restore Don Antonio to the throne of Portugal. Then followed bickerings at Court and quarrels with Essex; and in 1589 Raleigh went back to Ireland. He had fallen a little into the shade at home.

This may have been his first meeting with Spenser, although both had served under Grey in 1580. The English Ariosto, in whose tender and stately verse the woods of Kilcolman for ever stand enchanted, and Mulla sings, crowned, like Mincio, with whispering reeds, had but scant delight in his wild banishment. He welcomed Raleigh to the castle, which is now an ivy-clad ruin, open to the sky, but which was then a pleasant mansion with its endless forests around it. And he touched upon Cynthia's 'unkindness' to his friend in 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' as we have already noted. Moreover, it was then that he lent, or perhaps read, to him the first three books of the 'Faery Queen,' which Raleigh has welcomed in that noble sonnet, beginning, 'Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,' and which, so confident was he still of his influence, he undertook to introduce to Elizabeth. In fact, his exile, if it were not voluntary, was brief. Essex had married Lady Sidney and fallen into disgrace. Sir Walter became a favourite again, and was commissioned as Vice-Admiral of the Fleet in 1591, but did not sail, perhaps because the Queen wished to keep him out of danger. In his place, Sir Richard Grenville took the command, arrived off the Azores, fought the immortal battle of 'The Revenge,' and dying, gave his kinsman the opportunity, which he was too ready a genius not to seize, of describing with graphic eloquence the incidents which another poet has dipped in hues of fire not less glowing and splendid, though three centuries later.

His own turn seemed to be coming next. Philip II. was proposing to strike at Plymouth, as men surmised, with sixty ships; and Raleigh persuaded Elizabeth to ward off the blow by an expedition to Panama, where the Treasure Fleet would be collected. Some fourteen vessels—two of them Sir Walter's—were equipped; he was named General, and pawned the whole of his resources, besides borrowing heavily, to meet the needful outlay. Then westerly winds set in; the fleet was weather-bound in the Thames; his royal mistress was unwilling that he should

embark; but on May 6, 1592, he contrived to set sail, only to be overtaken on the 7th by Sir Martin Frobisher, with orders for his return. He still went on as far as Cape Finisterre, and when he had stationed half the fleet off the Spanish coast, and sent the rest to watch for the Treasure-ships at the Azores, he unwillingly came back. The venture had failed. But that was the smallest part of his misfortune. He, too, imitating Essex, had dared to marry instead of wasting himself in sighs at Cynthia's feet. Moreover, it was said, and Camden has reported the scandal, that his marriage was in consequence of misconduct which Elizabeth would in no case have chosen to condone.

The lady, Elizabeth Throgmorton, daughter of crafty old Sir Nicholas, had been a maid of honour, and was remarkably beautiful. She proved a perfect wife. But the penalty of their love-making was Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower. 'It is affirmed,' said a letter on the eve of his committal, 'that they are married; but the Queen is most fiercely incensed.' An excellent commentary on this episode in Raleigh's career, and her Majesty's way of dealing with favourites guilty of preferring other women to herself, may be found in the story of Philip Lord Arundel and his unhappy Countess. Even so late as March 1602, Cecil, the embodiment of plain prose and matter of fact, was writing to Carew in repudiation of some talk that he 'was like to be enchanted for love or marriage.' He declares upon his soul that he knows none on earth that he was, or if he might, would be married unto. In the Court of the Maiden Queen, 'any show of affection was deemed an act of guilt,' says Mr. Stebbing, when not directed to the goddess herself. This, perhaps even more than the gross adulation of the Sovereign which we meet in the statesmen, scholars, and divines of the Tudor and early Jacobean period, marks the want of manliness on which Hallam has dwelt. Raleigh was married—nay, it must have been close upon the days of the honeymoon—when he broke out into the rhapsody, which to his biographer seems so delightful an extravagance (and it is in a charmingly poetic vein), when writing to Robert Cecil, on occasion of the Queen's progress and some yeomen's coats. And his comic acting, when the Queen being on the Thames, he 'tore Carew's new periwig off,' and they came to drawn daggers, because his guardian would not allow him to 'row in disguise so near that he might look upon her,' was, of course, a brilliant fantastical play; yet Lady Raleigh knew where the sting of it lay hidden. Not of himself could her husband sing, as he did of Gorges, the third in this odd encounter,—

'Who

'Who never sought nor ever cared to climb,
By flattery, or seeking worthless men.'

From June to December he was in confinement, and for long afterwards was forbidden the royal presence. He mocked at his 'great treasons,' and did not want for boldness, managing his Irish estates from his room in the Brick Tower, telling the authorities of the revolt of Burkes and O'Neills which he foresaw, of the French warships lying in wait for English merchantmen, of the 'Great Susan,' 'which nobody but myself would undertake to set out,' and trying all doors in the hope that one might be unfastened. The capture by his lieutenant, Burgh, of the great Crown of Portugal carack 'Madre de Dios,' in September 1592, with 537 tons of spices and 15 tons of ebony, besides tapestries, silks, and satins, gave an opportunity for his release from prison. When the prize arrived at Dartmouth, there was instant plundering; and Cecil and Raleigh were despatched post-haste to save the Crown's perquisites from Western land-rats. Of his friend Cecil wrote, 'He is extremely pensive, unless he is busied, in which he can toil terribly,' showing us the man in a sentence. Her Majesty was entitled to something less than twenty thousand pounds. Raleigh offered her eighty thousand, begging it might serve for his ransom. It met with acceptance, and he became a free man, but was not suffered to be a courtier.

Early in 1592 he had bought the lease of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire (and with it, as many believed, the curse of St. Osmund), from the accommodating Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Coldwell, for a term of ninety years. Thither he now retired; but he kept more than one London residence, and was much in the neighbourhood of his old haunts, active, intriguing, and unconquerable. He spoke in the House of Commons frequently and to good purpose. He regarded himself as holding a commission to watch and warn against all danger by sea. Upon Irish affairs he fixed a clear if an unrelenting eye. Though sick, and 'tumbled down the hill by every practice,' he went on protesting against the blunders of administration in 'this loste land'—'the beggarly, the accursed kingdom,' which had cost a million not many years since, 'though a better kingdom might have been purchased at a less price.' On Ireland he seems always to speak as with authority. He strongly condemned the system by which it was 'governed neither as a country conquered nor free.' It is, however, in Mr. Stebbing's view, 'impossible not to reprobate his sentiments on the treatment of the native Irish.' His defence of treachery and assassination may be read in his correspondence with Cecil; and he was always urging
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upon the authorities to exchange their policy of 'spasmodic and fitful violence' (as our author terms it) for a 'resolute and consistent despotism.' This was the scheme of Sir John Perrot also; but events took a turn which made its execution impossible and its remembrance odious.

In such ways the banished favourite of Elizabeth strove to catch for himself a few rays of the 'genial sunshine' which she scattered around. But all was in vain: he could not be forgiven. Brooding over schemes of glory, his thoughts must have led him often to those seas and continents where a man might make himself a king, as Cortes and Pizarro had done. Somewhere below the horizon, he had heard say, was that 'aurifera Guiana ab Hispanis decantata,' of which so many glorious things were told: why should he not seek it and take it for his own? The Spaniards had fitted out more than one expedition, from 1531 onwards, to find the realm of Dorado, whose monarch anointed his body with turpentine and rolled in the golden dust. As late as 1582 Antonio de Berreo had annexed New Granada to Spain, and received gifts of gold images and ornaments which he sent to King Philip. Though forced to retire to Trinidad, he was still able to despatch one of his captains some distance up the Orinoko; and in 1593 the country had been taken into formal keeping as a Spanish possession. But every attempt to penetrate into the jungle had failed. The Indians were known to be warlike, and no European had set eyes on the Golden City. That Raleigh indulged in such day-dreams we have no manner of reason for doubting, curious mixture as he was of the company-promoter and the visionary. And he infected others with his own enthusiasm. In 1594 the new patent was made out which permitted 'our servant Sir Walter Raleigh,' neither 'trusty' nor 'well-beloved,' to 'enfeeble the King of Spain and his subjects in his dominions to the uttermost,' to discover and subdue heathen lands, and to capture all ships trading within the limits of his commission. He speedily equipped several ships, gave Keymis the command of a galley, and, after heart-breaking delays from the weather, set out, with a hundred officers, gentlemen volunteers, and soldiers on board, Feb. 6, 1595. Reaching Trinidad on March 22, he attacked Berreo's new settlement of San Jose by night and captured it. Berreo himself fell into his hands. Then he went in 'an old gallego boat,' accompanied by a few others and sixty of his volunteers, to Guanipa Bay, where dwelt savages who shot poisoned arrows; and now his tiny expedition was entangled in the branches of the Orinoko. 'All the earth,' said Raleigh, 'doth not yield the like

like confluence of streams.' Nearly lost in the reaches of the Caño Manamo, they found the tangled thickets open suddenly into a lovely champaign country, a paradise of birds and beasts, where the turf was diversified by groves of trees and the deer came down feeding to the water's edge. Among the bushes they discovered a refiner's basket, with quicksilver and saltpetre prepared for assay, and the dust of ore which had been refined. The men would have begun gold-hunting; but Raleigh 'shot at another mark than present profit,' and determined to advance.

On the fifteenth day they saw the Guiana mountains and entered the main channel of the Orinoko. The country became more populous; and as Raleigh's men were not allowed to plunder, the chiefs welcomed them all along the way, until they reached Aromaia, three hundred miles from the sea. After viewing the falls of the Caroni, 'each as high above the other as a church tower,' admiring the many-coloured cranes and herons which adorned the banks, and hearing tales of the Amazons and the Ewaipanomas who had 'eyes in their shoulders and mouths in their breasts,' as also of the Epirumei, subjects of the Inca of Manoa who abounded in gold, he set his face homewards again; for the streams rose and raged, and he was satisfied that in Aromaia all the hills were spread with stones of the colour of gold and silver. Down the Orinoko the boats glided at a rate of nearly a hundred miles a day. Keymis, sent on with a cacique to Mount Iconuri, which contained a gold mine, rejoined him on the Cumaca; and 'their hearts' being 'cold to behold the great rage and increase of Orinoko,' they made the best way they could, 'faintly cheering one another with a show of courage,' until about 9 o'clock in the morning they descried the Isle of Trinidad. 'Never was there to us a more joyful sight,' exclaims Raleigh, than the ships riding at anchor off Curiapan. None of the men, except a young negro, had perished.

Raleigh had intended sailing to Virginia, but was driven homewards by extremity of weather, burning on his way the Spanish settlements of Cumana, St. Mary's, and Rio de la Hacha, which refused him supplies. In August 1595 it seems that he was back in England, 'a beggar,' as he calls himself, 'and withered;' for he had brought no spoil, and many slandered the voyage. 'What becomes of Guiana I much desire to hear,' he wrote to the unbelieving Cecil in November of the same year, 'whether it pass for a history or a fable.' To defend himself, he published, in 1596, the 'Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana, with a relation of the great and golden City of Manoa,' dedicated to Cecil and the
Lord

Lord Admiral. In Hume's opinion, the book is 'full of the grossest and most palpable lies.' It certainly narrates things that are not, and that never have been. But Schomburgk and Humboldt agree in praising Raleigh's geographical knowledge; and his observations on the natural phenomena of the region are admittedly faithful and sagacious. Schomburgk held that he had coloured too highly its mineral treasures; yet gold has been found in it lately, and Venezuela, if we may credit a Government Inspector of Mines who wrote about its gold-field in 1889, may prove to be Sir Walter's Eldorado itself. The city of Manoa did not, indeed, exist. Nor had the explorer seen with his own eyes any of the 'store of gold' which was his chief argument with Elizabeth for the occupation of Guiana.

His narrative charmed readers at home, and was translated into German, Dutch, and Latin. Keymis and George Chapman sang in verse their friend's romantic exploits. But still, no summons to Court reached him; the Queen was deadly obstinate; and he could not appease her 'so powerful displeasure.' She had, as he complained, 'the ungrateful custom of making one failing eclipse the merit of many virtuous actions.' At his own charge, in 1596, he despatched Keymis with the 'Darling' and the 'Discovery' to the Orinoko again; but the Spaniards had forestalled him, and, blocking the mouth of the Caroni, had rebuilt an old deserted settlement of the Jesuits called San Thomé, which was afterwards to become sadly famous. Keymis altered his route, but his passage to the mine was still intercepted. He discovered fifty fresh rivers and tribes; saw additional signs of gold, but still could get none; and, after an absence of five months, returned to Portland. His failure he attributed to 'envy and private respects.' Twenty-two years after, the imagination of the gold mine, persisting like a bad dream, cost Raleigh his life.

We next see him, in the expedition against Cadiz, commanding a squadron of twenty-two ships manned by over three thousand marines and soldiers, being a fourth part of the fleet which was generalled by Essex and Howard. They gained a great and picturesque triumph. Cadiz had been described as one of the three keys of the Spanish Empire by Charles V.; 'but,' says Raleigh, in the 'History of the World,' 'we stayed not to pick any lock, but brake open the doors, and, having rifled all, threw the key into the fire.' He led the attack in the 'Warsprite,' took two Spanish vessels, and was wounded in the leg by a spent shot. 'That which he did in the sea-service could not be bettered,' was Sir George Carew's boast. He won less booty than other men; but he was restored

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at Court; and Essex, Cecil, and Raleigh were now looked upon as a triumvirate who were bent on ravaging Spanish commerce. Essex was 'full of conquering and overcoming the enemy;' and a great fleet of one hundred and twenty ships sailed under his command from Plymouth, in August 1597, with Raleigh as Rear-Admiral. They proposed, in this 'Island Voyage,' to take Ferrol, capture the Indian treasure, and occupy Terceira. The ships were divided by stress of weather. Raleigh attacked Fayal and landed with some of his men, much to the mortification of Essex, who, on arriving, charged him with breach of discipline and would take no apology. Villa Dorta was burnt; the fleet went prize-hunting; and though rich caracks were missed, three or four vessels fell into English hands. The expedition returned in tempestuous weather to St. Ives; and that was the last for many years of Raleigh's adventures on the ocean.

Business, public and private, filled his days henceforth; he was 'mad with intricate affairs and want of means,' while building a new house at Sherborne, and recommending despotism and assassination as a cure for the Irish revolt. But his engrossing care was the rivalry with Essex. They seemed to be friends, exchanged favours, and hated one another. Essex could endure no equal, and Raleigh no superior. In 1599 the Earl went on his celebrated mission to Ireland, not, as Mr. Stebbing holds, with any romantic idea of 'benevolence to the Celt,' yet with tendencies of reconciliation that Raleigh was bound to thwart, increasing thereby the fury and discontent of a high-spirited but shallow nature. To Essex it appeared that he was undergoing 'banishment and proscription into the cursedest of all islands.' He complained with headlong rhetoric to Elizabeth that 'a Cobham and a Raleigh' should have such credit and favour with her Majesty. No doubt Sir Walter proved his most strenuous opponent. When Essex came back suddenly, the end was near, although Raleigh, 'dismissed into the country bag and baggage,' as one averred in June, had forfeited something of the Queen's confidence, and was fain to busy himself on his Cork estate and help Carew in the Presidency of Munster. Essex, caballing with all kinds of desperate men, but a favourite of King James, had warned his Scottish Majesty that Raleigh, Cobham, and some more were engaged in plots for the succession of the Infanta—'hyperbolical inventions,' as Cecil judged them, but which bore deadly fruit in their season. When the explosion came, on Sunday, February 8, 1601, Gorges confessed that 'the intent was particular against Sir Walter Raleigh and others.' At the Earl's trial he was called as a witness, and

Essex

Essex rudely cried, 'What booteth it to swear this fox?' The popular fancy was that Raleigh had pulled down their idol by underhand dealing, and that he exulted in his ruin. Stories ran of his conveying to the Lieutenant of the Tower instructions for the Earl's execution, and of his standing in a window, on Feb. 25, over against the scaffold, and 'puffing out' tobacco smoke, in scorn of the man who came thither to die. These were calumnies. The part which Raleigh took in the trial of Essex and afterwards was not of his own choosing. But his 'enigmatical undated letter' to Cecil, found among the Hatfield papers, and most probably authentic, discusses, with an air of sincerity which makes the blood run cold, the alternatives of sparing or sacrificing the misguided Earl, and ends by coupling the last of the Queen's good days with his liberty. The language would not disgrace Shakspeare; the inhuman calmness is worthy of Machiavelli's Prince or Napoleon I. We cannot doubt the hatred which these two candidates for Elizabeth's regard must have felt towards one another. And Essex had no sooner fallen, than Raleigh mounted to the zenith. For two years all but a month—as long as her reign now lasted—he seems to have been the Queen's favourite. He escorted her foreign guests; conversed with Biron and Sully; was installed Governor of Jersey; and rebuilt Lismore Castle. He equipped a fresh adventure to Guiana or Virginia; cut down thousands of trees on the Blackwater to supply his monopoly of pipe-staves; sold his Irish interests to Boyle, Earl of Cork; and, amid all his enterprises, aimed at taking a line of his own in statesmanship. But if Essex was no longer in his way, Cecil, looking forward to a new reign, was likely to prove more formidable. Raleigh was tasting prosperity for the last time.

Researches into the secret history of Elizabeth's closing period show us two hostile camps, with Raleigh and Cobham on one side, and Cecil and Lord Henry Howard on the other, intriguing with King James and against each other. Howard and Cobham were equal in meanness; and though Cecil may not have been, as Canon Kingsley held, 'one of the most accomplished villains in history,' he was more than a match for Raleigh in statecraft, while destitute of the nobler qualities which James could never have endured. The correspondence between Cecil, Howard, and the King of Scots is 'discreditable to all three,' says Mr. Stebbing. It seems clear that Raleigh did not favour the Infanta, nor Arabella Stuart; nay, that he looked for the accession of James with a confidence, which now appears ridiculous, in his youth and activity. But his antagonism to Essex had created a strong dislike of him in the royal mind, which

which Henry Howard—bent, with a virulence not easily explained, on destroying Raleigh and Cobham—took care to inflame. Howard's letters denounce 'those wicked villains,' and the 'accursed duality,' or even 'the triplicity that denies the Trinity.' An old charge of free-thinking (which was not perhaps always groundless) would be excellent fuel for the hate of a theological Solomon, who feared the 'consultations of Durham House'—Raleigh's town residence—and who meant by and by to punish the 'base instruments about the Queen who abused her ear.' Fresh complications were created by enmities between Cobham's new wife, the Countess Dowager of Kildare, who was the High Admiral's daughter, and Lady Raleigh, esteemed by Howard 'a most dangerous woman, and full of her father's inventions.' Cecil wrote to James of Cobham and Raleigh, that they were hypocrites and hated the King at heart. He excused himself for seeming to support Raleigh, as 'a person whom most religious men do hold anathema,' and who had shown ingratitude to himself, but for whom he professed an ancient 'private affection.' He warned his correspondent not to trust him 'upon any new humour of kindness, whereof sometimes he will be replete.' But James did not need these counsels. He hated courage and genius as much as he dreaded them in Raleigh, whose self-absorption blinded him to the dangerous cowardice of the man he was endeavouring to propitiate. Cobham, upon whom he leant, was a broken reed, destined to pierce not only his hand but his heart. And Cecil's pretended friendship, which gave signs of life down to the moment of Sir Walter's fall, must have served to keep up a delusion of which he could never quite rid himself.

The Queen died on March 24, 1603. Raleigh met the new king at Burghley House, but was coldly dismissed, and a few days after deprived of his Captaincy of the Guard. All monopolies were called in; and he was ordered to quit Durham House by midsummer. He offered James a 'Discourse touching a War with Spain,' couched in the old piratical humour, which had pleased Elizabeth and was sure to frighten her successor. When Sully paid a second visit to England, he found the Court honeycombed with intrigue, and a 'Fourth Party,' so he calls it, comprising others beside Cobham and Raleigh, but all '*gens séditieux, de caractère purement anglais, et prêts à tout entreprendre en faveur des nouveautés, fût-ce contre le Roi.*' He spoke to these, and they answered, as against Spain, in sympathy with his own views. But there the conversation ended. Cobham doubtless had plans; and his gossamer threads may have been floating in the French as well as the Spanish direction,

tion, when the storm broke. In Raleigh's case, there is no discovering that he had any plans at all. What followed, in the cross-intrigues known as the 'Bye' and the 'Main,' has ever been 'riddle and mystery,' as Echard observes. It ended in Raleigh's 'downfall of despair'; yet that he meant treason, or even dabbled in it, is more than his worst enemies could prove at the time, and to us, viewing the matter at a distance and without prejudice, it has become impossible to believe it.

Cobham, during the late reign, had been in open and secret correspondence with Arenberg, Minister of the Infanta Isabel, whose claims to the throne had been put forward by the Spanish party, and made a pretext for calumniating Raleigh by Essex. The King was aware of that correspondence; and Arenberg continued his letters down to May 1603, during which time Cobham talked on State questions to Sir Walter, and held out to him liberal offers from the Spaniard, if he would take the side of peace. So much appears certain. Raleigh heard him in silence, or at any rate did not carry his talk to the Council. Some sort of negotiation passed, on Arenberg's arrival in London, between all three. Such are the ascertained facts, and no others have ever been forthcoming, on which Raleigh was charged with treason, and condemned to the atrocious penalties which English law inflicted on traitors. It is an astounding tale, but all the chicanery, tergiversation, browbeating, and torture employed in weaving the murderous web round a head-strong yet heroic and loyal Englishman, could elicit only these flimsy threads, sufficient, with the help of a time-serving judge and jury, to strangle the life out of him, but never to convince posterity that his execution, long delayed and at length prompted by quite other arguments, was not a stain upon all who were concerned in it.

Anthony Copley was arrested on July 6, and, according to Cecil, made known the 'Bye' or 'Surprising Treason,' the object of which was to carry off James, as in the Raid of Ruthven, on which it was obviously framed. Raleigh from Windsor informed Cobham, who was himself arrested on the 12th. Then others, including Lord Grey of Wilton, were taken; and Raleigh, examined before the Council, admitted that Cobham had 'kept intelligence with Arenberg.' But how this could be treason, no one has shown. He was confined a prisoner in his own house; and a few days later, Cobham, stung by Sir Walter's betrayal, as he deemed it, reported vague suggestions, without form or substance, which the latter had made to him concerning plots, invasions, and the Isle of Jersey. Brooke, a conspirator, affirmed that both these

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men had resolved to destroy 'the King with all his cubs,' and that they were 'on the Main'—which signified James's dethronement in favour of Arabella. But against Sir Walter there was no particle of evidence save Cobham's indefinite allegations. However, he was removed to the Bloody Tower; and there, if we may believe Cecil, he made a feigned attempt to kill himself. Perhaps it was done in earnest, to escape attainder and its consequences to his wife and child. 'In the equity of English criminal procedure,' observes Mr. Stebbing with quiet irony, 'he never put any faith.' He was innocent, but once in the clutches of the law, he, or any man of his time, might as well have been guilty.

Yet he so fascinated Cobham still, that the poor wretch wrote and signed a retractation of the charges he had made. Even Cecil allowed him to have 'cleared Sir Walter in most things' and 'taken all the burden to himself.' Still the Secretary affirmed that 'few men can conceive Sir Walter Raleigh's denial comes from a clear heart,' and, experienced as he was in the ways of English treason-trials, he had made up his mind, that 'always he shall be left to the law, which is the right all men are born unto.' Surely we may agree with Harrington that the dice were not fairly thrown. The trial was to take place at Winchester; and Raleigh had to be conveyed through London in the midst of a raging multitude who believed him guilty, and would gladly have torn him in pieces. But he had never been a popular favourite. On November 17, 1603, he stood in the King's Bench Court at Wolvesley Castle, to defend his life and honour against Attorney-General Coke and Chief Justice Popham. Among the Commissioners, Lord Henry Howard was shameless enough to take his seat. Cecil was there too, but behaved with decency. The prisoner could have no counsel; and, as the Chief Justice decided, the evidence of one witness, though an accomplice and not confronted with the man whose life he was swearing away, was in law sufficient.

Coke's truculent rhetoric, in the presence of 'a packed Bench, a Bar hungering for place, and a faint-hearted jury,' was in keeping with the 'burlesque of justice' that followed. It has never faded from the nation's memory, any more than Raleigh's proud and noble bearing, at once dignified, resolute, and self-controlled. The prisoner's conduct 'wrought admiration for his good parts and pity towards his person'; it drew tears from Mar and Cecil, and 'in half a day' changed 'the mind of all the company from the extremest hate to the extremest pity.' Carleton, Lord Dorchester, who was present, extols the 'temper, wit, learning, courage, and judgment' with which he replied to
Coke's

Coke's brutal epithets and inconsequent reasoning. But Cobham, who had retracted once, had in the meanwhile retracted his retractation; and, though Raleigh staked the issue on simply bringing the coward into Court, his accusers dared not risk the experiment. An absent and discredited witness, trembling for his life, sufficed to convince the honest jurymen. Within a quarter of an hour they brought in their verdict of high treason. Raleigh spoke again, and quitted the hall, 'with admirable erection, yet as a condemned man should.'

The detestable comedy which, by James's order, was played on the scaffold at Winchester, is known. Markham, Cobham, and Grey were separately brought forward to the block, induced to confess their guilt in general terms, and then reprieved, but not until Cobham had asserted the truth of his charges against Raleigh 'upon the hope of his soul's resurrection.' A more disgraceful scene was never enacted in the name of clemency. Its purpose was evident; and, to quote Lingard, 'the guilt of Raleigh was no longer doubted after the solemn asseveration of Cobham.' Even Hallam, who declared the verdict illegal, thought the charge of plotting to raise Arabella to the throne was 'partly at least founded on truth.' Dr. Gardiner condemns the accusation as 'frivolous and false,' yet believes it had some basis in his character. So it might have had; but character is not treason, though, as Carleton proverbially remarks, 'an ill name' is 'half-hanged.' James himself could not screw up his conscience to sign the warrant for his enemy's execution. But Raleigh, who at first, in the abject strain of the period, had begged mercy of his 'most dread Sovereign,' was now prepared to die like a man, and sent his wife a letter worthy of them both. Mr. Stebbing holds that, while waiting for the end at Winchester, he 'burst into the grand dirge of the Pilgrimage,' in which his spirit 'quenched its thirst at those clear wells where sweetness dwells.' Extreme peril seems, more than once, to have awakened in him a vein of poetry. But he was to live and not die. The King, who alone could keep such a bird in a cage, reprieved and imprisoned him in the Tower apartments which he had already dwelt in. Lady Raleigh and his boy were given the room where the little Princes had been murdered. And there, with a short interval or so, they spent their days until the year 1616.

The man himself was civilly dead; and his estates, confiscated, restored, tossed from one Court favourite to another, went as they had come. He fretted, but would not give in. When the adventurer was caged, the student and philosopher awoke. Howard still found in him 'the same boldness, pride, and passion.'

passion.' But there was something better which made the crowds look up to him, when he walked on his terrace in the velvet and laced cap, the rich gown, trunk hose, and store of jewels he could yet exhibit. His furnace and laboratory, his experiments with mineral ores, his 'great elixir and simple cordial,' were not pretence, but tokens of the eagerness with which he sought after knowledge. The celebrated friendship with Prince Henry was due to a learning and wisdom that only Bacon could have matched; while in the man's constant demeanour there was a far off touch of Socrates. With some help from outside, but in the loftiest mood of genius, he composed the great History which is all his own, if we are to judge a work by its spirit and its essence. Though a condemned prisoner, he wielded, in the most ignoble period of the seventeenth century, a moral power which even James was compelled to recognize. Every one that came near him felt its charm; and Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell, in the succeeding generation, could not but imagine that he had been a liberal influence in the dark days of prerogative and Court profligacy.

But Prince Henry died in the same year as Cecil; and new men were coming to the front. By persuasion, and perhaps by bribery, the doors of Raleigh's prison rolled slowly open. His dream of Guiana, never intermitted, was powerful enough to work upon the King; and he might now be suffered to win the golden treasure or die in attempting it. He was not pardoned. Ulysses, embarking on this last adventure, knew and said that he must prosper or perish. He fitted out the 'Destiny'; collected some thirty thousand pounds and a crew which he described as disorderly and ungovernable; took such a commission as he could get from James; and no doubt promised that he would let the Spaniards alone. It does not follow that the King was deceived, or the Spanish ambassador not alarmed, or the world much astonished, when fighting between Englishmen and their traditional enemies took place beyond the Line, where no peace ever was. Our interest in the points of international law raised by the expedition is slight; and Raleigh's offence, at the worst, seems but trivial. Not in the thrusts and counter-thrusts of legal fencing do we find the significance of his adventure and its unhappy end, but in the character of the personages, and in the vast and patriotic designs attributed so justly by Mr. Stebbing to his hero. That Raleigh was unscrupulous need not be denied. He had been so always. The gentleman-pirate was bred in him; and he can never have acquiesced in James's policy of truckling to Spain and leaving the New World in its grasp. Neither did the people of England.

They

They were governed by a poltroon, while their bravest man of action was his prisoner. The situation, like all else in the reign of the Scottish Claudius, had its features, at once frightful and contemptible, with a shaft of light lying over it from Elizabeth's glory. But the pathos of the voyage and the return is perhaps unexampled.

For the last time, in May 1617, Raleigh sailed from Plymouth. At Cork he met with a royal welcome, flew his hawks at Cloyne, and provisioned his fleet; then held on to the Canary Islands, where an unlucky affray at Lancerota began his misfortunes; and entered now on a dismal voyage, with fever among the crew, many deaths, and twenty-eight days of sickness on his own account. They reached the Triangle Islands on December 4. Still suffering from fever, Raleigh despatched four hundred of his men in five ships to go up the river. He put the land forces under his son, young Walter. The landing and search for the mine were to be conducted by Keymis.

What they found was no mine, but the Spaniards blocking their advance at a new town of San Thomé. On New Year's Day, 1618, they landed, were fired upon, killed the Governor, and took the settlement. But young Walter, in the main onset, was mortally wounded. The Spaniards still held out. There followed ambushes, quarrels, disaster; and on March 2 Keymis returned with the survivors and confessed his crowning failure. Raleigh, maddened by his son's death and the ruin of all his expectations, upbraided him sharply; and half an hour later Keymis was found in his cabin, stabbed to the heart. Then ensued the ignominious yet romantic chapter of incidents which brought Raleigh a prisoner in the hands of his wild crew to Plymouth; Gondomar's accusations, the treachery of Stukeley and Manourie, the feigned madness at Salisbury, the flight along the Thames beyond Woolwich, the betrayal, and the final imprisonment in the Tower. A more exciting succession of events has never been devised by Scott or Dumas. We can vouch for every particular, yet the whole is a dramatic story which hastens, through the sublime, the ludicrous, and the pitiful, to its triumphant close.

There was no need to prolong the captive's torture. He had been condemned in 1603 as the friend of Spain. He was now to perish as its enemy. But he had not committed any fresh treason. James, whose ingenuity in contriving his own degradation leaves him without a second, offered Raleigh to King Philip that he might execute him at Madrid. The Castilian preferred that James should be his own headsmen. The dying Queen, Anne of Denmark, interceded with Villiers for Raleigh's
life,

life, but, of course, in vain. On Oct. 28 he was taken, suffering from ague, to Westminster, where the Winchester conviction, now fifteen years old, was rehearsed, and execution demanded by the Attorney-General Yelverton. Montague, the Judge, speaking in terms of compassion, and even of respect, granted it. Then, after some few words of dignified petition, Raleigh was led away to the Gate-house. He was to die next morning.

Into this short span he crowded a world of tenderness and heroism. The verses which he wrote still breathe his undaunted courage. To the Dean of Westminster, he 'gave God thanks, he never feared death;' and his last farewell to Lady Raleigh was a smiling word, 'It is well, dear Bess, that thou mayest dispose of that dead'—meaning his body—'which thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive.' Early in the morning, he received the Sacrament. Afterwards, 'he was very cheerful, ate his breakfast heartily, and took tobacco, and made no more of his death than if it had been to take a journey.' His imperturbable good humour and present wit amazed the beholders. The day was bitter and a fire lighted beside the scaffold, round about which lords and gentlemen thronged to hear him speak. He sat down in view of the block, and proceeded with the utmost calmness to defend or explain whatever in his conduct might have bred suspicion, sparing the King, but denying Stukeley's calumnies. He was careful to affirm that he had done no dishonour to Essex at the last. And then, begging their prayers as one who had lived a sinful life, who had been 'a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice,' he took his leave of them all. His last words are deservedly famous. Fingering the axe, he said with a smile, 'This is a sharp medicine; but it is a sure cure for all diseases.' When told to lay himself eastward on the block, he answered, 'So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies.' He would not be blindfolded: 'Think you I fear the shadow of the axe, when I fear not itself?' And, finally, to the hesitating headsman, 'What dost thou fear? Strike, man, strike!' At two blows, the first mortal, the head was severed; the lips were still moving, as the spectators believed, in prayer.

This is the high-water mark of human greatness, unequalled by any death-scene in Shakspeare; this triumph in the midst of suffering, and victory over the grave. Let a man's faults have been what they will, such a glorious close to the tempests and agonies of the long day must win them absolution from his fellow-mortals. That some of the worst who betrayed Raleigh met with a shameful end was fitting, but could not enhance his

his renown, any more than Bacon's politic and time-serving 'Declaration,' in which James declared his 'princely judgment,' could lessen it. The nation recognized a hero in the man it had once hated, and now knew to be of imperial mould. Pym wrote in his note-book, under date 1618, 'Sir Walter Raleigh had the favour to be beheaded at Westminster, where he died, with great applause of the beholders, most constantly, most Christianly, most religiously.' Hampden treasured every fragment of his writings; Cromwell, Milton, and Eliot studied or printed them. The enigma of his career has not been completely solved. He was inconsistent, ambitious, and overcome by circumstances. Where it promised kindly, his fortune disappointed him; and when it was cloudiest, the qualities of the man shone out with enduring splendour. Had he been less versatile, he might have succeeded in winning a place among the great whom we admire and do not love. But the place which he has attained is higher than this, for it is unique. We know him, argue about him, hate him, and love him, as though he had died yesterday, or were still living. His enemies we scorn almost as much as he scorned them himself. And Raleigh, brilliant, sorrow-stricken, defeated, and triumphant, abides in the heart of Englishmen, as a memory and an inspiration, the very moral of his own verses, for evermore:—

'Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.'

ART. II.—1. *The History of Sicily from the Earliest Times.*

By Edward A. Freeman. Vols. I.—III. Oxford, 1891–92.

2. *Die Stadt Syrakus im Alterthum. Deutsche Bearbeitung der Cavallari-Holmschen 'Topografia Archeologica di Siracusa.'*
Von Bernhard Lupus. Strassburg, 1887.

TO the historical work before us now attaches the melancholy interest which belongs to great attempts interrupted by the death of their projector. The circumstances of that death, which will be familiar to our readers, were painful; but at least Professor Freeman died in harness, while engaged in researches undertaken with a view to the completion of the great work to which he intended to devote the rest of his days. Even those who, like ourselves, have no great liking for the historical theories of the Professor, will feel regret at the loss of so efficient and accomplished a workman in history, so interesting and consistent a political opponent, so warm-hearted and generous a friend.

In his Preface Mr. Freeman tells us his reasons for taking up the history of Sicily. They were partly personal: visits to the island in search of health had made him familiar with every corner of a land which is beyond most countries stimulating to one who tries to read the past from the present. And they arose partly out of his position as historian of Norman England: Sicily had its Normans as well as England, and the fates of the invaders of the two great islands offered interesting points of comparison and contrast. Above all, of course, the design was to produce a work which should obliterate the distinctions between ancient, medieval, and modern history, and show merely a succession of phases of the 'eternal conflict' between East and West, centring in the beautiful land which offers a side to each of the three continents of the Old World.

Our business in the present article is with Ancient Sicily only. In this particular section of his subject Mr. Freeman can scarcely have hoped to make startling discoveries, or to put facts in an entirely new light. The ground had been carefully worked over by the kindred mind of Grote; and the recent admirable book of Holm, whose histories of Greece and Sicily should surely find English translators, has done almost all that can be done to concentrate on Sicilian history the new light arising from those researches in archæology and anthropology which are in our days the principal means for the verification of ancient history. Nevertheless Mr. Freeman has done his work with his usual completeness and learning; the long contest between Greek and Carthaginian has appealed strongly to his

energetic and combative mind, and the Athenian siege of Syracuse has appeared to him, as to others, as the great climax of the drama of Hellenic history.

It cannot be said that, except when Greek and Carthaginian come to blows, there is much scope in Sicily for the working of Mr. Freeman's main philosophy of history, which one may call a sort of ideal or transformed ethnology. Ethnology is no doubt a reasonable, perhaps the best, basis for history; but to furnish a basis for anything, ethnology must be scientific, and based upon a vast survey of actual fact. Ethnology, as accepted by most historians, and by Mr. Freeman among others, is neither scientific nor based upon fact. It is imaginative, and based mainly upon assumptions. It assumes that races are pure, whereas a pure race probably never existed, and one might in vain search Europe for an individual who could fairly be taken as the representative of an unmixed nationality. It assumes that races of kindred blood have kindred tendencies, whereas the comparative history of the Hungarians and Turks, or of the Germans and English, shows this to be doubtful. The particular ethnology of Mr. Freeman is very little concerned with blood—much more with language and institutions: he thinks a race may be adjudged to the camp of light or of darkness by a consideration of its linguistic and political character; and he does not concern himself much with the shape of the skull or the colour of the hair of its members. Yet it is certain, and the Irish are a good case in point, that a people may adopt language and institutions from their neighbours and yet remain deeply divided from them by strongly-marked type of character.

In a word, we think the logical foundations of Mr. Freeman's historical theories of little worth. But of course that does not in any way destroy the value of his Sicilian work. He laboured conscientiously to master the ancient authorities. And though any writer coming after Grote and Holm must despair of making great discoveries, Mr. Freeman has made his work fresh and original by his great familiarity with the geography of the island. Sometimes, it is true, he stops short in a provoking way, holding, like many Oxford men, that what he does not know is probably not worth knowing. For instance, he makes (i. 218) some excellent remarks on the road-making of the Sicels and other early inhabitants, but turns back from consideration of their graves, since 'their minute examination belongs to another science than ours'; as if the archæology of roads belonged to history, and the archæology of tombs did not! Every one knows that Mr. Freeman's style is too diffuse,
and

and that he repeats himself to weariness. But, having said so much, we have said the worst of a work clear, vigorous, and masterly, and usually to be safely trusted.

It may be doubted whether any country exists which bears on the face of it at this day so many records of past history as does Sicily. The walls at Cefalu are piles 'of vast irregular stones to which those who love to burn their fingers with doubtful theories rejoice to give the dangerous name Pelasgian.' The sites of Selinus, Agrigentum, and Syracuse abound with the remains of temples and fortifications set up by the Greek settlers, still beautiful and impressive in their decay. At Solus we may trace the lines of a Roman settlement. The palaces and cathedrals of the Norman kings still form a magnificent memorial of their wealth and piety; and, by combining Byzantine, Saracen, and Italian elements, preserve for us a record of all the lines in which civilization flowed down to them from the past. Medieval Sicily has left us monasteries and churches in abundance; and modern Sicily has a character of its own, quite different from that of Naples or Bari. Something of this historic character has spread into the minds of the uneducated people. The peasant carts of Palermo are painted with scenes from the lives of Dionysius and Timoleon, Roger and Charles, Nelson and Napoleon, so as to form an almost infinite gallery of historic pictures, rude indeed, but not without interest. And when Goethe was travelling in the island, he found himself able to interest the people of remote country districts by telling them tales of the deeds of Frederick the Second.

The general character, too, of Sicilian history is clear and distinctive. The island lies between three great continents, and enters largely into the recorded annals of each. As Goethe writes, just before his visit, 'To one of my disposition the journey to Sicily is desirable, even necessary. Sicily leads me on to Asia and Africa: it is no small thing to stand on the wondrous spot whither point so many lines of the world's history.' In the development of Phœnicia and Greece, of Carthage and Rome, the island occupies an important place, as well as in the later struggles between Crescent and Cross. And the rôle of Sicily is, as Mr. Freeman well points out, determined by its size. Had the island been larger, we should have had, as in England, nations residing in it and struggling for the upper hand. Had it been smaller, it would have been, like Malta, conquered and reconquered from without by expanding nationalities. It was large enough to hold advanced posts of various peoples, but not large enough to hold main

bodies; whence we have continual wars of outposts, with interference by the masses of population which they represented. Panormus appeals again and again to Carthage. Leontini calls upon Athens for aid. Syracuse more than once applies as a dutiful daughter for aid to the Corinthian mother-city, and does not apply in vain. The Mamertines throw themselves on the protection of their kinsmen of Rome. And in the less stirring times, when none of the great Mediterranean peoples was in a crusading fit, there was a great neutral ground in the interior of the island, where dwelt comparatively barbarous tribes of Sicans and Sicels, who could be driven from their rich lands or attracted into alliance by the invaders settled on the coasts.

The recorded history of Sicily may be said to begin with the story of Cocalus the Sican. The Sicans or Sicani were among the prehistoric dwellers in the island, and their king Cocalus would seem in his city of Camicus to have attained a certain degree of power and civilization. Like other enlightened monarchs, he tried to attract architects and artists from afar, and, when the Athenian or Cretan Dædalus took refuge with him, refused to give him up to his master, Minos of Crete, though that powerful ruler brought a great armament to support his claim. Dædalus built for his new patron the celebrated fortifications of Camicus. Minos left his bones in Sicily, and his followers founded the town of Minoa there, and dwelt in peace where they had come for war.

All this is no doubt mere legend, and for the purposes of political history worthless. But as in Greece so in Sicily, a new interest and importance has been gained for prehistoric legend by means of archæological discovery. Of late years there have been found in Sicilian graves swords closely resembling, in their lengthy form and the ridge down their midst, the swords discovered by Schliemann at Mycenæ, as well as pottery of the Mycenæan class. We are therefore more disposed to think that there may be some historic ground for the tales of the activity in Sicily of the mythical Dædalus. In Greece Dædalus was known as the maker of statues of archaic form, the origin of which was lost in obscurity. But in Crete and Sicily he appears as a great engineer and architect. In Crete he made the celebrated labyrinth and the dancing-place of Ariadne. In Sicily he made, besides the walls of Camicus, so elaborately planned and massive that they could be defended by a mere handful of men, the colymbethra or emissary through which the river Alabon made its way to the sea, warm baths at Selinus, and the foundations of the temple of

of Aphrodite on Eryx. What seems certain is at least this, that the Mycenæan civilization which had its main seats in Argolis and Crete spread also to some spots on the Sicilian coast, in days long before the foundation of the Greek cities there.

Cocalus and his Sicans seem to belong to the most primitive strata of Sicilian population. The names Sican, Sicel, and Siceliot as applied to bodies of inhabitants are confusing enough to the reader; and it may be well at once to consider their meaning. The Siceliots can be easily separated: they are the Greek immigrants in Sicily, who never wholly mingled with the native inhabitants. The Sicels are generally regarded as a people of Italian stock, who crossed over from the mainland in prehistoric times, and whose growth in civilization was stunted through their being driven by subsequent invaders into the mountainous districts of the interior. Their history shows, it is true, little of the toughness and progressive energy of the Latin and the Sabine. Only once in the course of history, when led by the interesting Ducetius, of whom we know far too little, they treat with the Greek cities on terms of something like equality. Usually they form a mere background to the struggles of Greeks and Carthaginians, for which the island furnishes a notable theatre.

We plunge into complete obscurity when we attempt to determine the ethnic affinities of the Sicans, whom they are supposed to have displaced. It cannot even be regarded as certain that Sicans and Sicels were different. Mr. Freeman follows the authority of Thucydides in making the Sicans an Iberian race; but whatever Thucydides was, he was not a scientific ethnologist, and we must be content with uncertainty in the matter. One other native race of uncertain affinities is mentioned by ancient writers, the Elymians, who inhabited Segesta and Eryx on the western coast. Eryx was situated on the top of a high hill which seems to dominate the western shore of Sicily almost as Etna dominates the eastern shore. It was noted for the temple of Aphrodite, an ancient and wealthy shrine which was the goal of pilgrimages from far; and the town had but small importance. Segesta was a city of far greater size and population. Occupying a lofty hill-site, some six miles from its harbour, the modern Castellamare, it was well suited to be the stronghold of a considerable power. At the present day nothing remains of it save a temple and a theatre, both in their way among the notable sights of the island. The temple was never finished, but the peristyle was completed and stands almost uninjured, so admirably placed that viewed from far off it seems absolutely to belong to the landscape, to add to it and borrow

borrow from it: there is no ancient temple which better shows how suitable are the lines of Greek architecture to the landscapes of Southern Europe. The theatre also is well preserved, and the view from the seats down the valley and over the sea is among the finest of its kind.

The place of Segesta in history is peculiar, and not to be fully understood. In temple and theatre there are no features which are not Greek. The coinage of the city is in its art Greek, and in the inscriptions mainly so. Segesta is constantly spoken of by ancient writers among Greek cities. Yet when war arises the Segestans are regularly on the side of the Carthaginians against the Greeks: and Thucydides calls them barbarians. When the Romans gained a footing in Sicily, they were disposed to regard the Segestans as of kindred race. Virgil has made popular the view that the city was founded by companions of Æneas of Troy. This legend has usually been supposed to be void of historical value. It is therefore curious to find that, according to the newest lights, philology has something to say in its favour. In the inscriptions of Segestan coins Dr. Kinch of Copenhagen has discovered forms which present affinities with the languages of the semi-Greek population of Western Asia Minor, the group of peoples to whom the Phrygians and Trojans belonged. It is remarkable that modern historical science has of late not unfrequently shown some real foundation to exist for stories which had been supposed to be quite worthless.

However, with the arrival of Phœnician and Greek colonists in Sicily the drama of history begins in the island, and these mere 'walking gentlemen' cease to attract our notice. We cannot assign a date to the first establishment of Phœnician factories on the spots which afterwards became the sites of Panormus and Motya. But as Sicily lay in the highway of the Phœnician commerce, it is almost certain that Tyre and Sidon, when they were rulers of the commerce of the Mediterranean, would have trading-stations in Sicily as well as in Cyprus and Rhodes, in Malta and Sardinia. When, about the eleventh century B.C., the irruptions of the barbarous races of the North—Thessalians, Bœotians, and Dorians—put an end to the flourishing Achæan kingdoms of Phthia and Orchomenus, of Mycenæ and Cnossus, the Phœnician traders were for a time free from all rivalry in the Mediterranean, and reaped a golden harvest from Spain to the shores of the Euxine. Gradually in the course of two or three centuries Greece recovered from the invasion which bestowed on her richer elements of population, as the destructive lava streams of a volcano produce in time
fertility

fertility in the lands they have devastated. Then, inch by inch, the Phœnician traders were driven from the factories which they had established on the coasts and islands of the *Ægean*. And after becoming once more complete masters of their own lands, the Greeks began to pour a new tide of emigration north, south, east, and west, and to found strong colonies beside which the mere trading stations of the Semites could not hold their own, until the rise of Carthage, as we shall see, put a new complexion on affairs.

Thucydides, in his sixth book, gives a brief but lucid account of the earliest Greek settlements in Sicily. His authority seems to be Antiochus of Syracuse, a writer known to us by scarcely more than his name. We are told that the date of these colonies was the latter half of the eighth century. Col. Mure, and following him Dr. Mahaffy, have thrown considerable doubt on the accuracy of some of those dates for Greek history in the eighth and seventh century which had been accepted even by the sceptical mind of Grote. In point of fact it is doubtful whether we can suppose Thucydides to have had any documentary authority for his Sicilian dates, and we have rival accounts from other ancient sources. But since the *Parian Chronicle* at Oxford varies in this matter but little from the dates of Thucydides, it would be a piece of needless scepticism to reject them. The pottery which is found in great abundance on the sites of Naxos and Megara, Syracuse and Gela, serves to confirm them. The earliest class found in the graves of the colonists is a late variety of that ware adorned with geometrical patterns, which can be dated with confidence to the ninth and eighth century B.C. Had there been Greek colonies in Sicily so early as the ninth or tenth century, the museums of Sicily would have borne some evidence of it. Had the colonies been founded later than the eighth century, some of the pottery there preserved would be absent.

The earliest settlement was at Naxos, on a spit of land on which many modern travellers have looked down from the magnificent site of Taormina. There is little to recommend the locality, which one may suspect to have been occupied in obedience to an oracle or a portent rather than from mundane motives. There was set up the altar of Apollo Archegetes which received and retained through antiquity the highest veneration. 'Naxos,' says Mr. Freeman, 'is the Ebbsfleet of Sicily,' but the heathen of England were less advanced in religion than the heathen of Greece, and Ebbsfleet is scarcely a household word among us. The English people have founded there neither heathen temple nor Christian Church, and we
must

must suppose that the Teutonic hordes when they landed in England trusted for a permanent settlement rather to their own right hands than to the favour of Woden or Freya.

Naxos was a Chalcidian colony, founded from that energetic city in Eubœa which gathered and launched to distant shores the natural overflow of the Ionic population of Central Greece. A few years later, in B.C. 734 according to tradition, the people of Naxos were followed to the shores of Sicily by a swarm thrown off by a more masterful race, that of the Dorians of Peloponnesus, taking ship at Corinth. They laid the foundations on the little island of Ortygia, hitherto known only as a haunt of quails, of Syracuse, which was destined before long to become the principal city of Sicily, and not only the most important of Greek colonial cities, but even the largest city of the ancient world, or at least of Europe, until it was thrown into the shade by the rise of Rome.

At this day Syracuse is one of the most interesting historical sites in Europe. Rome has played a greater part in the history of the world, and presents us with a vaster series of the ruins of successive ages mixed with the buildings of the modern city. Athens is unmatched in the exquisite finish of its temples, the materials of which after twenty-three centuries preserve the beauty of their original working. The site of Corinth, overlooking her two harbours, which are the doors of the East and West, cannot be surpassed. But in some respects Syracuse is a more interesting spot even than these; since it seems in closer contact with ancient history, and illustrates more vividly some of its most stirring chapters. The site is familiar in these days of travel to many, and plans of it are so readily accessible that none need here be given. Those who wish to examine it thoroughly, whether in Sicily or in England, must use the admirable topographical work of Cavallari and Holm, which is published in Italian and in German, and contains excellent maps.

In Ortygia, then, the Syracusans under their leader Archias made a settlement. The first duty of piety was to build a temple to the deity to whom they attributed the guidance of their expedition, and to whom they trusted for further success. This temple has been in recent years excavated: it is dedicated to Artemis. But the most interesting spot in the island is not the temple of Artemis nor that larger temple of Athena which has been converted into the Christian cathedral, but is the fountain Arethusa. The name of Arethusa will recall to the minds of readers the delightful tale of Greek mythology, for us enshrined in verse by Shelley, how the virgin river-goddess to
escape

escape the pursuit of Alpheius plunged into the western sea, and rose again, still pursued by the unwearied river-god, beside the harbour of Syracuse. To us it is but a fairy tale; but to the Greek settlers it caused the fountain to seem a bond to unite them with the land of their fathers. And in a more material aspect, the plenteous stream, providing the islanders with an unfailing supply of water, must have been of untold value.

The island of Ortygia stretches from headland to headland, partly cutting off from the sea a round bay some two and a half miles in length by one and a half in depth. This is the Great Harbour, sheltered by the island itself from storms, and capable of holding an unlimited amount of shipping. The smaller harbour, a narrow gulf to the north of Ortygia, is now of small account, but in ancient times it offered to the smaller vessels then used a convenient shelter. To settle on an island commanding a haven is obviously advantageous to a people who mean to live on commerce: such a site had been occupied by the Phœnicians who founded Tyre, Aradus, and Motya. But Syracuse, though it was to be commercial, was not to be commercial only, but also to take a firm grasp of the neighbouring land. An admirable means to this end was provided for the people of Syracuse by a large rocky plateau, with steeply sloping sides, which occupied the shore northwards for three miles beyond the small harbour, and stretched inwards to the height afterwards occupied by the Castle of Euryalus. It was only by degrees, as their power extended and their numbers increased, that the Syracusans occupied all this plateau, so that it had in antiquity no one name; but the parts of it gradually absorbed into the walls of the growing city bore various designations,—Achradina, Tyche, Temenites, Epipolæ. On the west of the Great Harbour was a sacred precinct of the Olympian Zeus, and close by a detached suburb of the city; and when at its greatest the city spread even further south, to the rocky steep of Plemmyrium, at a direct distance of nearly five miles from the northern wall. In an ancient city these distances are unexampled.

Since the Saracens conquered Sicily, Syracuse has never been the capital; at present the population, some 24,000, is crowded once more into Ortygia, and once more dwells around the temple founded by the companions of Archias in honour of Artemis, and the fountain Arethusa, which has always been, so to speak, the soul of the island, though the water has now become brackish and undrinkable. But the Great Harbour remains almost as it was on the day when the fleets of Athens
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and of Syracuse clashed in final struggle on its waters. And the rocky soil of Achradina still retains unnumbered traces of the ancient inhabitants, clear lines of roads, the foundations of houses, the lines of tombs, the theatre, and the watercourses. The vast and deep quarry where the Athenian captives expiated the crime of lawless ambition, is almost unchanged since their days. The line of wall which faced the Athenian camp is still clearly traceable; and the fortress of Euryalus, built by Dionysius to command the heights and prevent another siege of Syracuse, is still the most complete specimen we possess of Greek military architecture. Mr. Freeman has declared that the summit of human happiness is to read Thucydides on the shore of the Syracusan harbour; but even if the intellectual pleasure of a mental reconstruction of Sicilian history be less keen in the case of a layman than in that of a Professor of History, yet the sun and the fresh breezes of Syracuse and the delicious views over sea and cliff might well make a stay in Ortygia a pleasure of lifelong remembrance.

Two great Dorian cities of the south coast, Agrigentum and Selinus, have left us remains scarcely less interesting than those of Syracuse. Agrigentum was among the later Greek settlements, not being founded before B.C. 580. But in size and wealth it was pre-eminent, and the modern visitor is little disposed to quarrel with Pindar's description of it as 'fairest of mortal cities.' The choice of the site indicates a change in the intention of Greek colonization in the West. Naxos was built by the sea, Syracuse in the sea. But the citadel of Agrigentum occupied a magnificent line of heights separated by a long slope from the sea; even the walls of the lower city did not reach the shore, and the harbour must have been of the poorest description, since it had no natural protection from wind and wave. The Greek came here not as a timid trader, but as a master, determined to occupy the fair and fruitful lands of inner Sicily, only holding to the sea as the channel of communication with Hellas and the outer world. Along the lower wall of the city overlooking the shore, there arose a long line of temples dedicated to the principal deities of the city, the ruins of which still exist. Time has not destroyed their outlines; but unfortunately in their construction the people of Agrigentum did not use marble, but trusted to the soft stone of the district. There is therefore little beauty of detail left; the lines have become ragged, and the decoration is ruined. This softness and impermanence seems to have marked the character of the people as well as of their temples. Wealth and luxury brought about their usual results, and Agrigentum went the way

way of Sybaris, being deserted by the people who had not the spirit to defy and hurl back the mercenary hordes sent against them by Carthage. As one looks from the temples to the acropolis ridge of the city, one realizes how vast must have been its extent in the day of its power, and feels how splendid was the bloom of Greek colonization when at the full. Lovers of art and song, excelling in all that makes life easy and splendid, the Greeks of Sicily seem to have lacked hardness.

The ruins of Selinus have the advantage of lying in complete solitude. The furthest outpost of the Hellenes towards the west of the island, marching with Phœnician Motya and Elymian Segesta, Selinus had need of a secure site and strong walls. Its position, however, is not notably good. The walls of the Acropolis enclose the summit of a low sandy hill close to the southern sea; no very large space, and fully occupied with the remains of temples and of houses. On either side of this hill an inlet of the sea appears, in ancient times, to have penetrated the land, and the remains of early walls prove that the people of Selinus improved these inlets into artificial harbours, sufficiently large for the purposes of a city which was never given to trade by sea, but always a land-power. The rising ground beyond the harbours in either direction was occupied by temples, for which the narrow limits of the central hill did not suffice. The three ruined temples of the eastern suburb are well known by means of paintings and photographs. Overthrown by earthquakes, and not, as some have supposed, by the fury of Carthaginian conquerors, they lie in vast quadrangular piles, impressing us not by beauty of outline, but by the vast size of the blocks and by the diameter of the columns, resembling rather palaces 'piled by the hands of giants for godlike kings of old' than the abodes of the order-loving deities of Hellas. From the Selinuntine temples have come the only sculptural remains of any importance yet found in Sicily, the metopes now preserved in the Museum of Palermo. Of these the earliest set, including the well-known slaying of Medusa by Perseus, and the capture of the Cercopes by Hercules, date back far into the sixth century, while the later approach the time, if they do not come near the beauty, of the works of Pheidias. A group representing Europa crossing the sea on the back of the enamoured bull, has recently been discovered,—a characteristic specimen of the art of the sixth century, but wanting in the promise so visible in the contemporary works recently found on the Athenian Acropolis.

The absence of fine sculptural remains on all Greek sites in Sicily is very noteworthy. It may be in part due to the want
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of a good material for sculpture, since that art, in its early stages, is greatly dependent upon beauty and abundance of marble. It was the purity of the marble of Chios which gave rise to the earliest island school of sculpture in Greece. The beauty of the marble from Pentelicus has much to do with the exquisite character of Attic work of the Periclean age; and when at a later time Praxiteles introduced a still more finished workmanship than that of the Parthenon, he was helped by the use of a still more delightful material, the *lychnites* of Paros, so that his *Hermes*, the most wonderful statue which has survived, is scarcely less notable for its workmanship than for the beauty of the marble block out of which it was carved. The later sculptors of Selinus tried to remedy the badness of their stone by using insertions of marble for the hands and faces of their female figures; but even in the working of this finer material they show the want of style which arises from lack of traditional skill.

In other materials, in silver and bronze and earthenware, the art of Sicily was more successful. It is with difficulty that the painted vases of the island can be distinguished from those imported from Athens. But it is from the abundant and beautiful coins of Syracuse and Agrigentum, of Camarina and Selinus, that we can best judge of the artistic powers as well as of the wealth of the Siceliot Greeks. We may be pardoned a brief digression upon this subject: since a cabinet of Sicilian coins is not merely a treasury of art which in its way cannot be matched the world over, but is also a record of commerce, a dictionary of mythology, and a storehouse of historic fact.

From the time of the Renaissance downwards the coins of Sicily have by their beauty attracted the admiration of collectors. When Goethe visited Sicily he spent several hours over the coin cabinet of Prince Torremuzza, and he has recorded his delight in enthusiastic if vague language. At the beginning of this century the English antiquary Payne Knight had formed an unrivalled series of Sicilian coins, which he afterwards presented to the British Museum. The Duc de Luynes and other members of the Roman Institute studied them eagerly and wrote of them appreciatively, as did Mr. Watkiss Lloyd in this country. But the very name commonly applied to them, 'medals,' showed how little their true historic significance was appreciated. The great step which turned these precious relics of Siceliot life from medals of artistic and mythologic interest into coins issuing from the mints of ancient cities, and embodying in every detail the facts of history, military and civil, commercial and religious, was taken by Mr. Barclay Head
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of the British Museum. In 1874 he published his essay 'On the chronological Sequence of the Coins of Syracuse,' a work but eighty pages long, which was the cause, or at least the occasion, of a great revolution in ancient numismatics. Dividing the history of Syracuse, as recorded by ancient authorities, into fifteen periods, beginning with the oligarchic rule of the Geomori, and ending with the Roman conquest in B.C. 212, he portioned out the coins in corresponding sections; arranging them in chronological order by means of a careful induction based on long researches, and finding in a hundred details, many of which had escaped notice, traces of the influence of contemporary events. The great victories of Gelon and of Hieron, the charioteering propensities of Dionysius, the expedition of Dion, the glorious career of Timoleon, the momentary successes of Pyrrhus, the policy of the later kings, have all left permanent traces on the Syracusan coins. And, if in most cases the coins serve only to make us more vividly realize the recorded events, in a few instances they add new facts, or decide between the inconsistent accounts of various historians. Of course the notion of a chronological arrangement of ancient coins was not entirely new, especially since Mommsen's '*Geschichte des Römischen Münzwesens*;' but Mr. Head's work was nevertheless a new departure, and was at once gratefully recognized as such by the French Academy and the Universities of Germany: in such cases foreign recognition is always speedier than English. In Holm's '*History of Sicily*' the value of Mr. Head's work is frequently and warmly acknowledged. And it would be easy now to mention a score of valuable works in which the same method is applied to other series of ancient coins, so that by degrees a numismatic commentary on ancient history is being formed of which the value will be great and permanent. Mr. Arthur Evans's papers on 'The Horsemen of Tarentum' and on 'Syracusan Medallions' are among the most recent and noteworthy of these: while Mr. Head's own work '*Historia Numorum*' furnishes a first, necessarily imperfect view of the whole course of ancient coinage, a book in its own lesser way as original and epoch-making as Adam Smith's '*Wealth of Nations*' or Grotius' treatise '*De jure belli ac pacis*.'

Of the successive issues of coins at Syracuse we cannot speak, as they would lead us too far from our main purpose; but we may say a few words as to the coins of Selinus, which are singularly eloquent as to the troubles which afflicted the rising city and their conquest. The danger of the site, as a visitor can at once perceive, arises from the marshy ground on the
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banks of the two rivers Selinus and Hypsas, which pour their waters into the sea on either side of the Acropolis. In the climate of Sicily the miasma from marshes may be very fatal, as an army of the Carthaginians learned on the banks of the Anapus. Channels were cut whereby the marshes of the rivers of Selinus were duly drained. According to Diogenes Laertius, the credit of the cure belongs to Empedocles, who is said to have mixed the waters so that they became sweet. But on the coins of Selinus this work of engineering is with more piety ascribed to the gods. On some of them we have Apollo and his sister Artemis in a chariot pouring forth those arrows before which evil vapours disperse. On others we have Heracles with his club striking at the unruly bull which stood often in Greek art for a stream. In both cases the meaning is an allusion to the purifying rays of the sun, which co-operate with man's endeavours in making unhealthy spots habitable. On the reverse of these coins we see the river-god Selinus or the Hypsas (for the names of both are found on different specimens) pouring a libation on the altars of the gods in gratitude for deliverance; while, as a final touch to the picture, we see behind the river-god a marsh-bird, stork or heron, departing from a spot which man has wrested from him, and in front of the river-god, twining round the altar, the snake who stands as a sign of renewed healthiness. The naturally artistic temperament of the moneyers of Selinus has transformed the 'pale and common drudge' of commerce into a record of civic life, and into a hymn of praise to the gods.

We must not, however, allow the charm of archaeological by-paths to lead us too far from the beaten road of history.

Of the founding of the other Chalcidian cities of Sicily we need say less. The position of Leontini, at some distance from the sea, is more like that of a Sicel than that of a Greek city: it was, in fact, a Sicel site merely occupied by the Greeks. The plain around the city was and is of great fertility, but in these days it is the haunt of malarial fever. The sites of Catana and Messana, on the other hand, were admirably chosen, and the towns are to this day very populous and flourishing. These Ionian cities were inferior in enterprise and in wealth to their Dorian rivals. Their history was uneventful. No match for Syracuse, they endeavoured in the fifth century to redress the balance by bringing in the arms of Athens; and by a natural revenge of history, when Dionysius consolidated the power of Syracuse, he determined to prevent any rivalry on the part of Ionians by reducing or destroying their cities.

Neither Messana nor Leontini, Naxos nor Catana, has left us
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any important remains except their beautiful coins. Those of Messana are particularly interesting, and they enable us at once to reject a theory which Mr. Freeman brings forward. In its earlier days the city bore the name of Zancle, from the sickle-shaped spit of land which enclosed, and still encloses, the harbour. Then at some period early in the fifth century the name changes to Messana. Thucydides (vi. 4) gives a history of the change. Some Samians and other Ionians, he says, fleeing from Persian conquest, occupied 'the town of Zancle; but after no long time Anaxilas, tyrant of Rhegium, the city on the opposite side of the Straits, expelled these Samians, and having filled the city with a mixed population, called it Messana after his old country, Messene in the Peloponnese. Mr. Freeman wishes us to reject the statement of Thucydides, and to suppose that in the time of the third Messenian war (B.C. 467-457) some of the Messenians must have come to Zancle and then changed its name. But a reference to the 'Historia Numorum' is sufficient to show that this view is untenable. We possess coins of Messana which closely copy in type the coins of Samos, and can only have been issued by the Samian colonists of Messana, and the city name inscribed upon these is not Zancle but Messana. This piece of evidence seems final. It shows that Mr. Freeman is wrong in his theory of a change of name as a result of the third Messenian war. And it shows that Thucydides was slightly mistaken when he supposed that it was only after the expulsion of the Samians that the change took place. In all probability the Messenians who gave their name to Sicilian Zancle were some of those who had been long settled at Rhegium, and who united with the Samian exiles in their discreditable attack on the city. Herodotus (vi. 23) says that it was on the advice of Anaxilas that the Samians seized Zancle; and doubtless some of his subjects took part in the act. It is far safer to correct Thucydides on the authority of existing monuments than on any grounds of mere historic probability.

It is not long after the foundation of Agrigentum that a complete change comes over the relations of Greek and Phœnician in Sicily. When we read of the rapid spread of the Hellenic cities, and the unresisted settlement of Selinus not far from Motya and of Himera almost within sight of Panormus, we wonder at the timidity or indifference of the Semitic colonists who thus quietly allowed themselves to be pent in the western corner of the island. But the turning-point was soon reached. It is well observed by Mr. Freeman that when, in B.C. 580, Pentathlus at the head of a band of Cnidians and Rhodians and supported

supported by the young city of Selinus endeavoured to advance still further the limits of Hellas by establishing a city on the site which later bore the name of Lilybæum,* he was repulsed by an armed force of Phœnicians combined with the Elymian inhabitants of Segesta, and sailed away to the island of Lipara, where he succeeded in establishing himself. But when, some seventy years later, another Greek adventurer, Dorieus, makes a similar attempt on Phœnician territory, he is met not by the power of Phœnicia, but by that of Carthage.

The planting of Carthage by the mother-city of Tyre was an event of the expansion of Phœnician trade which we know to have taken place about the ninth century B.C. At first Carthage was, like other Phœnician settlements, a mere trading station, and paid rent for the site on which the city stood to the fierce Numidians of the neighbourhood. But the city grew rapidly in power and wealth. And when the cities of Phœnicia were weakened by the spread, first of the Assyrian and later of the Persian power, Carthage began more and more to assume the lead among the Phœnician colonies of the West. We can very imperfectly trace the process whereby Carthage grew from a mere emporium to an empire-city. Perhaps it was the necessity of saving the remnant of Sicily from the Greeks which first revealed to the new metropolis her vocation. Certainly after the middle of the fifth century we find Panormus and Motya brought, whether willingly or by force, into dependence on the African city. About the same time Carthage learned the important but in the event fatal lesson, that money is the sinews of war, and that by its expenditure she could, without shedding the blood of her own sons, procure barbarous hosts to do her fighting and destroy her rivals.

Carthage first appears on a great scale as a protagonist in Sicily in the year of the battle of Salamis; and by that time the great opponent of Carthage, Syracuse, had become by far the greatest of the Siceliot cities. This position she had acquired not by the merit of any of her citizens, but by the genius of a tyrant introduced from without, Gelon of Gela. Plutarch classes Gelon with Pisistratus as one of those who used well the power they acquired by evil means. But judging him by the standard of the times, there seems no great iniquity in his rise to power, while the services which he rendered to Syracuse and to Hellas were past all reckoning. Towards the end of the sixth century Gela had been raised to a high position

* In one place (i. 296) Mr. Freeman speaks of an attempt by Pentathlus on Eryx. This must be an oversight.

of power and prosperity by the vigorous and somewhat unscrupulous tyrant Hippocrates. Gelon, a brave though uncultivated soldier, and a successful leader of cavalry, had set aside the sons of Hippocrates, for whom hereditary right could scarcely be claimed, and by force made himself tyrant in their stead. Syracuse at the time was distracted, like so many Greek cities, by the quarrels of the aristocratic party, the so-called *gamori*, and the democracy. The aristocratic party called in Gelon, whose sympathies, by a rare exception among Greek tyrants, were with them rather than with their opponents. Gelon appeared at Syracuse, and soon became master there; and preferring the city of his adoption to the city of his birth, he set about building up its fortunes. In fact Gela, on its long sandy hill, without acropolis and without harbour, could never rise to any great pitch of power. The possibilities of Syracuse were very different; and by one of those intuitions which are the pivots of history, Gelon perceived the truth and acted on it. It was in his time that Syracuse climbed the slope of Achradina. The city received large accessions of inhabitants: the people of Camarina were carried there bodily and received citizenship, as did the oligarchs of Megara, while the common people of that city were removed to Syracuse, but as slaves. Fresh colonists poured in from Greece, soldiers in the first place, not only common mercenaries, but men of noble family and good reputation. And however he gained power, Gelon so used it that he became popular with all classes of Syracusans; and bearing the title, not of king, but of general with full powers, stood the most powerful ruler in the Hellenic world.

It is impossible to say how far it was the result of a definite understanding between Persia and Carthage that the expedition of Xerxes against Greece and that of Hamilcar against the Siceliot cities took place in the same year. Recent writers, including Mr. Freeman, believe in a Perso-Carthaginian understanding; and considering the energy with which the people of Tyre and Sidon co-operated with Xerxes, and the close relations between Tyre and Carthage, there is great probability for it. If the Greeks were aware of it, we must regard with still greater astonishment the extraordinary account given by Herodotus of the embassy of the Greeks of Hellas to Gelon to beg his assistance against the invading Persian. If Sicily was to be attacked simultaneously, how could Gelon come to Greece and leave his own house undefended? And yet, according to the Herodotean tale, Gelon was ready to aid the Spartans and Athenians with 200 ships and 28,000 men, on condition that his vanity was

propitiated by making him general-in-chief of the forces of Hellas. Mr. Freeman observes that the speeches put into the mouths of the Athenian and Laconian delegates could never have been uttered on the occasion; they are, in fact, mere rhetorical exercises. But scepticism can scarcely stop at that point. We have not the means for checking or correcting the narrative of Herodotus; we may, if we please, substitute a modern view for his; but the general impression which such passages leave on the mind is one of doubt and uncertainty. They make us realize the fragile nature of the web of ancient history, through which a heavily treading scepticism breaks at every step.

The vast army of Carthage was already assembling or on its way. Diodorus places the number of the troops, who were no doubt mainly mercenaries from Spain, from Gaul and Africa, at 300,000, who were carried in 3000 ships of burden. But of course these figures are worthless: who would trust a Greek, ancient or modern, in reckoning his foes? It is indeed a matter in which no one is to be trusted. It is a cause of surprise in reading history to find how constantly in antiquity large armies were defeated by small ones, until one finds the chief clue to the mystery in the fact that it is from the victors that we have our accounts, and that they have settled the numbers of the vanquished to suit themselves. But whatever may have been the size of the invading host, the troops were of formidable quality. The stout swordsmen of Spain and the cavalry of Numidia showed themselves later under good leading a match for the best troops of Rome. They landed at Panormus, and at once appeared before Himera, the nearest of the Greek cities to their base of operations.

Theron of Agrigentum, the most powerful Greek chief in Sicily next to Gelon, was in Himera; but his resistance was driven in, and the Himeræans sent a message to Gelon begging him to come to their help. He seems to have been quite ready to start. With 50,000 foot and 5000 horse he advanced rapidly upon Himera, and he brought what was among Greeks even more important than an army, confidence and power of command. Before they were aware of his presence the foragers of the Carthaginian army were cut off, and we are told that Gelon exposed them naked in the slave-market; so that his men, accustomed to the exercises of the palæstra, might see and despise the inferior development of their foes, and especially the black skins of the Africans.

The battle of Himera, which the Greek imagination placed
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on the same day as that of Salamis, was scarcely less decisive of the fortunes of the Hellenes. In place of leading his army Hamilcar remained behind, hour after hour seeking by sacrifices the aid of the Gods of Canaan. But, as Mr. Freeman observes, 'Zeus on the hill of Akragas, Athene in the island of Syracuse, were that day too strong for Baalim and Ashtaroth.' The battle went in favour of the Greeks, and the story went that when the General of Carthage witnessed the flight of his troops he finally flung himself into the flame of sacrifice. The camp of the invaders was stormed: the Spanish swordsmen, who alone kept their order, were after a stubborn resistance cut to pieces; and while a few of the vanquished host succeeded in escaping to their ships, the bulk remained to glut the slave-market of Sicily: perhaps to contribute materially to the great wave of material prosperity which flowed over Sicily for the next two generations. One would think, says Diodorus, that all Libya had become captive to Gelon.

The victory of Gelon was followed by a day which proved him to be not only a leader but a ruler of men. Returning to Syracuse, he called the people together in armed assembly. Before them all he laid aside his arms and his authority, and in the garb of a common citizen stood up to give an account of his use of the authority of Generalship and to solicit their approval. There could be but one response. With one shout the assembly hailed their general as public benefactor, as saviour, and as king. Nor does he seem thereafter to have had any difficulty in maintaining his authority. Henceforth he may be regarded as no tyrant but a legitimate king: and on his death, no long time after, he was succeeded without disturbance by his brother Hieron.

Hieron's victory over the Etruscans at Cumæ, of which the record on the dedicated helmet of the British Museum is familiar to many, was in its way as important as the victory at Himera. In fact it was the necessary completion of Himera, since Carthaginians and Etruscans had begun to combine against the Greek. It was not until both were crushed that the Greeks of Sicily could have rest. But Hieron was not, like his brother, essentially a soldier, whose most elegant accomplishment was leaping on to horseback. In Greece itself the Persian wars were followed by a magnificent outburst of architecture and sculpture, of poetry and the drama, of history and philosophy. With this side of Greek progress Hieron had much sympathy. Xenophanes of Colophon came and criticized Homer at his court. Onatas of Ægina received a commission to erect at Olympia a monument in honour of a victory

won there by his chariot.* Simonides, Pindar, and Æschylus all visited his court, and the first two no doubt profited by the liberality of a patron who was more ready to give than his friends to ask of him. Bacchylides also came and carried on his quarrel with Pindar, which has barbed many of the latter's verses. The praise of Hieron's horses inspired both rivals; but of course Pindar was the true Syracusan laureate. With Epicharmus, Sicily made the first experiments in the new art of comedy, which took the curious form of parodies of the legends of mythology. In fact Hieron, as the wealthiest and most powerful of the Greeks of his time, occupied a great place in the minds of all men; and all who desired reward for discovery or patronage for art turned to him naturally, and seldom in vain.

But the tyranny of Hieron, however favourable to poetry and art, suffered from the diseases to which that form of rule was subject. As he grew older he grew more grasping, more suspicious, and more high-handed. His spies were in every house, and became in later Greece a proverb. He endeavoured to transplant the inhabitants of this and that city as though he had been king of Babylon or Persia. Finally his dominion rested only on the spears of his mercenaries. And when after his death the tyranny fell into the weaker hands of his brother Thrasybulus, there was a great uprising of the inhabitants of Syracuse. Apparently the weight of the monarchy had obliterated the old distinction between the oligarchic and democratic factions. We now find in one camp the whole body of old Syracusan citizens, in the other the mercenaries of Hieron and the new inhabitants whom he had dragged into Syracuse from outside. After a series of sieges and skirmishes victory rested with the old citizens. Thrasybulus was driven out, and Syracuse founded in a tumult of delight the festival of Zeus the Deliverer, who had brought back their freedom, and whose cultus was thereafter the emblem of Syracusan liberty. About the same time the people of Agrigentum expelled their tyrant Thrasidæus, son of Theron. Theron and his son had no doubt greatly increased the fame and the wealth of the city: but their rule also had become burdensome.

And now for forty years, from the expulsion of the Tyrants to the Athenian invasion, the cities of Sicily were in the enjoy-

* Pausanias, a sufficient authority, tells us that Hieron won at Olympia once with the chariot, and twice with the ridden horse (viii. 42, 8). Mr. Freeman must have overlooked this passage when he states (ii. p. 277) that Hieron won an Olympian victory only with the horse Pherenicus. In another connexion, however, he quotes it.

ment of liberty within and peace without. It was a time of expansion, of wealth and prosperity, of growth of population and building of temples. The Greek taste for the arts of peace had full sway, and a civilization was rapidly developed in Sicily which probably in external charm was equal to any which the world has seen. And some of the fruits of that luxurious peace have remained with us to this day. As the world at large is scarcely conscious of the debt which in literary matters it owes to the Siceliot Greeks, we will briefly dwell on this aspect of their civilization.

It is not easy for us to judge of the value or the originality of the Sicilian historians, because their works have almost entirely perished. It is, however, supposed that Thucydides did not hesitate to accept the authority of Antiochus in all matters relating to the island. And Philistus, a younger contemporary of Thucydides, stood probably in the first rank of writers of his age. But there was another branch of prose composition in which Sicilians not only took a prominent part, but which they almost originated. This is rhetoric, the most characteristic of the arts of Hellas, that art whereby she has most dazzled the world and most deceived herself, a fatal gift, destined to be not only an adornment of life and a pillar of civilization, but also the foe of science and the perverter of political life.

It seems to have been in the Sicilian law-courts after the expulsion of the Tyrants that rhetoric received its great impulse. The advocates had no doubt to address a large body of jurors. Those jurors were in easy circumstances, at leisure, endowed with Greek subtlety of mind, and imbued with the Greek love of an intellectual treat. What wonder if they soon learned to attach a high value to turns of thought and figures of speech, and to make more of the skill of the advocate than of the justice of the case. Aristotle has told us that Corax and Tisias, the Syracusans, were the first legislators of the rhetorical art. The marvellous success of their younger contemporary, Gorgias of Leontini, is familiar to readers of Plato. Isocrates was much indebted to the Sicilian masters, who doubtless also directly or indirectly had much influence on Thucydides, and so laid their spell on the sources of history, as well as of philosophy and speculative politics.

Professor Jebb has written an admirable history of Attic oratory, and has recognized beyond most scholars the extent to which rhetoric controlled the development of all literature. But in some respects even he has scarcely realized the magnitude of the phenomenon. Rhetoric seems to have conquered a
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wider and wider field through all Greek history. In spite of the example of Herodotus it made its way more and more into history. In spite of the opposition of Socrates it gradually dominated philosophy. It made its way into tragedy, and became fatal to the chorus which was its original kernel. It became the foundation of all education, and trained men to admire what can be defended rather than what is true. It pervaded politics and made men think more highly of words than of deeds. And at a later time it formed a thick cloud about the rising sun of Christianity, to quench its rays and to destroy its genial warmth. When the history of the conquest of the world by the Hellenic spirit comes to be written, it will appear that the nation which has given to the world philosophy and science, politics and ethics, has taken back the half of those gifts by mingling with each the passion for form at the expense of substance and appearance at the cost of truth.

In poetical composition the lines taken by the Sicilian genius were not the highest, but they were distinctive. Epic poetry and tragedy seem to have been imported into the island rather than produced there. Even comedy, which had been planted there by Epicharmus at Syracuse, grew to maturity at Athens. But a branch from this stem still lived in Sicily, the mime, which Sophron cultivated into a kind of literary composition. Plato is said to have kept the mimes of Sophron under his pillow. The recent discovery in fragmentary form of some of the mimes of Herodas may perhaps help us better to judge of this kind of composition.

But of course the kind of poetry which will to all time be associated with the name of Sicily, is the bucolic. How far Theocritus, writing in the third century, copied poets of an earlier age, we cannot say. In any case the pastoral idyll is an invention with which we must credit the Siceliot Greeks. And it is easy to discern among the conditions of Sicilian life those which favoured the rise of pastoral poetry. The soil of the island is very fertile, but with rugged hills on all sides showing their tops above the green of the corn-fields which clothe their flanks. These rocky islands in the sea of verdure produce grass sufficient for a few goats or even cattle. But the grazing beasts cannot be left to themselves: they would soon be attracted by the richer fodder of the wheat and barley. So a shepherd or a herd-boy or herd-girl must remain in charge of them all day, with the lightest duties, but such as cannot be left. What wonder if this enforced idleness in so genial a climate produced, in a race naturally prone to song and given to emulation, a competition in the production and singing of verses suitable to the

the surroundings. The native strains of the Sicilian shepherds would doubtless be coarse, and probably sensual; but in the brain of a born poet their motives would be purified and their music refined. The Idylls of Theocritus stand in the same relation to the native shepherd songs as the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' to border ballads, or the Passion Play of Ammergau to the Mysteries of the Middle Ages.

The coins of Sicily in the fifth century furnish us with a pleasing means of judging of the general prosperity. In beauty, in variety, and in abundance, they are alike pre-eminent; and the perfect purity of their taste combined with some over-richness of detail, something which bears the impress of a too quickly-ripening civilization, well reflects the contemporary state of affairs. It is notable that these coins come not only from the mints of the cities which were thoroughly Greek. Elymian Segesta and Eryx, Sican Entella and Sikel Enna, have all left us numismatic remains which in style and devices are purely Greek. And what is still more noteworthy, even the great Phœnician foundations, Panormus and Motya, struck money in the fifth century which bears the heads of Greek deities and other Hellenic types, together with inscriptions in pure Greek. It looks as if, had the peace but lasted, the commerce and arts of Greece would have succeeded in assimilating those Phœnician cities which defied Greek arms.

The bloom of Siceliot life was not destined to last. And if we knew more about it, we should probably find that it contained the seeds of its own dissolution. The Greek, when at peace and in plenty, fell naturally into luxury; and there never was a people to whom luxury was more fatal. Miletus, Sybaris, Tarentum, all went the same way; and on that road Agrigentum and Syracuse had begun to travel. The feasts of Sicily became proverbial for richness and variety. Sicilian couches and cushions were noted for their softness. The houses became larger and more stately. The cottabos, a game loved by the gilded youth of Athens, was imported from Sicily; it consisted in throwing wine from a cup at a mark, and could only have arisen among a people who needed an amusement to vary the long hours of feasting and soaking. Of the riches and delicacy of some of the citizens of Agrigentum we hear strange tales. In the cellars of Gellias were three hundred huge vessels each holding a hundred amphoræ. His guest chambers accommodated five hundred horsemen at one time. When Antisthenes made a wedding-feast for his daughter, all the people of the town were feasted, each man in his own street, and eight hundred chariots walked in the bridal procession.

procession. Yet Gellias and Antisthenes were ordinary citizens, and Agrigentum passed as a democracy. Indeed the democracy of Agrigentum might claim an origin almost sacred. It was regulated by the laws laid down by Empedocles, one of those mystical and miraculous heroes, like Pythagoras, who so seldom appear among the anti-mystic Greeks. Empedocles not only was a master of all human knowledge, but he was a hero who cleansed rivers, stayed winds, raised the dead, and at last disappeared as one for whom the world has become too poor a place. But even cities founded by demi-gods cannot live if the citizens do not keep their spirit and their virtue. And when Agrigentum was tested in the great Punic invasion of 409, it was found wanting. Too sudden wealth had exercised its corrupting influence, and the rich spoils of the city were abandoned by the cowardly citizens to the hardy mercenaries of Carthage.

The notion of the condition of the Sicilian cities which most classical scholars entertain is no doubt taken from a memorable speech of Alcibiades as reported by Thucydides (vi. 17): 'The cities are populous with a motley crowd, and changes in constitution are frequent and readily admitted.' And as laws were easily changed, Alcibiades argued, and men passed readily from city to city, there was in Sicily none of that stern determination to die for one's country and her laws which prevailed in a greater degree in Hellas. No doubt there was much of the feeling of unsettlement in ancient as in modern colonies: wealth lightly won is sometimes easily surrendered. And the Greeks never had that tenacity which is in the blood of modern Americans and Australians, disposing them to resist what they consider an unjust demand at the risk of their lives, when concession to it would do them no great immediate harm.

The Athenian expedition against Syracuse, though the genius of Thucydides has made it seem to modern men the central point in Sicilian history, is yet from the Syracusan point of view an episode. The secular foe of the Greeks in Sicily was not Athens, but Carthage. From the Athenian point of view it is a culmination, no doubt; and this was strongly felt by Thucydides, whose history leads up to it as to the last act of a drama. The dramatic tendency as well as the rhetorical tendency is strong in Thucydides; and in spite of his love of truth and the scientific build of his mind, we do not rate his authority so highly as either Grote or Mr. Freeman. No doubt some of the German hunters of novelty and diggers into 'Quellenlehre' have fallen into absurdities in their attempts to correct his assertions; they have not sufficiently considered
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the narrow limits of our possible knowledge, and the dangers of dogmatism on insufficient grounds. But their absurdities are perhaps preferable to the prejudice of Mr. Jowett, when he draws a broad line between Herodotus and Thucydides as trustworthy and Diodorus and Plutarch as untrustworthy. Such sweeping judgments may be tolerated in the case of private friendships, but they are not suitable in critical examination of ancient history. We should prefer to accept the views set forth by Professor Jebb in his excellent paper, published in 'Hellenica,' on the speeches in Thucydides; only our criticism cannot be confined to the Thucydidean speeches, but must be extended to all the text.

Mr. Freeman is so much impressed by the accuracy of the Thucydidean account of the Siege of Syracuse when confronted with the existing geographical facts of the locality that he says, 'The thought has sometimes come into my mind whether the banished Athenian may not actually have been within the walls of beleaguered Syracuse.' But, on the whole, he regards it as more probable that the great historian merely studied the ground carefully and talked over the events of the siege with Hermocrates and Philistus. And this is going quite far enough. Every age has its own canons as to the way in which history should be written, and Greek notions of realism in every branch of art, including historical writing, were very different from those of modern times.

The interference of Athens in Sicily, though it seems an episode in the history of the island, was not sudden or unprovoked. This has been brought before us more clearly by the discovery of two inscriptions, dating from the year B.C. 433, and recording alliances between Athens and the respective cities of Rhegium and Leontini. If the final act of interference was mainly caused by the personal influence and ambitious schemes of Alcibiades, it had long been evident that the great race-question between Dorian and Ionian had a Sicilian phase, and that the power of Athens could not be greatly extended without a collision with the thriving colony of Corinth in the West. And but for circumstances which could not at the time be foreseen, history might have pronounced the Athenian expedition as, in the language of the time, 'not just but expedient.'

We do not propose to give any account of the most memorable of ancient sieges. Mr. Freeman's narrative is more stirring and more diffuse than that of Grote, but the student who has carefully read his Thucydides on the shore of the Great Harbour and wandered over Achradina and Epipolæ with

with the maps of Cavallari in his hands has of course little to learn from any modern historian. The piety and the inertness of Nicias, the audacity of Alcibiades, the energy of Hermocrates, the exploits of Gylippus, are become a part of the mental furniture of the world, and it is for successive generations to learn and to appreciate rather than either to expand or abridge the Thucydidean tale. Doubtless the fact which it most deeply impresses on the modern reader is the extraordinary degree to which Greek warfare was empirical and unscientific, and the extent to which success depended on the character of individual leaders.

Nor do we propose to give an account of the great Carthaginian invasion which so speedily followed the destruction of the armament of Athens. It is a sad page of history: so many flourishing cities in the very spring of their brilliant life falling into the hands of fanatical Semitic generals and their barbarous hirelings. The 'summer' was then indeed 'taken out of the Greek year'; not even the Persian conquest of Asia Minor had been so fatal to the Hellenic race. Only on one or two scenes of the campaign will we briefly dwell, on which the existing monuments of ancient history throw a strong light.

After the host of Carthage had sacked Selinus and Himera, there was a brief pause. Perhaps the conquerors were glutted with slaughter and with spoil; perhaps the Carthaginian Senate interfered. At all events Hannibal (the monotony in Carthaginian names is terribly confusing) dismissed his mercenaries and sailed home. He had scarcely left the island when the Syracusan Hermocrates, who had been banished from his native city and had sought an asylum with Pharnabazus in Asia, came back to Sicily as a soldier of fortune, and at once began to do what an exile might to repair and to revenge the destruction which Carthage had wrought. He hired mercenaries; the remnant of the men of Himera who had escaped joined him; like a second David, he led the more enterprising and turbulent of his countrymen in a guerilla campaign against the national enemy. The ruins of Selinus had scarcely ceased to smoke before he occupied the Acropolis of the city. The walls of it owed as much to art as to nature, and could not be totally ruined: Hermocrates restored their breaches, and strengthened them on the land side with ditches and with semicircular towers. Recent excavation on the site has revealed very clearly the lines of his fortifications. One of the towers which was discovered some time ago passed, it is strange to say, for a theatre, until its fellow was brought to light.

light. Before long, if the excavations are continued, we shall be able to realize perfectly the details of this castle, set by the patriotic exile between his country and its secular enemy. From Selinus Hermocrates drove back to their walls the people of Motya, and harried the Golden Shell, the rich territory of Panormus. He marched to Himera, and there solemnly collected the bones of the Syracusan soldiers who had fallen in defence of the city, and whom the Syracusan general Diocles had left unburied in his hasty retreat. The sacred remains were sent on waggons to Syracuse and there buried with honour. It is likely that Hermocrates expected that the gratitude of his countrymen would put an end to his exile; but he awaited his recall in vain. At length banishment seems to have become intolerable to him, and he marched with his troops to Syracuse, where he fell overpowered by numbers, in the guise of an enemy and not a friend of the city which he had done so much to save from slavery to Athens.

Had Hermocrates been more Hellenic and less Syracusan in his patriotism, he might have lived to be of inestimable service to his countrymen. For the second Carthaginian armament was at hand, and Agrigentum was to fall simply for want of a man of honesty and personal ascendancy. Agrigentum was now at the highest pitch of wealth and splendour. The vast space between the Acropolis ridge on the north and the line of temples along the southern wall was full of public buildings and rich houses. Gellias, of whom we have already made mention, was still living. The great temple of Olympian Zeus awaited only its roof that it might stand complete as the greatest shrine of Europe. But long years of peace had softened the spirit of the Agrigentines, and in the hour of danger their only resource was to send for a Spartan leader, Dexippus, and to beg for aid of the rival city of Syracuse.

Although the tale of the siege of Agrigentum is told, not by Thucydides but by Diodorus, we can trace its course on the spot not less clearly, and realize its crises not less vividly, than those of the siege of Syracuse. The weak point of the city was that it did not reach the sea. Between the southern wall and the harbour there was a plain traversed by the rivers Acragas and Hypsas, but not by any long walls joining the harbour to the city. Thus it was liable to be starved into surrender unless its forces could keep the field. The Carthaginian general took advantage of the defect: while the main attack was developed on the west side of the city, he formed on the east side a camp of the Spanish troops to cut off the city from Syracuse and from all supplies. But he proceeded not by blockade

blockade but by assault. Along the western wall was a deep ravine, at the bottom of which ran the river Hypsas. Across this ravine Hannibal made a causeway for his engines by piling together the tombs of the vast necropolis which occupied that quarter, from the tomb of the hero Theron down to the monuments which, as we are told, the Agrigentines would erect over favourite horses and even birds. We must suppose that all these monuments lie still where they were piled by the Punic troops. The topography of the site is remarkably clear; and but a very little digging would probably bring them all once more to the light. It is strange that so easy an experiment does not appear as yet to have been made. The people, however, of Agrigentum fought well within their walls. A plague, the result of course of the sacrilege, invaded the Carthaginian camp, and it appeared that the city was not thus to be made a prey.

Meantime, the Syracusan succours were in motion; and with the Syracusans came a body of Italiot Greeks, a proof that the national life of the Greeks of the West was developing. As the relieving force came near, the Iberians from their camp on the east advanced to meet it. By the river Himera the battle was fought. After a while the Punic soldiers gave way, and fled along the southern wall of the city to the main camp of Hannibal. The victors did not pursue them, and the slothful Agrigentine leaders watched them passing gate after gate without venturing to make a sally or fall on their routed enemies. Of course we hear the usual suggestion of treachery: certainly the people felt bitterly that an opportunity had been lost, and their anger soon turned into a fierce outburst against their generals, who had failed to lead them out. They met in informal assembly: there was no defence and no sentence; but the generals, all but one, were stoned to death on the spot. Dexippus himself was accused of treachery, but he was protected from assault by the Spartan name.

It might well have seemed that the siege had come to an end. The Punic host had lost many of its best troops, disease and famine were in its camp, and the General could only raise money by pledging the drinking vessels of the wealthy Carthaginians who accompanied him. Had there been harmony or a good *morale* among the besieged, their victory was secure. But by a great effort the Carthaginian generals procured a few ships, and by a sudden movement seized a large train of provisions which was coming by sea from Syracuse. Hunger was transferred from the Punic to the Greek camp, and we are told that bribes prevailed with Dexippus, who induced Syracusans and Italiots to retire from the city. Left to themselves, the Agrigentines

Agrigentines thought but of flight. Though there was no blockade, and the city was open to supplies on all sides but one, they determined not to run the risk of future starvation, but to fly while the ways were open. We can dimly imagine the horrors of the night march. We long for the narrative of Philistus, but even that of Diodorus has graphic touches :

‘Lamentation and tears filled the houses. And while fear of the enemy kept them in torture, haste compelled them to leave as spoil to the barbarians all wherein they had delighted ; and fortune taking from them the fair treasures of their homes, they thought it much to save their lives. And not only might one see the wealth of so rich a city abandoned, but even many human beings. Some who were sick were overlooked by their friends, each man thinking of his own escape ; others who were old were abandoned in the infirmity of age ; many, preferring death to exile, laid hands on themselves, in order to die in their ancestral homes.’

The Greek who lost his city lost all that made life worth living. Great must have been the sufferings of citizens exchanging their life of wealth and ease for a condition but little better than that of slavery ; and of girls, whose greatest griefs had hitherto been the loss of domestic pets, but who now saw before them no hope of happy or of honourable existence. Gellias refused to leave the city which had so often enjoyed his hospitality. With a few friends he took refuge at the altar of the temple of Athena, and, perceiving that the sacredness of the spot would not shelter him from Punic bloodthirstiness, set fire to the temple and so perished. All the treasures of art and objects of luxury in Agrigentum, the strigils and oil-flasks of gold and silver, the rich tapestries and curtains, the pictures and statues, became the spoil of Carthage, and the city never regained more than a shadow of its former splendour and renown.

With the fall of Agrigentum, and of Gela, which shared its fate, the third volume of Mr. Freeman’s history comes to an end. We are glad to learn that several more volumes exist in manuscript. The fourth volume, dealing with the tyranny of Dionysius, will shortly appear under the able editorship of Mr. Freeman’s son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Evans. The work, if incomplete, will be no unworthy record of many years of toil, and may serve to make Englishmen more familiar with the history of an island in which the past and the present are singularly blended, and which is as stimulating to the historical imagination as to the sense of enjoyment.

ART. III.—1. *Travels among the Great Andes of the Equator.*

By Edward Whymper. London, 1892.

2. *Mountaineering.* By C. T. Dent. London, 1892.

THERE is a large and increasing demand for books of mountain adventure: a work belonging to what is called 'Alpine literature' frequently commands, not many years after publication, four or five times its original price. The present value, for instance, of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers;' the sum which may be realized by anyone who can bring himself to part with a complete set of the 'Alpine Journal'—these and other like facts, deduced from catalogues, show clearly enough the growth of a comparatively new taste among book collectors. Some have, we believe, suggested that this is because Alpine literature is regarded by a large body of youthful aspirants as part of the mountaineering equipment which, like M. Tartarin, they carefully gather round them. We would rather give as a reason the perpetual fascination which such books exercise upon those who have wandered among the mountains, and have learned to love them. In an idle moment one who has earned, or chooses to assert that he has earned, a respite from work, can, by merely taking a record of Alpine travel from the shelf, straightway transport himself to some mountain haunt:—

'The virgin mountain air
Fresh through these pages blows,
And to these leaves the glaciers spare
The soul of their white snows;
And here a mountain murmur swells
Of many a dark-boughed pine,
And, as you read, you hear the bells
Of the high-pasturing kine.'

Another interest is found in tracing the growth of what may fairly be called the science of mountaineering from the papers of the earlier pioneers. While we write, an entertaining fragment is being published from the Journal of the second Lord Minto, whose representative in our own time has added the climbing of difficult mountains to many other active pursuits. It was written in 1830, and describes the first (or second?) ascent of the Breithorn by the broad and easy route from the Théodule Pass. The difficulties ascribed to the expedition, the number of guides considered necessary, and the dangers predicted by the natives of the valley (which, however, may have been real enough if the tail of a mule was the only substitute for a rope on the upper Théodule glacier)—all show
strongly

strongly the effect of the *ignotum* upon the imagination; and, though that route would now test nothing but the walking powers, it then afforded no small example of pluck and determination. One curious point was that all alike, travellers and guides, believed themselves to have ascended the much more arduous Monte Rosa. This mistake Lord Minto inherited from Sir John Herschel, who seems to have anticipated him in the ascent: it lingered for some years in later writings, but had disappeared when Mr. Malkin wrote his delightful Journal ten years later. It may be marked, however, as an illustration of the state of the survey within living memory, that even in the Atlas to Agassiz's '*Études sur les Glaciers*,' the Lyskamm is set down as Monte Rosa; and errors quite as glaring in maps of the chain of Mont Blanc were corrected much more recently by the admirable survey of an English mountaineer, Mr. Adams Reilly. Sixty years ago there was not even the beginning of any school of mountaineers; and such expeditions as Lord Minto's were of a haphazard kind, rarely undertaken, and depending for guidance upon hunters, who could follow chamois over difficult rocks, but had neither knowledge nor appliances for safe travelling on glaciers. Indeed, in respect of snowcraft, there would seem to have been a falling off since a much earlier period. Sir Frederick Pollock * quotes a translation by Mr. Coolidge from Josias Simler, a writer of the sixteenth century, which, as he justly remarks, seems to show that the use of the rope on covered glaciers was almost as well understood by some persons three hundred years ago as it is now:—

'Further, that ancient ice, over which one must sometimes make one's way, has deep chasms in it, three or four feet wide, and often even larger, into which, if a man fall, he must, without doubt, perish. It happens also that these chasms may be covered with fresh snow, or by snow blown together by the wind. Hence, those who then travel in the Alps hire men who know the place to go in front as guides. These men gird themselves with a rope, to which some of them who come after also bind themselves; the leading man sounds the way with a long pole, and carefully keeps a look-out in the snow for these chasms; but if he unexpectedly falls into one of them, he is held up and drawn out again by those of his companions who are tied by the same rope as he is.'

Yet in this century we read of travellers crossing the *névé* without a rope at all, or with a rope held in the hand, or sometimes of a guide leading his traveller along by the end of an alpenstock. Truly it is not impossible for the civilized to

* '*Mountaineering*,' p. 17.

relapse into barbarism! And accordingly lives of travellers and guides were lost half a century ago by ignorance of this first principle, as they are sometimes nowadays by neglect of the established rule.*

Systematic mountaineering may be dated from a period of little more than forty years ago. The small band of English travellers, who soon afterwards formed the earliest of the Alpine clubs, were beginning to explore the Alps more regularly, deriving perhaps something of their impulse from the journeys and eloquent descriptions of Professor Forbes. Their requirements gave the stimulus to the men who had the capacity for making themselves into great guides, and teachers of the art of mountaineering. There can be no doubt that it was as much of a gradual development for the native chamois hunters who became guides, as for the travellers who profited by their skill and learnt from them. The unerring judgment, the unfailing resource of an Almer or an Anderegg (to name two of the most eminent among many who are good) did not come as an instinct, and would hardly have been brought out by herding cattle or wood-cutting in the mountains, varied by an occasional climb among the rocks in pursuit of game. The earliest of the guides really worthy of the name, men who came to the front a few years before those mentioned above, learnt their art by exploring with their employers slowly and tentatively mountains of every character and condition, far and wide from their native valleys; and handed on the skill and certainty thus acquired to many—not, it is to be feared, to all—of the numerous fraternity who now follow the same calling. From this point the science of safe and systematic mountaineering, except for some occasional deterioration as regards the study of safety, has made constant and unbroken progress; with the result that not only has every height of the Alps been explored and every possible route (together with a few that might better have been dubbed impossible), to and from each valley, been opened up, but the knowledge so gained has permitted the exploration of the more difficult parts of mountain chains, hitherto little known: of the Caucasus by Mr. Freshfield and many followers; of the Andes by Mr. Whymper, whose magnificently elaborated work is named at the head of this article; of the Alps in New Zealand, where the youngest of all the Alpine clubs has recently been formed.

In reading the narratives of mountain travel in the beginning

* See the excellently drawn picture, entitled "Serve him Right," in 'Mountaineering,' p. 104.

of this period, written some forty years ago, Mr. Hinchliff's 'Summer Months in the Alps,' for instance, or some of the earlier writings of Mr. Ball, or Mr. W. Mathews, or Sir Alfred Wills, our wonder is not that so much is made of expeditions which are now regarded as of no great difficulty, but rather that with such primitive weapons so much was accomplished. In the thrilling account which Mr. Ball wrote of his passage over the Schwarz Thor in 1845, the reader in these later days of excellent ice-axes is struck by the boldness and skill of the English traveller, who, with a guide needing assistance rather than able to give it, and with no better implements for cutting steps than a geological hammer, could lead the way safely through what is really a considerable icefall.

The great increase during the last twenty years in the number of those who yearly seek their pastime in the High Alps has not only led the most skilful makers to bring to perfection every article of the mountaineer's outfit, down to its minutest detail—from ice-axes to lanterns and cooking-tins—but it has caused inns to spring up at the head of every valley, and huts for the night's shelter on the rocks below almost every celebrated peak and pass. That this makes for comfort and ease there can be no doubt; but yet those who recall the Alps of five-and-twenty years ago may sometimes fancy that one part of the glamour is gone, which made the nights before the climb so pleasant—at least in the retrospect. The extraordinary beauty of the mountain scenery by moonlight, the solid blackness of the rocks, and the dead spectral whiteness of the snow in shadow, contrasted with the strange unsubstantial appearance and silvery glitter where the light falls—these must often be seen by all who climb high mountains, whatever their night quarters may be, unless, indeed, they start dangerously late; but there was a greater picturesqueness in looking at this background, across the glacier which seemed to have fallen asleep below, from the camp-fire under the overhanging rock. At any rate, there was a sense of romance which is not so easily attained under the altered circumstances. To quote the description of a traveller writing more than thirty years ago:—

'The moon had risen; the valley below and all the lesser hollows were filled with a bluish haze that stretched across to the base of the opposite peaks, not forming, as clouds do, an opaque floor upon which they could seem to rest, but rather a dim mysterious depth, into which they plunged to an immeasurable distance. The great peaks and glaciers shone with a glory that seemed all their own; not sparkling in the broad moonlight, but beaming forth a calm, ineffable brilliance, high aloft in the ether, far above the dwellings of mankind.

Chief of them all, the astounding peak of the Matterhorn, that stupendous obelisk, whose form defies the boldest speculations of the geologist—gleaming more brightly for some fresh snow that rested on every furrow of its surface—towered upwards into the sky. All men, even the least poetical, are variously impressed by such scenes as these, and the mind is involuntarily carried back to some scene of wonder and mystery that in early life has fixed its image on the imagination. My own fancy on that night recalled a half-remembered tale of the Scandinavian Sagas, wherein the mythical hero breaks into the assembly of the gods, when they sit in solemn conclave fixed in deep slumber, with long white beards descending to the ground. Some such night scene, amid the wild mountains of Norway, may have suggested the picture to the old Northern bard.’

Almost exactly on this spot now stands a hotel for a hundred guests. The circle of great mountains is always there, and the moonlight often: well too, it perhaps may be, in the interests of humanity, that a hundred visitors can gaze at this scene after their *table d’hôte*, instead of one traveller who is musing in front of a hayloft; but yet some part of the poetry seems to have gone; and much more may go after it, when the railway, which has already reached the foot, continues to climb up the mountain side. Then again, uncomfortable as chalets often were (though nothing can be more comfortable than a good hayloft), there was a pleasant insight into the nature of chalet-life—the mysteries of cheese-making, and the primitive method of reckoning dates by the number of cheeses made; the kindness and genuine hospitality with which travellers were received, often at the most inconvenient times. The present writer has agreeable recollections of one scene especially, when a belated party reached a chalet in a very high and secluded pasture not long before midnight; and the herdsman, even at that late hour, insisted on milking a cow and lighting a fire to provide his unbidden guests with supper. If the unspoilt herdsman still dwells in the Alpine pastures, the occasion for testing his good qualities is gone; and we fear it must be admitted that when a mountain inn stands hard by, no one in his sober senses would turn aside to sleep in the chalet; nevertheless, if richer in present comfort, one may be poorer afterwards by a lost experience. Those who travel further afield still tell us of something like it. In the Caucasus they find the hospitable shanty of the mountain prince; in the Andes Mr. Whympier, after a night of unintentional wandering, with no companion but a deer-hound, quite as much astray as himself, and much less capable of climbing down rocks, not without danger either from wild cattle and pumas, at last

‘emerged

emerged on the open; and at the foot of a grassy hill saw a little Indian hut, emitting blue smoke, curling upwards in front of the plain, with a man and woman outside busy at their morning work. I smelt breakfast, and pounced down on them like a hawk. "Have you loco?" "Yes, Señor." "Give me some loco" (said very peremptorily). "That I will, Señor" (said heartily), and he brought out a basinful at once, with another for the dog, and we all sat outside in the sunshine eating potato-soup together. They were an old, homely couple, unencumbered either by bashfulness or servility. He pressed us to take more, and came down the river's side until the outlying houses of the village were seen, and then with a polite salutation was about to take leave; but I detained him, and, pouring my loose money into his hand, left him in stupefied adoration, uncertain whether he had seen a vision or entertained a gringo.*

We have no sympathy with those who say that because there are no 'novelties' in the Alps, *therefore* mountaineers must seek other ranges. The scenery is there, just as it was for our predecessors, and the incidents of the climb are not very different. Even if we allow something for the special glow of excitement which belongs to scaling a hitherto untrodden summit, yet that is after all a small matter; and it is well to recollect an excellent remark which Mr. Dent quotes with just approval, that 'every expedition is new to the man who has not made it before.' There is more reason in the desire to escape from the overcrowded and too fashionable hotels, from what may be called the railroad tourists, who can now penetrate to the upland inns, and think they enjoy the mountains most wisely by dancing till near midnight, and getting up towards luncheon time. The desire to revert to the older and simpler style, with its freedom from restraint and its occasional tent or cave, or bivouac under the stars, has often induced mountaineers with leisure and means to transfer themselves and their guides to more distant mountain ranges. Many, indeed most of these, have had also further aims and interests beyond the mere pastime. Much valuable knowledge for the use of the geographer, the botanist, and the zoologist has been gathered and recorded by the explorers of the Caucasus, such travellers as Mr. Freshfield, Mr. Grove, and Mr. Dent; or from the Atlas range, and from the Southern Andes by Mr. Ball, himself once no small authority among botanists and geologists; and a new scope alike for the climber and for the naturalist who can also climb, is afforded by the beautiful New Zealand Alps. Mr. Freshfield thus speaks of them in a chapter entitled "Mountaineering beyond the Alps": 'There, indeed, a glorious field is open for the mountaineer;

* 'Travels among the Great Andes,' p. 227.

a range that, with a snow-level of 5000 to 6000 feet, reaches 12,000 feet, and has the glaciers of the Alps, the forests of the Caucasus, and the fiords and waterfalls of Norway, all brought into the closest juxtaposition.' And to the Andes of Ecuador, of which we have more particularly to speak, Mr. Whympers was drawn, not so much by the love of novel adventure and of climbing, though we cannot doubt that these also formed part of the attraction, as by a desire to explore mountains as yet little known, their fauna and their flora, and to examine into certain physical questions. His 'Scrambles in the Alps' was probably the most popular, and certainly one of the most powerfully interesting, in the Alpine literature of which we have spoken; and this new volume, long ago announced, has been eagerly expected. The carefulness, we might say the splendour, of the execution fully justifies the delay. Mr. Whympers is a master in the art of drawing and engraving mountain scenery, and it would be difficult to imagine better representations than he has given us of Chimborazo and Antisana, or more graphic pictures than 'the fixing of a tent in a storm,' or the 'night journey in a litter,' to mention a few only among the admirable scenes that he has engraved. Nor has his descriptive power left him. The book is different from the earlier work, with which it will be compared, and weightier in purpose. Its predecessor was a narrative of sensational adventures, which seemed to hold the interest like a powerful drama; this is the work of a traveller in a rarely visited country, who has much that is new and valuable to tell of customs and character, of the means of transit or the want of them, and who has various points of scientific interest to discuss. But he had many adventures too, and met them with all his old resource and unflinching patience. It must, we fear, be admitted that however interesting to read about, the Equatorial Andes are not an ideal range to travel in. In many other mountainous countries, equal difficulties of transport and commissariat can be found—in the New Zealand Alps they are as yet much greater—and besides, to those who have Mr. Whympers's skill and experience in organization and his great power of endurance, it may be a pleasure to triumph over all obstacles. But lofty mountains at the Equator, which have the valley of the Amazon with its immense volume of water on one side, and the Pacific Ocean on the other, must in the nature of things have dense mist in one direction or the other, and may have it on all sides, as Mr. Whympers found to be the case on every ascent, but one, that he made.

Mr. Whympers reached the port of Guayaquil in December 1879. He brought with him two guides from the Italian Alps
(having

(having failed in his endeavour to secure a third), the well-known Jean Antoine Carrel and his cousin Louis. Both were capable mountaineers—few have been more so than the first mentioned—and they served him well, even in situations compared with which, he tells us, ‘hard labour on a treadmill would have been pleasurable, and rest in a casual ward would have been luxury.’ Elsewhere he says :

‘Under circumstances which were frequently trying, our party, although exceedingly small, was always closely united. The imperturbable good temper of the one man, and the grim humour of the other, were sources of continual satisfaction. I trusted my person, property, and interests to their care with perfect confidence, and they proved worthy of the trust, and equal to every demand which was made upon them.’

This is the more deserving of notice because it has generally been found that guides taken into foreign lands, such as the Caucasus, however useful, and even essential, in the actual climbing, proved bad travellers and unsatisfactory companions. ‘Such guides,’ says Mr. Dent, ‘will never exert their powers in other countries as efficiently as in their own. Their national home-sickness appears almost uniformly to depress them, and render them far less useful when away from their own districts.’* The more credit, then, to the Carrels. Of Jean Antoine’s end—surely not an unworthy nor an unhappy close of his life—it may not be out of place to quote an account written by Mr. C. E. Mathews in his chapter on ‘Recollections of a Mountaineer.’

‘He’ (Jean Antoine Carrel, then in his sixty-second year) ‘started on his last expedition in August 1890, and reached the hut on the south side of the Matterhorn on a cloudless day. A violent hurricane arose in the night and continued without intermission for more than thirty-six hours ; provisions ran short, and retreat was inevitable. The hut was left at nine in the morning, and, suffering greatly from starvation and frost-bite, the party were engaged in a fierce battle with the elements for more than fourteen hours. Carrel, on whom the lion’s share of the work fell, had only just succeeded in bringing his party to a place of comparative safety when he sat down and expired. Our annals’ (that is, the annals of mountaineering) ‘contain no more conspicuous example of genuine fidelity and faithful devotion.’†

Mr. Whympster does not describe Ecuador as a pleasant land, either for residents or for investors. It may, indeed, be cheap, with meat at threepence a pound and eggs at threepence a dozen, if one can do without soap, which costs more than two shillings

* ‘Mountaineering,’ p. 213.

† Ibid., p. 368.

a cake.

a cake. The heavy shower of rain which washes the capital, Quito, every day is a boon, because it removes the dangers which arise from the extreme badness of the drainage and water-supply. But if the inhabitants escape death by pestilence, they may meet it in civil war, for the people of Ecuador seem to be as restless and prone to disturbances as their own Cotopaxi. Their autocratic President is allowed by the Constitution to rule for four years; by custom for a much shorter time, unless he can cope with revolutions. Their one capable and successful ruler before Mr. Whympers visit, Garcia Moreno, who improved finances and roads and kept the peace for some years, was assassinated in front of the Government offices in 1875. His successor, Dr. Borrero, was deposed within two years by General Veintimilla, whom he had recalled from exile and made Governor of Guayaquil. Veintimilla had obtained the use of the troops in Quito on the pretext of disturbances in his province, and then turned them against his patron. He was courteous to Mr. Whympers; but his reign was as unquiet as might have been anticipated. Having stifled several plots, and put down one insurrection by hard street fighting in which 400 persons were killed, he was ejected in 1883 after some months of revolution. As regards the unwisdom of investing capital in a country where promises seem to be only a conventional politeness, Mr. Whympers opinion is clearly expressed: 'A man may be rich in one day and wrecked the next. These possibilities invest trade in this region with the excitement of gambling, and the trader should also bear in mind that the repudiation of agreements and the non-fulfilment of contracts will often upset his calculations and blight his hopes.'

For travellers, with whom we are here more concerned, life and property seem to be safer in Ecuador than in many countries nearer home. Mr. Whympers encountered no robbers except the owner of the inn at Chuquipoquio; and there was nothing in this peculiar to Ecuador except that his innkeeper was a drunken marquis. There was a general idea that his real object was to search the mountains for hidden treasure, and some of the natives believed that he had found it; but no attempt was made to waylay him. The sources of danger and difficulty to travellers were the climate with its perpetual rain and fog, the native porters who were always running away, the execrable inns, and the roads. The 'Royal' road had mud only up to the saddle-girths: the native definition of a bad road is 'when the beasts tumble into mud-holes and vanish right out of sight.' The climbing was for the most part of a monotonous and wearisome character, owing to the vast extent of soft and

wet

wet snow, over which it was often impossible to advance except on all fours. This was specially the case, as will be seen, on Chimborazo, but seems to be a general characteristic of the higher Equatorial Andes. In fact, it is the deep 'powdery' snow of the Caucasian summits transferred to a tropical climate; and there seems reason in Mr. Dent's surmise that this, which occasions labour and lamentation in the Andes and the Caucasus, may prove an insuperable obstacle to those who aim at the highest summits of the Himalayas. This seems to us more likely to be the problem of the attempt than the low atmospheric pressure—of which more anon. In the ascent of Saraurcu, besides the usual mists, and fields of soft snow, an additional plague was found in great tracts of marshes at a height of 13,000 feet. Here, under ceaseless rain, they had to camp on beds, or rather rafts, of cut reeds laid over the ooze, and, for their onward progress, 'the only way of getting through was by continually parting the reeds with the hands, as if swimming The edges of the leaves cut like razors, and in a short time our hands were streaming with blood, for we were compelled to grasp the stems to prevent ourselves from sinking into the boggy soil. On this day we crossed the divide, and the streams now flowed towards the Atlantic. The whole country was like a saturated sponge.' On the snow-fields of the actual mountain, however, Mr. Whymper was able to turn his enemies to account by an ingenious and, as far as we know, novel expedient. The hindermost guide carried a bundle of these sharp reeds, cut in four-foot lengths, and as they ascended planted them in the snow at such intervals that each was just visible through the fog from its nearest neighbour, and a signal line was provided for their descent after their footsteps were obliterated. Of all the great peaks ascended (twelve in number), Antisana, which its picture shows to be a singularly magnificent mountain, seems to have afforded the most sensational climbing,—a relief, no doubt, to such expert mountaineers after their frequent snow-wading. But their due reward was, as usual, denied. 'My cherished dream of a boundless view over the Amazonian basin was annihilated in an instant. Nothing could be seen through the mists that encircled the mountain.'*

The ascents to which the greatest interest attaches are those of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi. For the former expedition Mr. Whymper had made careful preparation by forming at various altitudes three camps: in each of the two upper stations he passed several days, so that his stay upon Chimborazo above the

line of 16,000 feet, upon his first visit, amounted in all to sixteen days. We shall have to recur again to the condition of his party at the second camp. From the third camp, a height of 17,285 feet, Mr. Whymper and his two Italian guides reached the summit and returned, not without difficulty, in the same day. At a point about 1100 feet above the camp they reached what he calls 'the Southern Walls,' part of which, consisting of a steep frozen slope interspersed with rocks glazed with ice, presented the only difficult climbing on this route. It is not very easy to make out from the accounts left by Humboldt and by Boussingault what course they took or where they stopped; but Mr. Whymper is probably right in his conclusion that they each turned back at this place, to go beyond which could hardly have been possible for any one but a trained mountaineer. If so, they over-estimated the height, when they supposed that they had reached upon Chimborazo elevations exceeding 19,000 feet.

For such men as now attacked the wall, the harder climbing was only an agreeable change from the plod through snow. But the uncongenial work was to return in an aggravated form:—

'At about 11 A.M.,' he says, 'we were 20,000 feet high, and the summits seemed within our grasp. We could see both, one towards our right, and the other a little further away on our left, with a hollow plateau, about a third of a mile across, between them. We reckoned that in another hour we could get to the top of either; and, not knowing which of the two was the higher, we made for the nearest. But at this point the condition of affairs completely changed. The sky became overclouded, the wind rose, and we entered upon a tract of exceedingly soft snow which could not be traversed in the ordinary way. The leading man went in up to his neck, almost out of sight, and had to be hauled out by those behind. Imagining that we had got into a labyrinth of crevasses, we beat about right and left to try to extricate ourselves; and after discovering that it was everywhere alike, we found the only possible way was to flog every yard of it down, and then to crawl over it on all fours; and even then, one or another was frequently submerged and almost disappeared. Louis Carrel could not touch the bottom with a ten-foot pole that he was carrying [intended for a flag-staff on the summit]. It would have continued to descend by its own weight if he had left hold of it. Needless to say, time flew rapidly. When we had been at this sort of work three hours, without having accomplished half the remaining distance, I halted the men, pointed out the gravity of our situation, and asked them which they preferred, to turn or to go on. They talked together in patois, and then Jean Antoine said, "When you tell us to turn we will go back; until then we will go on." I said, "Go on," although by no means feeling sure that it would not be
best

best to say "Go back." In another hour and a half we got to the foot of the western summit, and, as the slopes steepened, the snow became firmer again. We arrived on the top of it about a quarter to four in the afternoon, and then had the mortification of finding that it was the lower of the two. There was no help for it; we had to descend to the plateau, to resume the flogging, wading, and floundering, and to make for the highest point, and then again, when we had got to the dome, the snow was reasonably firm, and we arrived upon the summit of Chimborazo, standing upright like men, instead of grovelling, as we had been doing for the previous five hours, like beasts of the field. The wind blew hard from the north-east, and drove the light snow before it viciously. We were hungry, wet, numbed, and wretched, laden with instruments which could not be used. With much trouble the mercurial barometer was set up; one man grasped the tripod to keep it firm, while the other stood to windward holding up a poncho to give a little protection. The mercury fell to 14.100 inches, with a temperature of 21° Fahr., and lower it would not go.'

From this and from a subsequent observation Mr. Whympers deduced that Humboldt's estimate of the height was too great by more than 800 feet, and that the true height of Chimborazo is 20,545 feet.* By the time they were ready for the descent they had scarcely an hour and a quarter of daylight left, and it became a race against the night. They ran, as he expresses it, 'for their lives,' since a night of exposure at such an altitude in their condition of wet and fatigue would have been too serious a matter to contemplate, and their arrival in the highest camp depended on their passing the difficult rocks before complete darkness set in. They passed at the last possible moment, and reached their camp and their camp-fire at 9 P.M., after nearly sixteen hours of hard work.

The ascent of Cotopaxi was a different matter in respect of climbing, which was so easy that they took two natives with them, and was an experience of unique interest. As they were able to accomplish the rise of 4,500 feet from their camp by midday, they had ample time for their preparations. The tent was securely fixed on a platform which they levelled, 250 feet below the rim of the crater. They had fixed a rope from the edge down to their tent, to guide them as a sort of hand-rail,

* Humboldt's measurement, 21,452 feet, which has been generally accepted by writers on geography, was calculated by determining barometrically the elevation of Riobamba, measuring a base line of 1702 metres, and calculating the angle of elevation of the summit. Mr. Whympers points out that there was an initial error in the calculated height of the base, and also that the angle of elevation of a snowy dome cannot be precisely determined unless a signal post is set on the highest point.

in a midnight inspection of the volcano. The clouds of steam he found to be less continuous at night than in the daytime, and he was able to look from the outer darkness into the depths of the crater below him. The weird grandeur of the scene may be gathered alike from the engravings and from the text:—

‘We saw an amphitheatre 2,300 feet in diameter from north to south, and 1650 feet across from east to west’ [he was able to survey and photograph it on the following morning], ‘with a rugged and irregular crest, notched and cracked; surrounded by cliffs, by perpendicular and even overhanging precipices, mixed with steep slopes—some bearing snow, others, apparently, encrusted with sulphur. Cavernous recesses belched forth smoke; the sides of the cracks and chasms no more than half-way down shone with ruddy light; and so it continued down to the bottom, precipice alternating with slope, and the fiery fissures becoming more numerous as the bottom was approached. At the bottom, probably 1200 feet below us, and towards the centre, there was a rudely circular spot, about one-tenth of the diameter of the crater, the pipe of the volcano, its channel of communication with lower regions, filled with incandescent, if not molten, lava, glowing and burning; with flames travelling to and fro over its surface, and scintillations scattering as from a wood-fire; lighted by tongues of flickering flame which issued from the cracks in the surrounding slope. At intervals of about half an hour the volcano regularly blew off steam. It rose in jets with great violence from the bottom of the crater, and boiled over the lip, continually enveloping us. The noise on these occasions resembled that which we hear when a large ocean steamer is blowing off steam. It appeared to be pure, and we saw nothing thrown out, yet in the morning the tent was almost black with matter which had been ejected. These intermittent and violent escapes of comparatively small quantities of steam proceeded with considerable regularity during our stay on the summit; but I cannot suppose they are continually happening. They can scarcely have occurred when we saw the clouds of steam quietly simmering out of the crater from the Hacienda Rosario, and on other occasions.’*

On the floor of their tent on Cotopaxi they found startling differences of temperature, in one corner 110° Fahr. (which nearly melted his india-rubber flooring), in another 50°, and in the middle 72°·5.

It was fortunate that Mr. Whympers was able before his departure in July to make his second ascent of Chimborazo—this time

* Page 153. The words ‘*comparatively small quantities of steam*’ refer to what he saw from other points of view, as for instance from Cayambe, when the volume of steam from Cotopaxi formed a cloud which seemed to be a mile high, and to spread over a width of several miles.

by the easier north-western ridge. In the first place he was rewarded by the one magnificent view from a great height which was vouchsafed to him, not, indeed, from the very top (where they found as usual the enveloping cloud, though this time of a novel kind), but from a height of 19,000 feet. 'We could see,' he says, 'to the bottom of the basin of Chimbo, 11,000 feet below, and overlooked the country on the west by four or five thousand feet. Between us and the sea, the whole expanse from north to south was filled by the Pacific range of Ecuador, with countless peaks and ramifications—valleys, vallons, dells, and dales, backed by the ocean rising above the haze which obscured the flat coast-land.'

Another and a rarer privilege was the sight of a great eruption of Cotopaxi. From the camp early in the morning, at a height of nearly 16,000 feet, looking towards the great volcano from a distance of about 60 miles, he noticed its remarkable tranquillity. Then came two puffs of steam, followed in a few minutes by a column of inky blackness, which shot straight up into the air with such prodigious velocity that, according to his estimate, it rose in less than a minute 20,000 feet above the rim of the crater. At this elevation it was caught by an easterly current of wind, and deflected at a right angle towards the Pacific—well away therefore from the route which he was following. But at midday the clouds of volcanic ash from Cotopaxi passed over Chimborazo, fortunately not till he had secured his view from the shoulder. These clouds had for some time caused a wonderful succession of tints; the sun had turned green; smears like verdigris over the sky, now changed to blood-red, and now passed to the colours of copper and of brass, presenting an effect beyond that of the most gorgeous sunset, and impossible to express adequately in any recognized chromatic terms. The changes of hue had ceased when they reached the summit, and found themselves wrapped all round by a cloud of uniform density, which hid away the sun altogether. The dust then settled down, covering and filling everything, and giving to the snow the appearance of a ploughed field. Reckoning from the amount of volcanic dust which fell on sheets of paper exposed at various places in the plain, he concludes that at least two millions of tons must have been ejected. Some of this dust was submitted to Professor Bonney, who found it to consist of rock fragments, mostly translucent, and mineral fragments, chiefly of felspar; for the most part the grains ranged in size from $\cdot001$ to $\cdot003$ inch.

Mr. Whympster has been able to correct several errors in the existing maps of Ecuador, which still relied principally on the surveys

surveys of Condamine and Maldonato, made in the last century. He gives us a route map from his own observation, and as a measure of its importance it will be sufficient to notice that he not only finds it necessary to alter considerably the relative distances of the great peaks, and their position, but also has to place a range between Chimborazo and the Pacific: hitherto that mountain has been supposed to lead by a continuous slope to the sea-coast. Another result of his ascents, in some respects even more important, is that he has disposed for ever of the idea, derived from Humboldt, that there are no glaciers in the Equatorial Andes. On the contrary, there are, as might be expected, glaciers on all the higher mountains of this region, which attain considerable size on Antisana, Chimborazo, and Cayambe: on Cayambe twelve glaciers were distinguished by Mr. Whymper; on Chimborazo eleven. It is not very easy to explain why Humboldt should have believed that there was 'nothing like the Swiss glaciers' in Ecuador. It is not answer enough to say that the nature and character of glaciers were imperfectly understood at that time, if we assume Humboldt to have reached the height which he believed himself to have reached on Chimborazo; for he could then hardly have failed to see analogies to the Swiss glaciers which were known to him. It can only be supposed that, having turned back at a lower point, he had imagined all the *névé*, which he saw above him, to be mere snow slopes and beds of avalanche snow. The same remarks will apply to the statement of Boussingault, that he had seen no glacier in the Andes except on Tunguragua. It seems strange that this view should have been accepted without demur by writers of a much more recent date. Mr. Freshfield* cites a treatise on glaciers, dated 1848, which denies their existence in the Andes and in the Himalayas. Even Reclus,† writing twenty years later, retains, 'avec la plupart des auteurs,' the same erroneous idea about the Andes north of Chili. It is not unimportant to insist on the fallacy of Humboldt's dictum, and to dispel it wherever it has lingered, since if it were possible for great reservoirs of perpetual snow to exist on the sides of lofty mountains without producing glaciers, the whole glacier theory would have to be re-written.

One unusual feature of an equatorial glacier, which was brought, somewhat forcibly, to Mr. Whymper's notice, is worthy of record. In descending from the summit of Antisana, when he was walking down the so-called 'dry' glacier (that is, glacier not covered by snow), he suddenly fell through thin

* 'Mountaineering,' p. 283.

† 'La Terre,' i. 295.

ice,

ice, 'shot down, as it were, through a trap door,' into a deep crevasse. In nine cases out of ten, perhaps in ninety-nine out of a hundred, travellers who had reached a nearly level glacier of this kind, where there is no snow to conceal the crevasses, would have cast off the rope, unless, indeed, they happened to have been overtaken by darkness. Fortunately Mr. Whympers party was still roped, and he was rescued by his companions from the 'frozen vault' in which he was hanging. A covered crevasse on the 'dry' glacier is, as far as we know, contrary to all experience; nor is it easy to see how the ice-bridge originates. It is, perhaps, conceivable that a period of abnormally hot and dry weather immediately preceding Mr. Whympers journey may, by ablation of the upper snow, have converted the névé, with its bridges, into a glacier of pure ice. At any rate, it seems that a precaution is needed on tropical, and possibly on Himalayan, glaciers which is unnecessary in the European Alps.

Mr. Whympers sets an example, worthy of imitation by all mountaineers who explore unknown ranges, in neglecting nothing which could be turned to account by the learned in any branch of science. His unfailing perseverance and keen power of observation enabled him to make a collection which he submitted to experts in this country for arrangement and classification. From this has resulted a separate volume, in which a number of well-known authorities have contributed notices of the zoological specimens obtained from the higher regions, determining those which belong to known species, and naming some which are new. This Appendix also is illustrated by admirable engravings, especially of the Coleoptera, of which about 100 species were collected above the line of 9000 feet. Mr. Whympers confined his attention, as a collector, to the higher elevations, as being the districts hitherto most neglected. In his own valuable notes on botany he has taken account only of plants found above 14,000 feet; and it is probable that he will be found to have given much help to the discussion of Alpine flora. His description of the basin of Machachi and its slopes will surely tempt the naturalist to brave all discomforts of Ecuadorian travel, including 'flies innumerable.'

'Pumas and deer ranged over the high rugged ground; foxes, weasels, and opossums dwelt on the lower slopes; and down in the basin there was a zoologist's paradise. Butterflies above, below, and around. . . . Mayflies and dragonflies danced in the sunlight; lizards darted across the paths; and legions of spiders pervaded the grass, many very beautiful—frosted-silver backs, or curious, like the saltigrades, who took a few steps and then gave a leap. There were crickets

crickets in infinite numbers, and flies innumerable, from thin daddy-long-legs to ponderous black hairy fellows, known to science as *Dejeaniæ*; hymenopterous insects in profusion, including our old friend the Bishop of Ambato [an insect not much more alarming in appearance than a hornet], in company with another formidable stinger with chrome antennæ, called by the natives "the Devil"; and occasional *Phasmas*, crawling painfully about, like animated twigs.' (Page 115.)

On the subject of Lepidoptera there are useful observations which tend to show that Humboldt erred in too readily assuming that butterflies found at high elevations were wind-born stragglers. Mr. Whymper finds a 'resident population' for the Upper Andes, and allows for the yellow butterfly (specially mentioned by Humboldt) a region extending to 15,000 feet. It is possible, however, that Humboldt intended his words to apply only to elevations still higher.

Yet one other time-honoured belief, countenanced, strange to say by Humboldt, is wisely rejected in this book—that the Ecuadorian fish, *Pimelodus cyclopus*, is ejected from craters and fissures of Cotopaxi and other volcanoes during an eruption, 'thousands' being thrown out from heights above 16,000 feet, and reaching the plains in some instances alive. Mr. Whymper points out that this would imply life in water above the boiling temperature, and makes the very plausible suggestion that the fish had simply been washed from their haunts by the great floods which often followed volcanic disturbances, and had been left stranded on the plains, where the native informants of Humboldt found them.

To two other points Mr. Whymper gave particular attention. He had taken with him several instruments for the determination of heights, including three mercurial barometers, eight aneroids, and nine boiling-point thermometers. These he continually watched and compared, and, further, after his return to this country, followed up his observations by laboratory experiments. These observations are noted from time to time in the 'Travels': he has treated the subject fully in a separate publication.* Among some of his more important conclusions he notes† that 'with aneroids of the present construction, it is unlikely that decent approximations to the truth will be obtained at low pressures, even when employing a large number of instruments: that differences of level at great heights may be determined with considerable accuracy with aneroids, even when they have acquired very large index-

* 'How to Use the Aneroid.'

† 'Travels,' p. 411.

errors;

errors; and that in observations of this description a nearer approach to the truth is generally obtained by employing the mean of ascending and descending readings, than by taking ascending or descending readings separately.' It is sufficiently clear that the barometer required by those who have to determine unknown elevations is the mercurial. Useful hints for its rather difficult transport will be found in this book. It may, however, be remarked that mountaineers who have to find their way on a return route—the point, for instance, where a traverse was made in ascending—or to make out their position on a map, may find assistance in the easily carried aneroid.

A great deal of discussion is given to the physical effect of low atmospheric pressure, and what is known as 'mountain sickness,' and here we must confess that Mr. Whymper's arguments do not appear to us convincing. The actual experience in this matter on which he lays most stress was that soon after he and the two Carrels reached the second camp on Chimborazo (an elevation not 1000 feet above the summit of Mont Blanc, and more than 1000 feet below the summit of Mount Elbruz in the Caucasus), they found themselves incapable of any exertion, even of sitting upright, and suffered from difficulty of breathing and violent headache. These are the symptoms of 'mountain sickness': they are also the symptoms produced in those who take very hard exercise on plains or rivers, when they are 'not in training'; and Mr. Whymper seems to draw the line too sharply between the two causes. The writer remembers having once suffered from this malady on the Alps, with symptoms almost identical with those which are here described, but at a height not above 11,000 feet. This he attributed, rightly, as he still believes, to the fact that he had imprudently tried to climb a mountain the day after his arrival from England, and after a period of little bodily exercise. The cause seemed to be established by the fact that after a few days' walking he experienced nothing of the kind at much greater altitudes. It is surely natural that men who had lately arrived in the tropics, wholly unacclimatized, should be out of condition; and we find that Mr. Perring, who habitually lived at the sea-level, but in the tropics, did not suffer at all, and was able to feed his prostrate companions. After a few days' rest the malady passed off, and never recurred to any of the party, either on the top of Chimborazo or on any other summit in Ecuador. Mr. Whymper propounds the theory that the effects are due to 'the expansion (under diminution of external pressure) of gaseous matter within the body which seeks to be liberated, and causes an internal pressure that strongly affects the blood-vessels,' and he supposes this to be
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the result of a comparatively sudden passage from the high to the low pressure. But when the men so affected had spent some time in the plains and allowed the gaseous matter to arrange itself as before, they should have experienced exactly the same effects on reaching similar elevations on Cotopaxi and other peaks. Their entire immunity is incompatible with this theory, but may be accounted for by their having become inured to exercise. The coincidence of the attack in the case of the Europeans is sufficiently explained by the fact that their conditions were the same—all alike walking for the last portion at least of their first steep ascent in the tropics. It is probable that the pace at great altitudes is lessened (though on ground previously explored Mr. Whymper's party seems to have ascended at a very fair speed); but his reasoning on this point is not conclusive: he should surely for his argument have compared his walking pace on the plateau of 10,000 feet, not with his speed a year earlier at Lillie Bridge, but with his speed in the same year at the sea-level of the tropical Guayaquil. The whole enquiry was intended to bear on the feasibility of reaching the higher summits of the Himalayas: it has become less important since Mr. Conway's party is now putting the matter to a practical test in India, and may, while we write, have settled the question in one way or the other. We hope, and our news so far implies, that the attempt is meeting with the success which it deserves: if the explorers fail to reach the greatest altitudes at which they aim, the obstacle, unless we are much mistaken, will not be found in the low atmospheric pressure. That there is a limit beyond which even those in good health and training could not move and breathe, there can be no doubt; but there is nothing as yet to show any probability that it will be found even on the highest mountains.

It is possible that many who admit the utility of such research as we have described, and perceive also that it could not have been so successfully carried out by any traveller who was not also an experienced mountaineer, will ask in what conceivable way mountaineering can be a commendable or useful pursuit for those who never intend to turn it to any similar account. We think that everyone who reads the book which we have placed next to Mr. Whymper's at the head of this article will be in a position to answer the question. Mr. Dent's 'Mountaineering' is a model specimen among the best of an excellent series, and is a book upon which the principal author and his associates in the work may well be congratulated. All the contributors, and none more so than Mr. Dent, are qualified to speak with authority on their subject by success as skilful
climbers

climbers and mountaineers in the Alps or in the Caucasus, and by experiences of which most of them have, as it happens, already written well and pleasantly; and they are representatives of all the various periods in the development of their favourite pastime. Though it is not the object of the book to make converts, it is not hard to gather from it the claim for reasonableness. 'In the first place we are out for a long holiday, and are escaping for a time from the strife and turmoil of life. We go out wearied with ten months of toil and labour, and begin to understand what freedom means when we catch our first glimpses of the Alps.'* A keener and more invigorating air is to be found on the glaciers than on the trodden paths, an air which 'quickens the blood and fills us with a strange vitality.' Nothing is ordinary or common-place: we can pass through all the varieties of mountain scenery, from the pastures all ablaze with flowers up to 'the fastnesses of the great seracs of ice' and the higher pinnacles of rock. Great as is the authority of Mr. Ruskin, we cannot assent to his dictum, that 'the true beauty of the Alps may be seen where all may see it—the child, the cripple, and the man of grey hairs.' Much of it may be seen there, but not all, nor the greatest. There is a beauty of colour and form which can only be found in the recesses of an icefall; there are magnificent effects which are seen only on a great mountain ridge, and not least when the mists are rolling about it.

In how great a degree the high Alps are, what is happily expressed by the title of one of the best among Alpine books, 'The Playground of Europe,' may be judged from the extent to which clubs, in imitation of the English Alpine Club, but much larger, have been formed and popularised in Switzerland, France, Italy, Germany, and Austria, numbering, we believe, in the aggregate, more than 20,000 members. And it is not merely to the attractions of air and scenery that this popularity is due. If there were no skill to be acquired, this pursuit would not have the favour which it seems to possess of engrossing the interest and diverting the mind from the cares of ordinary life.

Wherein lies the skill, and how it may be securely gained, it is the object of this book to teach. It treats of mountaineering of all kinds and degrees, with guides and without them, in the well-known and well-provided Alps, for which the outfit recommended is simple, and in more distant ranges, ignorant of inns and alpine huts, for which elaborate preparations must be made. Its purpose is admirably seconded by the illustrations,

* 'Mountaineering,' p. 375.

which seem to bring before us the exact circumstances of a mountain climb in all its variety of interest. So truly drawn are the figures that they afford a lesson in themselves as to the right method of procedure on rock or on ice. In the picture of 'crack climbers,' it is true, the situation cannot be called legitimate; but it is probably intended rather as a warning than as an example, and we can always turn the page over before the slip begins.

Several chapters and particularly minute treatment are given to 'snow-craft': and this is right; for there is more need of special knowledge and experience, and greater variety of difficulty and danger on glaciers, and slopes, or ridges of snow, than elsewhere. To walk easily, or as easily as may be, on snow, and with certainty of balance in steps on ice or frozen slopes; to manage the rope so that it may be a real security and no hindrance, and the axe so that it shall help its owner and his party, and hurt nobody; to cross a doubtful snow-bridge so as not to break it; and to reap the full enjoyment of a glissade—these are accomplishments which all who wish to climb well and safely must learn; how much art is to be learnt in these matters, and how full of interest is the learning, every one who is familiar with glacier expeditions knows, and most who read these chapters can easily guess. The art of step-cutting, so fully and graphically explained, touches chiefly, no doubt, those who dispense with guides. But even for the generality it will immensely increase the interest of their expedition, if they can appreciate, as this book will teach them to do, exactly where the skill and the judgment are exhibited in the poise of the axe or in the probing of the snow. In time they will thus acquire the closeness of observation, which is the secret of the power (sometimes loosely called 'a sort of instinct'), possessed by all competent guides, of retracing with certainty a difficult route. In the words of Mr. Dent:

'On great snow ranges, which have hitherto only been partially explored, snow-craft is the all-important requisite. A pure rock-climber will find comparatively few opportunities of exercising his powers. The peak will be won, the passes crossed, and the districts above the snow-line explored and revealed by the ice-man, not by the rock-climber. The man who can drag himself up a vertical rock-face when he can just get his finger-tips on to one little ledge, will be of far less use to an exploring party than the man who can cut a series of steps truly and well, who can judge quickly of the state of the snow, who can estimate correctly what effect the weather of a given day will be likely to have on the snow-fields; who, following always a definite principle, can thread his way with ease and certainty through an icefall; who can recognize with a single thrust of
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the axe the bearing power of snow; who can choose his line over a snow-field, and follow it with a confidence born of his own tried judgment and experience, and who becomes cooler and fuller of resources when bad weather sets in.' (Page 213.)

He who can do this, and who studies also the art of reconnoitring an intended route, which is justly styled 'at once the most difficult and the most neglected department,' is the finished mountaineer in distinction to the mere climber. Such and such only should attempt to dispense with guides on the high Alps; for, whatever may be the advantages alleged of economy or of pleasurable independence, it must be said of guideless expeditions, 'commendat rarior usus.' The conditions under which they cease to be a folly pregnant with disaster are well and plainly stated by one who has fully tested their sufficiency, and whose chapter has a vignette which is a whole parable in itself:

'Every guideless party must consist of three or more members who know each other's climbing well; each must have had a long experience of lower hills in all kinds of weather; must have climbed in the high Alps for at least four seasons with good guides; must have the moral courage to turn back if advisable; must be able to take his share of the work, and lead the party in case of need.'

These directions are for the more experienced: all who are drawn to the mountains, whether for easy or for difficult climbing, will be grateful for the advice, given with all the authority of medical knowledge on questions of 'health in mountaineering': how best to avoid and how to cure snow-blindness or frost-bite, or such minor evils as sun-burn. We are particularly glad to find a warning against the use of alcohol on the mountains. It is more generally known now than it was twenty years ago, that brandy does not 'keep out the cold' or help the exhausted walker, but has exactly the opposite effect. Still the old idea lingers, and it has probably just turned the scale against recovery in some cases of exposure or exhaustion. We have heard it asserted that brandy is valuable as a cure for an attack of giddiness: we greatly doubt it, and believe that until the liability to giddiness, whether it proceeds from temporary illness or from want of habit, has passed away, the only safeguard is a broader path. That another remedy has once at least been tried is clear from the following story, which was told to the writer on the best authority. A party of four were entering on a narrow ledge, when one of the travellers declared that he was giddy and could not move: the leader, one of the two most famous Oberland men of the time (nearly thirty years ago), merely turned to the second guide with the brief command 'Push him over': his orders were always beyond question, and

the traveller was straightway lowered over the precipice, and, after dangling on the rope for a few seconds, was drawn back with all his powers of climbing restored. Whether this method was ever tested before or since, we know not; we place it on record for the use of those who may wish to try heroic remedies.

What we have said will sufficiently indicate the opinion which is inculcated by the book, and which we readily endorse, that 'Alpine climbing,' so far from being a rash and dangerous mania, as some have regarded it, staking life on a vain-glorious success, has (quite apart from any aid which it may give to science) all the characteristics of a healthy and invigorating sport, and very little unavoidable danger for those who will observe the 'rules of the game.' Here lies the root of the whole matter. The man who neglects these rules is in just the same category as the man who, by the way in which he carries his gun or disregards the line, endangers his own life and the lives of his companions. The offender in the latter case would not be regarded as a daring adventurer, but simply as a bad sportsman. It is not too much to say that in all the accidents which have stained the annals of mountaineering in the last thirty years, except those of which the details are quite unknown (and the exceptions may be counted on the fingers of one hand), it is possible to find a cause in the breach of some rule or other. When we say this, we do not speak only of the simpler rules respecting the proper use of the rope, or the rejection of an inexperienced climber from a difficult expedition; but of certain other principles also which make up the science of safe mountaineering: to avoid places where avalanches or stones commonly fall, or to pass them only at an early hour before the sun is on them: * to use constant watchfulness on a snow ridge, in order to see that those in front are not walking on an overhanging cornice: to be ready to turn back when the most experienced in the party judges that bad weather or other causes render further progress unwise. It is not every guide who can resist foolish importunity to proceed against his better judgment. Mr. Mathews quotes the answer once given by Melchior Anderegg to a first-rate climber who wanted him to take a course 'which the great guide deemed to be imprudent. "Es geht, Melchior," said the climber. "Ja," was the immediate answer, "es geht; aber ich gehe nicht."' Lastly, there is a

* Hence it follows that a pass which is quite safe taken from one side, may be imprudent if taken the reverse way. For instance, it may not be imprudent (though of this we do not feel absolutely sure) to cross Monte Rosa from Macugnaga; but it would be sheer lunacy to reverse the passage and to brave the avalanches late in the day.

canon of mountaineering (as such we prefer to regard it), only too frequently broken—that the party should never be less than three in number. Even on rocks most mountaineers must frequently have been in places where two persons could arrest the slip of another, whereas a single companion would probably be carried away with him. And as to places, where the slip of one must inevitably draw down two others who are standing still, we can only apply Mr. Dent's rule, 'A place that is too bad to be traversed by a roped party, lest the slip of one should drag down all, is a place that should not be traversed at all.' On covered glaciers the wisdom of the rule is obvious: for 'the difficulty at all times of hauling a man out of a crevasse is very much greater than people suppose, since the force has to be exerted in a most inconvenient direction. It would require superhuman strength for one man to pull another out of a *névé* crevasse of any depth.' There is a gruesome story, though it ended without a tragedy, of a traveller who fell through a snow bridge. His single guide could just preserve the equilibrium, but was quite unable to do more: he could only hold loyally by the rope and wait for the event. It is difficult to conceive a crueller situation or a more terrible responsibility—the very punishment devised by Mezentius—and yet to decide upon cutting himself free! Fortunately after about an hour, but by the merest chance, another party came in sight upon the glacier, and the traveller was drawn up in time to save his life. If the rule is observed, that at least three persons must be on the rope, no such danger can ever occur.

We repeat that no accident, as far as our information extends, ever occurred on the high Alps, where all the above-mentioned canons of mountaineering had been regarded. Whatever cause there may be for condemnation of mountain-climbing, has been given by those who wilfully or through ignorance have broken these rules. They may all be deduced from Mr. Dent's book, and their gravity cannot be better expressed than by quoting the words of Mr. Justice Wills in the preface. 'The Alps have been styled the playground of Europe; but the playfield may be the field of death if incautiously approached or ignorantly dealt with. Nature trusts her secrets to those only who hold her in awe and reverently own her mystery and reserve. To such as woo her with respectful admiration and with patient suit, she tells her story freely and with ever-growing kindness. Woe betide those who think they can know her at first sight, or win her confidence without sympathy or effort!'

- ART. IV.—1. *Schliemann's Excavations*. By Dr. C. Schuchhardt. Translated from the German by Eugénie Sellers. London, 1891.
2. *New Chapters in Greek History*. By Percy Gardner, M.A. London, 1892.
3. *Illahun, Kahun, and Gurob*. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. London, 1891.
4. *Handbook of Greek Archæology*. By A. S. Murray, LL.D. London, 1892.
5. *Familiar Studies in Homer*. By Agnes M. Clerke. London, 1892.
6. *A Companion to the Iliad for English Readers*. By Walter Leaf, Litt. D. London, 1892.

THE discussions of archæologists usually resemble, in some degree, the famous dispute of Sir Arthur Wardour and Monkbarns. Beginning with a difference of opinion concerning the race of the Picts, these two antiquaries ended in a quarrel as to the value of Harry Maule of Melgum's 'short but satisfactory "History of the Picts,"' and Sir Arthur finally insinuated that Oldbuck was no gentleman. Fortunately modern antiquarians are more courteous and discreet, even when they are concerned with a topic nearly as obscure and exciting as Pictish history; namely, the exact significance of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ, and of other recent excavations in Greek, Asiatic, and Egyptian soil. How do these illustrate the date of Homer and the condition of the society which he knew? On those points archæologists are divided into two parties: one holding, with Sir Arthur Wardour, by tradition, and declaring for the vast antiquity of the Greek heroic age; while the other, like Monkbarns, is more sceptical, and, like him, avails itself of 'a sort of pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact.' It is our purpose to state, as clearly and fully as space permits, the nature of the dispute. Without pretending to agree entirely with either side, we may confess to a prejudice in favour of a Greek tradition much older and more respectable than the fabulous Scottish history dear to Sir Arthur, which was composed, probably, by the learned canons of St. Andrew's with a definite political purpose.

The question at issue is of a kind which interests many sorts of students. Ever since Greece had a written literature, Homer has been the puzzle of the world. His date, his birthplace, the manner in which he composed his works, his claims to the authorship of both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, were as difficult problems to the Greeks as to ourselves. There exists another problem.

problem. Did Homer describe a real stage of society and of civilization, a condition of affairs older than that Return of the Heraclidæ, or Dorian invasion, of which tradition murmurs, or did he draw his pictures of life from what he beheld in the courts of early Achæan emigrants to Asia Minor? Was there ever, in short, on the Greek mainland, such a heroic society as Homer places in Sparta and Mycenæ, or are his pictures merely thrown back by fancy on the mist of forgotten times? The discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ and Tiryns, the rich treasures of an art hitherto strange on Greek soil, may be taken as corroborations of tradition. Here, in the Mycænæan graves, we may say, we have, if not Agamemnon and his company, at least the dust and the hoards of old Achæan dynasties. These bronze swords were drawn, if not under Troy town, certainly in such battles as Nestor loved to recall. These objects of gold may have been won from hostile Egyptians, in such raids on the coast as Odysseus speaks of, or may be presents from friendly foreign monarchs like Thon of Thebes, whose wife gave Helen the gift of Nepenthe, the enchanted draught which 'puts sorrow out of mind.' It is acknowledged that the excavations in Hissarlik, or Ilios, throw little light on the problems. If the burned city of Hissarlik was Ilios, then such an Ilios can have been no match for the wealth and strength revealed at Mycenæ. But it has yet to be proved that the treasures and walls of Mycenæ do actually represent the imperial town, the powerful civilization, of which Homer sings. They may, it is urged, be relics of a long and obscure later period, the age of the Greek Despots, from 750 to 600 B.C. In that case they do not corroborate, and they but slightly illustrate, Homer. The evidence of poetic tradition is not fortified by them. They are not relics of a pre-historic and heroic civilization in Greece, severed by a gulf of revolution and tumult from the later Greek civilization known to history. They are only the rudiments and first efforts of that later culture. These are the questions about which archæologists are in dispute. The friends of comparative recency are fortunate enough to possess in Mr. Murray, of the British Museum, a learned and competent advocate. On the other side is arrayed, not only sentiment, but a large body of Homeric scholars in England and Germany.

Before coming to closer quarters with the problem, we should remember that antiquarians have been apt to welcome each new piece of evidence as the key to the whole question, forgetting that the pickaxe and spade may at any moment bring fresh and contradictory testimony. For example, a whole theory as to the date of Homeric civilization has been based on certain Phœnician

Phœnician objects of art, mainly bowls of silver and other metals, which have been thought to illustrate Homer's descriptions of decorative metal work, as in the shield of Achilles (*Iliad*, book xviii.). But later discoveries tend to show that the Phœnician metal bowls do not correspond to Homeric descriptions so closely as do certain other relics; namely, dagger-blades from Mycenæ, for which an earlier date than that of the Phœnician bowls has been claimed. These bowls, in which the art exhibits a mixture of Egyptian and Assyrian influence, are decorated with rows or bands of figures in *repoussé* work. Many of them were found by General Cesnola in Cyprus. Cære and Præneste have yielded similar works of art. The Phœnician bowls were dated about 720-600 B.C., but it was admitted that they might go back 'as far as Homer's time,' say 800 B.C. The advocates of a much earlier period for Homer and Homeric civilization reply—(i.) that the Phœnician bowls may be far older than 800 B.C.; (ii.) that the more recent discoveries at Mycenæ, Vapheio, and elsewhere, show that the art known to Homer need not have been the art of the Phœnician bowls, but rather the art of the Mycænæan sword-blades, which are as early as 1600 B.C. It is difficult or impossible to fix the period when Sidonian merchant-men, so familiar to Homer, began trading in metal work with Greece. Thus Helbig has observed that there exists an Egyptian wall-painting in which Phœnicians bring silver vases, in the form of the heads of oxen, to Thothmes III. (1591-1565). Now, a silver bull's head, with gilded horns and a gold rosette on the brow, was found in a royal grave of Mycenæ. Helbig, rightly or wrongly, regards this piece as of Phœnician work, which would throw back Phœnician dealings with Greece to the sixteenth century. He also looks on the object as earlier than the Dorian invasion of Peloponnesus, say 1100 B.C. But the same form—the bull's head and rosette on the brow—occurs in the pottery of Kalymna, in the same case as the early pottery of Ialysus at the British Museum. Now, concerning the date of that very pottery, a battle is raging among antiquaries. The question is then, Are we to date Homeric civilization by the Phœnician bowls, and place them about 800-600 B.C., or are we to admit that Phœnician trade with Greece may be eight hundred years older, and date Homeric art by the sword-blades of Mycenæ, perhaps from 1600 B.C.?

The differences of style between the bowls and the inlaid sword are conspicuous. It may be said that the partisans of the comparatively late date of Homeric art rely on the evidence of the bowls, while the friends of a very early date rest chiefly
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on the swords, or rather daggers, and of other objects at Mycenæ, which, we think, are clearly not Phœnician in style. On the Phœnician bowls, as we saw, the figures are arranged in bands, and are represented in relief. There is no inlaying of various metals. But Homer, in the shield of Achilles, distinctly describes the effect of parti-coloured inlaid metals in the decoration of the shield. If, then, the art of the Mycenæan sword-blades is of a very early date, say 1600–1400 B.C., we naturally get a similar date for the style of decoration familiar to Homer. The evidence of the swords, later found, will modify or upset the theory based on the Phœnician bowls by which the period of Homeric art had previously been determined. The earlier date is adopted by Schuchhardt, in his work on Dr. Schliemann's discoveries; by Mr. Leaf, in his 'Companion to the Iliad'; by Mr. Percy Gardner, in his 'New Chapters in Greek History,' and, generally, makes part of the popularly accepted Homeric archæology. It is also supposed to be confirmed by the researches of Mr. Petrie in Egypt.* But, on the other hand, Mr. Petrie's conclusions are censured by Mr. Cecil Torr as illogical and unproved, while Mr. Murray has advanced the hypothesis that the Mycenæan antiquities are not pre-Dorian at all, are not Achæan, but belong to the obscure age of the great Tyrants, such as Pheidon the Temenid, say from 770 B.C. to 650 B.C. We shall indicate our opinion as to the improbability of this view, even in face of evidence mainly drawn from comparison of style, in the remaining objects of Mycenæan art. But it may not be superfluous first to dwell for a moment on the extremely precarious nature of archæological evidence as to dates, where unaided by actual written documents, and even occasionally where these exist. Before we argue from the style of decoration or pattern, for example, we must remember that, in certain regions, one style may persist long after it has disappeared in other districts. Again, pottery made for the mass of the population may keep up archaic forms and archaic designs, while fashions, in work meant for more wealthy customers, may have altered again and again.† Potsherds of both classes may easily be found mingled in one ancient rubbish heap, and may cause great searchings of heart as to dates. Once more, in the hoards buried with the dead, may be found objects, such as cups and swords and rings, which were already ancient heirlooms

* 'Illahun, Kahun, and Gurob.'

† We are informed that women in the Hebrides still make clay pots without the use of the wheel, and decorate them with incisions made by the nails or with the point of a stick. Such a pot, in an age of modern factories and modern trade, survives, or lately survived, from a period of unknown antiquity, and exactly resembles the pots found in our pre-historic graves.

even at the time of the interment, or which were acquired from abroad, in commerce or in war. Hence the same tomb may contain pieces of most various date and *provenance*. Again, even where a date is discovered, as on an Egyptian scarab for example, we cannot argue that the grave is as old as the Egyptian king whose cartouche is figured, because popular scarabs continued to be produced long after the time of the monarch whom they chronicled. We cannot even argue with absolute certainty that a grave is of the date of the death of its inmates. Egyptian example shows that the royal dead might be moved, for security, to a new eternal home, and Mr. Percy Gardner has very ingeniously suggested that the corpses and treasures in the 'shaft tombs' of Mycenæ, within the citadel, may conceivably have been transported thither for safety or other reasons from the beehive-shaped tombs outside the circle of the wall.* Such 'flittings' of the dead are neither impossible nor unexampled; and if they ever occurred, we cannot even maintain that the dead, in a grave, are never of much earlier date than the latest object which the grave contains. For the latest object may have been accidentally dropped, or piously bestowed, by the persons who in a later age shifted the corpses from one to another habitation. In such cases, however, the grave usually shows unmistakable traces of having been disturbed. Thus, during the long ages of time past many changes may occur, many new or even older objects may get mingled with others of a given date. Ancient styles of work and art may survive among others much more modern, and archaeological evidence can only be accepted with all the reserves which these circumstances, and our own ignorance and consciousness of prepossession, ought to suggest. Nor should opinions be obstinately held which a new discovery, the stroke of a spade, may at any moment upset. The questions before us, then, in the words of Mr. Leaf, are these: 'What is the true relation of the Mycenæan civilization to the Homeric poems? and what is its place in the development of classical Greece?'

The answers popularly accepted are: first, that the Homeric poems describe a civilization descended from and akin to that of Mycenæ, an Achæan civilization not yet shattered by Dorian conquerors; and, secondly, that the Mycenæan culture itself represents an early Achæan style of art, not free from foreign influences, but prior to the direct and potent Phœnician influence so strongly marked, for example, in Cyprus. Perhaps the only alternative hypothesis is that to which Mr. Murray

* 'New Chapters in Greek History,' pp. 77-79.

inclines.

inclines. Going backward from the better to the less known in Greek remains, he suggests that the Mycenæan civilization may not be pre-Dorian, not Achæan, but that of the age of the early Tyrants, roughly speaking from 770 to 600 B.C. In comparing these two theories, and seeking to find the more plausible, we may reserve the treasures of the graves for later consideration, and begin with the obvious architectural relics of Mycenæ and Tiryns. These are built in the various styles known as Cyclopean. The walls are of huge stones, some as much as ten feet long, by a yard high and thick. 'Tiryns of the mighty walls,' as Homer calls it,* is clearly in fact as well as tradition the older and ruder of the two cities. At Mycenæ there are three styles of masonry. There are blocks unhewn or slightly hewn piled on each other; next there are well-hewn rectangular blocks laid in regular courses; finally there are polygonal blocks 'fitting together with the most accurate joints.' The Lion Gate is of the second kind, but it is unsafe to conclude that it is later than adjacent walls in the first or rudest kind, though it shows signs of later adjustment and change. It may be later or it may be a piece of more careful work used in an important position. Much the same remarks apply to the polygonal masonry. This mode of building, which is also found in the ancient cities of the Incas in Peru, speaks of an early age, when there was great command of labour. As is well known, Greek popular tradition attributed the walls to the Cyclopes, a race of giants, just as, in Scotland, the Devil or Michael Scott, the wizard, is credited with superhuman constructions. More learned theory, in classical Greece, assigned the walls and beehive-shaped tombs, or 'treasure houses' of Mycenæ, to emigrants from Phrygia, rich in gold. 'Pelops came from Asia with much wealth, among needy men,' as Thucydides says.† This was the view of Peloponnesian antiquarians, according to Thucydides. 'The vaulted shape of the graves is probably to be tracked back to the Phrygian style of building,' says Dr. Schuchhardt, 'and the masses of gold can only have been procured from Phrygia or Lydia.' Now, granting that the style and the gold may have been of foreign origin, it does not follow, of course, that foreigners were the builders, nor that the citadels were built for aliens. The resemblances of style and the presence of wealth may have suggested a theory of foreign settlers to curious early Greek inquirers, and that view may have become traditional. It is certain that the Cyclopean style is mainly found on very

* *Iliad*, ii. 560.

† Thucydides, i. 9, 10.

ancient and Homeric sites, as at Athens. It is also certain that Greek tradition and belief, without any variation, assigned Mycenæ and Tiryns to the pre-Dorian Achæan age initiated by adventurers from Phrygia. Now, if Mycenæ and Tiryns, as in Mr. Murray's hypothesis, were walled as we see them by despots of 770-600, it would be a most extraordinary thing if history gave no hint on the subject, and if tradition were of the opposite opinion. But history is silent, and tradition is positive, on the other side. The Greeks, according to Mr. Murray, could remember the first builder of triremes, dated 704 B.C., yet they had hopelessly forgotten the great contemporary builders of Mycenæ. To wall Tiryns and Mycenæ must have required such forced labour as the Normans, after the Conquest, extorted from the English. Could the hardships thus inflicted by the despots, according to Mr. Murray's hypothesis, have been wholly forgotten? could the citadels and tombs have been ascribed, by the age of Thucydides, to a period infinitely more remote? Mr. Murray argues thus:—

'It is just possible that a period covering the seventh century, and extending, perhaps, into the eighth century B.C., was the time in which the pottery and other antiquities of the Mycenæ class were produced for the home market of Greece, and possibly in Greece itself. That period coincides with the rule of the tyrants in Greece; men like Pheidon of Argos, Kypselos of Corinth, and his son Periander. Greek history says little of how they ruled; but if we judge them by a comparison with Polycrates, the Tyrant of Samos' (540-520 B.C.), 'then they may be supposed to have maintained their sway by large bodies of men, who were at their bidding for war, or for the execution of public works, on a magnificent scale, in times of peace. At such a period we can conceive the great walls of Mycenæ and Tiryns, together with the vaulted tombs of Mycenæ, to have been built in rivalry with the tomb of their contemporary Alyattes, which Herodotus compared to the wonders of Egypt and Babylonia.'*

Homer, as we saw, distinctly speaks of the massive walls of Tiryns. If Mr. Murray is right, Greek history and Greek tradition, dating from an age relatively late, entirely forgot circumstances most remarkable. It is precisely as if Robert d'Oily's castle at Oxford were locally attributed to King Arthur. Again we have the great works of Mycenæ and Tiryns, where there was no tyrant known to history except the neighbouring tyrant of Argos; while, where we do find known tyrants, as in Argos, Sicyon and Corinth, we have no remaining works on the scale

* 'Handbook of Greek Art,' p. 57.

of those at Tiryns and Mycenæ.* Of Pheidon, the tyrant of Argos, very little is known, and that on authority very late. If he really introduced coined money, he certainly left none of it in the graves of Mycenæ. He was head of the Argive confederacy, then the foremost power in Peloponnesus. He may conceivably, perhaps, have fortified two neighbouring cities, Mycenæ and Tiryns, much more strongly than he did his own, namely Argos; but if he did so, legend and history have been curiously oblivious of so great and peculiar an achievement. He raised edifices, on Mr. Murray's showing, which Pausanias compares to the Pyramids of Egypt, but in three hundred years his countrymen, who remembered minor matters, had forgotten this. His comparatively recent and extraordinary efforts as a constructor were lost to memory, and were assigned to a dim and dubious past and to a fallen dynasty. To believe in this theory is not easy. One of Mr. Murray's arguments is, that we hear much of the tyrants, 'but no one points out any of their works that have survived except the tunnel of Polycrates.'† Here then we have powerful persons, tyrants who left no known works; and here we have, at Tiryns and Mycenæ, enormous works with no historical builder. Why then should we not attribute the works, as at Mycenæ, to the tyrants, if other evidence coincides? But here we reply, we have in Greek legend witness to a long age of heroic power, and here we have works which tradition, without a varying voice, attributes to that age. Was there no such age? Did it leave nothing? and if it did leave something, why should we deprive it of that which is uniformly granted to it by tradition? We may differ as to the value to be assigned to tradition, but it clings with the tenacity of ivy to ancient monuments. For this very reason great stones were raised as memorials of events. That tradition could wholly desert Mycenæ and Tiryns in three hundred years, could refuse them to Pheidon, and attribute them to the wrong builders in a far earlier age, is a theory which strains credulity.

We now turn to the rather enigmatic evidence of the solitary piece of sculpture in the architecture of Mycenæ. The famous headless lions of the Lion Gate have always been conspicuous; not so the very inferior and barbaric sculptures on the buried stelæ, or grave stones of the tombs unearthed by Dr. Schliemann. The lions of the gate are carved in relief, on a triangular slab of hard grey limestone, over the lintel. Their fore-paws rest on

* On the date of Pheidon varying from 895 to 600 a.c., see Grote (vol. ii. p. 315, note 2, edition of 1869). Grote places him 747 a.c. See also Gardner's 'Types of Greek Coins,' p. 7.

† 'Handbook,' p. 178.

two bases, at a higher level than their hind-paws. Between them is a column crowned by 'a curious capital, composed of a fillet, cyma moulding, roll and abacus.' Over the latter are four round discs, and these again are covered by a slab shaped like an abacus. 'In Phrygia Professor Ramsay has found two lions exactly similar to those of Mycenæ, on either side of a column above the door of a rock tomb.'* In considering these lions of the gate, which Mr. Murray connects with early Greek gems, we reach a rather puzzling point in his argument. As is well known, various gems, both engraved stones, and rings with subjects engraved on the gold bezel, were found in the shaft tombs of Mycenæ.† The graves must necessarily be later—how much later we cannot tell—than the walls of the Citadel. Now Mr. Murray apparently believes that Homer was ignorant of gems and rings: hence, we presume, Homer lived before their introduction into Greece. 'Homer,' says Mr. Murray, 'never mentions engraved gems, though there are passages where he would have been certain to have spoken of them had he known of their existence. Pliny quotes the silence of Homer as evidence that gem engraving had not been in practice in his day.'‡ If we take Mr. Murray literally, Homer was ignorant of the existence and use of gems and rings. Therefore he lived before the date of the Mycenæan graves, where rings are plentiful. He also lived before the date of the tyrants who, according to Mr. Murray's hypothesis, built the walls of Mycenæ, the city so familiar in the Homeric poems. This is certain, because 'the beginning of the tyrants would coincide with the date we have arrived at for the earliest class of engraved gems and the vases found with them.' Homer then, the author who is so familiar with Mycenæ, lived before Mycenæ and Tiryns were walled as we see them now, for he lived before gems, of which he knew nothing, and the earliest engraved gems in Greece coincide with the date of the Argive tyrants who built the walls of Mycenæ and Tiryns. This theory of Tiryns, at least, must clearly be given up as untenable, for Homer speaks, as we said, of its mighty walls.

Mr. Murray probably does not cling to the hypothesis that the Tirynthian walls are of the age of the Argive tyrants, and unknown to the author of the Catalogue, who mentions them.

* Schuchhardt, pp. 141, 142. Mr. Ramsay thinks that the lion type passed from Phrygia into Greece during the ninth, or more probably the eighth century B.C. (See 'Journal of Hellenic Society,' ix. p. 371.) This suits Mr. Murray's age of Pheidon very well.

† Schuchhardt, p. 122. The engraved stones are published in 'Eph. Arch.' 1888, Plin. 10, 34, 35. For the rings, see Schuchhardt, pp. 221, 277.

‡ We have constantly to protest against the reasoning which deduces Homer's ignorance from Homer's silence.

Our difficulty is to believe in walled Tiryns known to Homer, who did not know the Mycenæan walls as they stand, yet did know Mycenæ. That city manifestly dominated Tiryns in Homer's mind. Could the Mycenæans have held it in such force, as against the Tirynthians, without the walls? Not so, we know, could Zethus and Amphion, hardy as they were, hold Thebes.*

Mr. Murray's position, then, will be, that at about 1000 B.C. Tiryns was already walled. About 800 B.C. Homer knew Tiryns as walled, and Mycenæ, not yet walled, or not walled as we see it. About 750-650 B.C. and after Homer, come the rise of Argive tyrants, the introduction of gems, the building of the Lion Gate, increased fortification of Mycenæ, and the making of the tombs in the Citadel, these tombs which we have regarded as much older than Homer.

A view somewhat akin to Mr. Murray's, but differing on important points, is that of Professor Ramsay, the explorer of Phrygian antiquities.† Phrygia, in his opinion, was in close relation with the Asiatic Greeks of Cyme and Phocæa in the eighth century. 'The Phrygian device' (the lions) 'which appears over the principal gateway of Mycenæ was learned during this intercourse, and belongs to the period of Argive ascendancy,' under Pheidon and his successors. Mr. Ramsay publishes illustrations of Phrygian lion tombs, where the attitudes of the beasts, though not perhaps the style of art, are closely analogous to the attitudes of the lions on the Mycenæan gate. He believes that the animals are connected with the worship of Cybele, and that they represent guardians who drive evil influences from the tomb or the town. The artists of Mycenæ learned the device from Phrygia, or Phrygia and Mycenæ both took it from a common source. The Lion Gate is thus of the eighth or ninth century. 'Historically there is good reason to assign at least part of the fortifications of Mycenæ to the time when the Argive kings were the greatest power in Greece;' that is, to the period of Mr. Murray's tyrants.‡ But Mr. Ramsay does not hold the same views as to the dates of the Royal graves in Mycenæ. These are much older than the Lion Gate, he thinks, and are pre-Dorian. 'The people who built the Lion Gate considered the peribolus with the tombs as sacred, and the heroes buried in the tombs belong to an older time. . . . The Dorian conquerors continued the

* *Odyssey*, xi. 264, 265.

† 'Journal of the Hellenic Society,' ix. 2.

‡ Mr. Ramsay cites similar opinions of Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, in 'Hermes,' xxi. iii., and of Niese, 'Entwick. d. Homer. Poesie,' p. 218.

family cultus of the chiefs whom they dispossessed.' This they did, in part owing to the influence of Homer, who had made Mycenæ famous and sacred. In Mr. Ramsay's opinion, then, the Homeric poems, to some extent at least, are older than the Dorian invasion. The Dorians, thanks to Homer's charm, were proud and anxious to be regarded as Achæans, akin to Homer's heroes. Thus, while they built the Lion Gate and decorated it on Phrygian models, in the eighth or ninth century, they still revered the dead in the Royal graves, which are much more ancient than the Dorian possession of the city. If Mr. Murray is right in making the lions of the gate coeval with the gems in the graves, then Mr. Ramsay is wrong, and both the gate and the graves are of the age of the Argive tyrants of the eighth century.

This point is matter for archæological and artistic criticism of style. Are the contents of the tombs coeval on the whole with the lions of the gates? Are the lions of the gates necessarily so late as the eighth century?

On these points Mr. Flinders Petrie is at variance with both Mr. Murray and Mr. Ramsay. With Mr. Ramsay he believes in the great and pre-Dorian antiquity of the Royal tombs, but as to the lions he thinks them of the same or older date.* 'The lions on the gate are similar in position to a gilt wooden lion broken from some small decoration, which I found dated to 1450 B.C.' This wooden lion is 'in exactly the same attitude.' 'That the design penetrated to Phrygia is nothing surprising, considering the range of Mycænæan culture.†

The diversities of archæological opinion are thus clearly illustrated. We have Schuchhardt, Furtwaengler (in his work on Mycænæan pottery), Mr. Leaf, and current opinion generally in favour of a remote pre-Dorian date for the Mycænæan antiquities, both for walls, gate, and objects in the Royal graves. We have Mr. Ramsay, Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, Niese, and others believing in a Dorian and tyrannical date for the Lion Gate, while Mr. Ramsay leaves the graves to the ancient Achæans. We have Mr. Petrie believing that the Gate, as well as the graves, is pre-Dorian, founding his theory on Egyptian evidence. Finally we have Mr. Murray, who assigns walls, gate, lions, and the bulk of the objects in the Royal graves to Dorians of the eighth and seventh centuries.

* J. H. S., xii. 1.

† *Op. cit.* p. 203. The reader may also consult Chipiez and Perrot, '*L'Art dans la Phénicie*' (1890), pp. 110, 220. They hold that Phrygian designs of lions reached Greece, probably on embroidered tissues, not the converse, as in Mr. Petrie's theory.

Mr. Murray's view about the contents of the tombs is based on comparison of styles in pottery, sculpture, gem engraving, and general decoration. In pottery found in the oldest Greek sepulchres, the earliest type is the 'primitive.'* The handles of primitive vessels are usually 'rudimentary.' The ornament takes the form of 'incised zigzag lines.'† 'These several characteristics are to be met with, more or less, in the primitive barrows or graves of Britain. They are also found in tombs on the small islands of Amorgos and Antiparos, excavated by Mr. J. Theodore Bent in 1884.' Here we may remark that, if pottery were still buried with the dead, similar primitive vessels might be unearthed from graves of this century, in the small islands of Uist and Barra. But they would be no evidence as to date: they would merely attest 'survival in culture,' as Mr. Murray sees (p. 14). Nor does finding flint implements in Egyptian graves date the accompanying pottery to an early period (*op. cit.* p. 13); for flint implements, in Egypt, remained in use, overlapping metal implements, to a period comparatively late.‡ The 'primitive' pottery was still produced in Greece as late as the seventh century. The pottery of Mycenæan tombs is of a character later than the primitive. The vases are covered with 'a creamy slip,' and the designs are painted in black. What is the date of the Mycenæan pottery? Is it Achæan and earlier than the Dorian invasion (1100 B.C.), or is it later, or did it begin early and last through the revolution of society and the change of ruling races? Furtwaengler and Loeschke, in 'Myken Vasen,' take the Mycenæan vases to be early and pre-Dorian, relying on comparisons with Egypt. The Achæans would imitate pottery which Egypt presented to their view, say in the fourteenth century B.C. This is not the only theory; Mr. Petrie holds that the vases of the fourteenth century, found in Egypt, were brought there or made there by Achæans. But Mr. Murray, arguing against Furtwaengler, says that Greeks would find in Egypt much the same vases, whether Achæans went thither in the fourteenth, or much later Greeks in the seventh century. 'Egypt was for centuries an unchanging country' (p. 25); yet 'for a long period previous to 600 B.C. Egypt had been sinking into deeper and deeper degradation' (p. 24). Thus the 'unchanging country' had been changing

* 'Pottery is the very key to digging. To know the varieties of it, and the age of each, is the alphabet of work.' (Flinders Petrie, 'Ten Years' Digging in Egypt,' p. 158.)

† 'Handbook,' p. 6.

‡ Chabas, 'Études sur l'Antiquité historique,' p. 390.

very greatly. This matter little affects the argument. 'One thing the Greeks would not have seen, and that is finely-painted pottery. The ancient Egyptians were not skilled in that art.' Thus as far as pottery goes, if finely-painted pottery is found in Egypt and dated 1300 B.C., or earlier, either it is wrongly dated, about which there is a discussion, or the Achæans, as in Mr. Petrie's view, not the Egyptians, were its makers. Mr. Murray sets aside the idea, in itself unlikely on all grounds, that the Phœnicians made and introduced the pottery of the Mycænæan style.

Mr. Murray's own argument as to Mycænæan pottery may be stated thus: We ought to begin with the known, the dated, and argue back. Let us start, then, from vases of Camiros, with inscriptions in which the character of the writing gives the date as early in the sixth century B.C. ('Handbook,' p. 28). Here, as may be seen at the British Museum, are human figures, with written names, on a field which is filled up with rosettes. Behind this art, earlier than this, comes a style in which rows of animals are designed, in Assyrian fashion, and rosettes fill up the field (*Ibid.*, p. 59). Greek colonists in Egypt in the seventh century B.C. might learn this manner, from contact with Phœnicians. The rosette Mr. Murray claims as specially Assyrian. But it is also frequent in the Egypt of Rameses III. (1200 B.C.).* It is at least open to argument that pre-Dorian Greece got the rosette from Egypt, that the rosette did not need to wait for Assyrian introduction in the seventh century. Mr. Murray's belief, however, is that the rosettes on these vases were imitated by Rhodian potters and potters of Naucratis, the seventh-century Greek settlement in Egypt, from Assyrian embroidery of curtains and dresses. Moving still further back, we find ornament mainly geometrical in style; the vases in which it is most prevalent, accompanied by very rude designs of men and women and chariots, are called the Dipylon type, as many were found near the Dipylon gate in Athens ('Handbook,' p. 32, plate 3). On these vases are pictures of sea-fights: soldiers on board are threatening each other with spears, as in English MSS. of the fourteenth century. Mr. Murray argues that 'Homer knew nothing of battles at sea, nor of ships equipped for that purpose' (*Ibid.*, p. 39). These Dipylon vases, then, must be later than Homer. They are thought (*op. cit.*, p. 40) to be of the middle of the seventh century. But to assert in a popular handbook, and without qualification, that Homer knows nothing of battles at sea nor

* Flinders Petrie, *J. H. S.*, xii. 1.

of 'ships equipped for that purpose,' because he did not mention them in an inland epic, may, not inconceivably, prove misleading. In the attack of the Trojans on the ship (Iliad, xv. 674) we read, 'Nor yet did it please the spirit of high-hearted Aias to stand in the place whereto the other sons of the Achæans had withdrawn, but he kept faring with long strides up and down the decks of the ships, and he wielded in his hands a great pike for sea-battles (*ξυστὸν μέγα ναύμαχον*), jointed with rings, two-and-twenty cubits in length.' These pikes are again spoken of as 'used in ship-battles' in Iliad xv. 389, where the spears serve to repel attack on ships drawn up on land. Thus Homer is not ignorant of ship-battles, though he does not find occasion to describe one. Mr. Murray obviously thinks that the long spears were exclusively employed to repel attacks on ships drawn up on shore, and they are so handled in the fifteenth book of the Iliad. But can we safely confine the meaning of *ξυστὸν μέγα ναύμαχον* to such a conflict? 'The first naval battle that Thucydides was aware of occurred between the Corinthians and Corcyræans in 664' ('Handbook,' p. 40). But wherever and whenever armed enemies met in hostile ships, there, in the nature of things, would be fighting, though history did not preserve the records of these engagements. One example, at least, of very early ship-battles we happen to possess. In the reign of Rameses III., about 1200 B.C., certain Northern invaders attacked Egypt. Whoever they were, they were 'Ægean.' 'They came up leaping from the coasts and isles,' says the inscription on the walls of a temple erected by Rameses III. 'A defence was built on the water, like a strong wall, of *ships of war*, of merchantmen, of boats and skiffs. They were manned from stem to stern with the bravest warriors. . . . They who had assembled themselves over against the others on the great sea, a mighty firebrand lightened before them, in the mouths of the river. Their ships and all their possessions lay strewn on the mirror of the water.'* This naval battle was not on the open sea, but 'in the lakes of the mouths of the Nile.' The wall-pictures show men boarding ships, and a mast falling, with the man on the mast-head (Chabas, 'Études sur l'Antiquité,' 2nd ed., pp. 309-313; Helbig, *op. cit.*, p. 111). In these invaders De Rougé, with Mr. Flinders Petrie, sees pre-historic Greeks, contrary to the opinion of Brugsch. Helbig thinks that the invaders were from Asia Minor. In any case dwellers on shores and isles of the Greek sea, as early as the thirteenth century B.C., were contemporary with

* Brugsch, 'History of Egypt,' English translation, ii. 148.

naval battles. That Homer should have known nothing of such warfare is highly improbable, and we can scarcely believe that the word *ναυμαχον* was in his time confined merely to a battle for the possession of ships drawn up on shore. This is a digression, intended to illustrate the methods of archaeological argument. To return to the Dipylon vases with their pictures of sea-fights: these, we gladly agree, are later than Homer.

Behind the Dipylon vases again, confessedly more ancient than these, are the pieces of pottery found in the Royal tombs of Mycenæ. Similar vases, with similar decoration, are also found in Ialysus, Crete, Carpathos, and elsewhere. Now, there was an old Argive, therefore Dorian, colony in Ialysus. But part of the Ialysian territory was called 'Achaia,' and it may have been Achæan and possessed old Mycenæan pottery before the Dorian settlement. This pottery has already been described, with its creamy slip, and paintings in black. But we had not previously said that the Mycenæan pots are identical with those of Ialysus in Rhodes.* In Ialysus also were many rosettes of blue glass, such as are found at Mycenæ. The designs on the vases show rosettes (of Assyrian origin in Greece, says Mr. Murray), but these rosettes, though common in glass, are rare on this pottery. The sketches of marine creatures, dolphins, octopuses, on the vases of Mycenæ and Ialysus, 'are drawn with extraordinary freedom,'—a freedom which also marks some of the Mycenæan and island gems, and is especially notable in the gold designs on bronze dagger-blades from the Mycenæan tombs. But, in drawing quadrupeds, the Mycenæ-Ialysus potter is unskilled, while the gem engravers are very clever.

We now reach the crucial point. Are we to date the pottery of Mycenæ by that of Ialysus, and that of Ialysus by the pottery of Camirus, of the sixth century, as fixed by the character of the writing on the vases of Camirus? This appears to be Mr. Murray's view. We shall then have vases of Camirus, sixth century; Dipylon vases, seventh century; Mycenæ and Ialysus vases, eighth and ninth centuries. So the Royal Tombs of Mycenæ, which contain vases of this kind, will be of the ninth-eighth century, and therefore post-Dorian, and even later than Homer. They will tell us nothing about Achæan civilization and the dim heroic age. On the other hand, we establish a continuity in Greek art, going backward from the sixth century to the age of the Tyrants.

* * 'Handbook,' p. 21. The British Museum is rich in the remains of Ialysus, the gift of Mr. Ruskin.

This, if we rightly understand it, is Mr. Murray's theory, which he also applies to the gems, gold work, and other remains in the Royal Tombs.

The opposite theory of Furtwaengler and Loeschke, Mr. Percy Gardner, Schuchhardt, Mr. Petrie, and others, takes the Royal Tombs and their contents to be pre-Dorian, and relics of the Achæan age. Confronted with the similar relics of Dorian Ialysus, they would probably argue that Argive Dorians retained the style in pottery which they found in Mycenæ, just as the primitive style of pottery was retained even later. Or they would maintain, with Mr. Leaf, that Rhodes was Achæan before it was Dorian, and that the pottery of Ialysus is pre-Dorian (Petrie, *J. H. S.*, xi. p. 271, plate 14). Granting a Dorian invasion, it does not follow that a style of decoration in pottery would be destroyed by it: the Dorians might employ and imitate the Achæan potters. Mr. Murray himself is 'tempted to regard the peculiar shapes of this pottery and the limitation of the designs to aquatic subjects,' as notes of 'a local fabric with these special tastes, rather than as indications of a special period' (*Handbook*, p. 28). As 'primitive' pottery lasted, we are told, till the seventh century, in some places, who can tell how long the style of Ægean pottery lasted, or how far it goes back into antiquity? It is a curious fact that old Mexican pottery is often, in shape, colour, and decoration, hardly to be distinguished from that of Mycenæ and Ialysus. There is the same creamy hue, the same form, the same decorative design in a rich brown bordering on black, and there are even examples in which rows of deer are drawn on the vases, as in somewhat later Greek art. The meander appears in a rudimentary form. This does not bear on the question in hand, but is worth noting as a case of coincidence in culture. We now come to a fresh difficulty and a new crucial point. If Mr. Flinders Petrie rightly interprets his own discoveries in Egypt, then pottery akin to that of Mycenæ (Ægean pottery he calls it) is found in Egyptian places where it must be, or is very likely to be, much older than the eighth or ninth century B.C. It is not pottery of native Egyptian make. If it be as old in Egyptian soil as Mr. Petrie believes, then in Mycenæ certain examples may be of the thirteenth and twelfth centuries, others a very great deal earlier. There is something that almost baffles the historical imagination in Mr. Petrie's hypothesis. At times even people who are ready to believe in the pre-Dorian culture and its remains may fear that Mr. Petrie proves rather too much. He put forth a sketch of his conclusions in the '*Journal of the Hellenic Society*,' for October 1890,

1890, and stated his ideas with more detail in his 'Illahun, Kahun, and Gurob.' The most emphatic way of illustrating Mr. Petrie's opinions is to bid the reader go to the British Museum. Here in the long gallery on the first floor he will find examples of Greek pottery so arranged that the visitor who enters by way of the great staircase from the south passes from the late and accomplished types of vases, Panathenaic and others, backwards to the inscribed vases of Camirus, to the vases with friezes of animals in Assyrian style, to the geometrically ornamented pottery, to the pottery of Ialysus, and to similar fragments from Mycenæ. Among these he will see potsherds of 'fine, thin, hard, light-brown paste, of Ægean origin, with iron-glaze bands,' which he will probably assign to the ninth century, or even to a later age. But these potsherds Mr. Petrie found 'in rubbish heaps which probably have never been disturbed since 2500 B.C.,' rubbish heaps of the Twelfth Dynasty. If Ægean or Mycenæan pottery was being made in 2500 B.C., we must attribute that enormous antiquity to a civilization which existed on the shores of Hellas, by whomsoever these shores were then possessed. Again, at Kahun, Mr. Petrie found a city of the Twelfth Dynasty, say 2500 B.C. The houses had cellars cut in the rock. One of these cellars was used, many centuries later, by people of the Nineteenth Dynasty, as a tomb. In this tomb are eleven coffins, each coffin containing five or six bodies. In one tomb, the ninth, was an Ægean vase, decorated with a freely-drawn pattern of ivy-leaf. Mr. Petrie dates this vase about 1100 B.C.* There is in the coffins an absence of objects earlier than the Nineteenth and later than the Twentieth Dynasty. This is the general tendency of the argument, whereby the Twentieth Dynasty is fixed as the date of the coffin and the Ægean vase. Thus, if Mr. Petrie be right, we have a clear case of Ægean or Mycenæan pottery of very ancient date, and, consequently, this class of pottery with free drawing must be much older than the date assigned by Mr. Murray. To all this Mr. Cecil Torr demurs, in the 'Classical Review' for March 1892. Mr. Torr objects that Mr. Petrie argues thus, the coffin at Kahun is later than the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth dynasties, for their work is absent; earlier than the Twenty-second Dynasty, for here is none of its work. We might as well say it is earlier than the Nineteenth, or is later than the Twenty-second, as Mr. Torr contends. But we understand Mr. Petrie to mean that all the work which can be dated, except certain obviously older objects, is of the Twentieth Dynasty, and

* 'Illahun,' p. 24.

so then must be the *Ægean vase*.* The arguments are too complicated and minute to be stated afresh in this place. But they leave the impression that Mr. Torr quarrels less with Mr. Petrie's facts than with his method of arraying them. Mr. Petrie accepts and makes much of a 'Græco-Libyan alliance' against Egypt, and of 'Libyo-Achæan' invasions. These were described by De Rougé, on the evidence of wall-paintings at Medinet Habu.† In the enemies of Egypt from the north, called Lebu, Aquaiusha, Shardana, Sikelsha, De Rougé recognized Libyans, Achæans, Sardinians, Sicilians, Etruscans, and so forth. Brugsch controverted these ideas and brought the invaders from Colchis, of all places.‡ All the names of the invaders of Egypt are really open to dispute; and tempting as it is to connect Aquaiusha with Achæans, and with Mycenæan or *Ægean* pottery in Egypt, Mr. Petrie, perhaps, prejudices his case by the identification.

Here we must leave the evidence of pottery, whether Mr. Petrie or Mr. Murray be in the right, whether the vases of the Royal Mycenæan graves are to be dated late, by reference to Ialysus and Camirus, or early, by reference to Kahun, Gurob, and other Egyptian graves and rubbish heaps.§

The rival plausibilities of archæological argument are divertingly displayed in the case of a curious fragment from the Royal graves. In the '*Ephemeris Archæologike*' for 1891 is published a piece of a silver bowl, dug up by Dr. Schliemann, and cleaned many years later by M. Kumanudes.|| Here we see a walled city besieged, women wave their arms on the battlements, naked men below the towers ply slings and bows, there are also warriors with shields and spears. Now, partisans of the late date of the tombs may say, 'Here, in the tombs, is a representation of slingers, a force unknown to Homer. Therefore, since Homer wrote, the sling has come in; therefore Homer is earlier than the tombs.' But, first, is the sling really unknown to Homer? In *Iliad*, xiii. 599, Menelaus wounds Helenus in the hand with a spear. 'And the great-hearted Agenor drew the spear from his hand, and himself bound up the hand with a

* See Mr. Petrie's letter in the '*Academy*,' June 25, p. 621, and other correspondence in that journal.

† '*Revue Archéologique*,' N. S., vol. xvi.

‡ Brugsch, '*History of Egypt*,' English translation, ii. 116-124.

§ Mr. Petrie has recently brought back from Egypt the remains which he discovered on the site of Kuenahthen's palace at Tel el Amarna. Here were found many *Ægean* potsherds; and as there is no reason to suppose that the site was ever inhabited after its destruction on the death of its founder, Mr. Petrie's theory of very early *Ægean* pottery is confirmed.

|| It is engraved in Mr. Gardner's '*New Chapters in Greek History*,' p. 66.

band of well-twisted sheep's wool, a sling that a squire carried for him.' Here the word translated 'sling' is *σφενδόνη*, the usual Greek word. The idea again occurs in xiii. 716, where the Locrian contingent are said not to have been heavy-armed men, 'but, trusting in bows and well-twisted sheep's wool, they followed Aias to Ilios.' Here a *σφενδόνη* is made of well-twisted sheep's wool (xiii. 599, 600), and here (xiii. 716) light-armed men are said to trust 'in bows and well-twisted sheep's wool.' People who want to make Homer earlier than the tombs where slings are represented, must deny that the *σφενδόνη*, used in the case of Helenus as a bandage, was a sling. Then what was it? Why did the squire of Agenor carry a *σφενδόνη* for him? Agenor was not a field surgeon, like Machaon. What was the well-twisted wool in which the Locrian light-armed men trusted, if it was not slings? 'We are driven to the conclusion that slings are alluded to in xiii. 716,' says Mr. Leaf (xiii. 600, note). Then Homer does know slings, and the slings of the tombs (which would make capital bandages) are not post-Homeric. So it seems, but then Mr. Leaf takes xiii. 600 as a later gloss, and xiii. 716 as 'a late interpolation,' perhaps a specimen of false archaism, the interpolator endeavouring to give an air of antiquity 'by ascribing to the Locrians a practice with which his own time was unfamiliar.' This was not a very clever interpolator if he thrust in—as old and Homeric—a weapon which Homer never mentions at all, if indeed xiii. 600 be 'a gloss.' He tried to make his interpolation seem Homeric, by being as un-Homeric as possible! Pausanias (i. 23, 4) took the Locrians in xiii. 716 to be slingers. But how can we argue when our texts are said to be interpolated, exactly where they serve our purpose by apparently mentioning slings? Or how can we argue if *σφενδόνη* and *ξύστον μέγα ναύμαχον* do not refer to slings and ship-fights, but to other things of the same name?

If, however, Homer does not mention slings, it does not follow that they are later than his date. He scarcely ever speaks at all of the equipment of the light-armed crowd. He obviously despises the bow on the whole, as many passages declare. Now on the bowl of the tombs the users of the slings are not only light-armed, but actually naked; the armed men use spears. The sling may have been in use in Homeric times, whether Homer names it or not. It was the weapon of the unarmed masses, as of David in Israel. Homer might easily leave it unspoken of. Or we might argue that, as Homer (on Schuchhardt's theory) is much later than the Royal tombs, the sling had been in use in the age of the tombs, and had gone
out

out of favour in Homer's day. In later Greek it is mentioned by Archilochus; it does not exactly follow that the bowl is of the age of Archilochus.

This example shows how difficult it is to argue on the basis of a text which is said to be interpolated, and of antiquities which may be so diversely understood.

Let us now turn to the most curious and beautiful treasures of the Royal tombs, the dagger-blades. They are of bronze, never of iron, though iron is so commonly mentioned in Homer. The dagger-blades are decorated with inlaid work in gold. We see lion hunts: a lion has overthrown a man, and is attacked by warriors with huge shields, as large as that of Aias, slung, not carried by handles.* Other daggers show cats hunting wild ducks in papyrus swamps: the subject is Egyptian, the treatment is more free and lively. The gold is of various colours, as in Japanese metal work. Now, Homer is familiar with such work in various-coloured gold (*Iliad*, xviii. 561, 573, 597), but no such antique art had been known to us before the discovery of the daggers at Mycenæ. A similar dagger is found in the tomb of Aah Hotep, a queen of Egypt about 1650–1600 B.C., and bears the hieroglyph of an earlier king. The partisans of antiquity, then, naturally suppose that Homer was inspired in his description of the shield of Achilles, by ancient Egyptian metal work, already in vogue about 1600 B.C. But Mr. Murray attributes the introduction of such work to Ionian mercenaries in Egypt, about 650 B.C.† Thus Homer, if he lived about 800 B.C., could not have known such inlaid work, though he describes it. Whence then did he learn it? Does any other work, which he may have seen, show anything like it? As to the tomb of Aah Hotep, where a similar dagger was found, Mr. Murray says that it also contained gold work, a chain and ear-rings, 'clearly of Greek workmanship of about 600 B.C.'‡ We can only marvel how gold of 600 B.C. got into a grave which seems undeniably that of a lady who probably died before 1600 B.C. Egyptology is worth very little, if it can make an error of a thousand years about a grave.

The question of the dagger found in the tomb of Aah Hotep is of considerable importance. Its resemblance to the decorated poniards of the Mycenaean Royal graves is very close. Its blade is of gold, with a centre of bronze, on which

* Shield handles are said by Herodotus to be a Carian invention.

† 'Handbook,' p. 51.

‡ Mr. Murray quotes Mariette, 'Album du Musée de Boulaq,' plates 29–31.

are *piqués*, or inlaid in gold, the figures of a bull, a lion, and three locusts or grasshoppers. The lion is of the same aspect as the lions on the Mycenæan dirks; the bull is of the same breed, spots and all, we may say, as the bull painted on the wall of the Royal house in Tiryns. A similar bull occurs on a bronze dish found in the cave of Zeus, in Crete. Is there any chance, then, that the dagger in the grave of Aah Hotep is later than the rest of her treasures, namely about 1700-1600 B.C., and is only of the seventh or eighth century, the date to which the partisans of the Tyrannic period assign the Mycenæan blades? This question can hardly be answered in the affirmative. All the treasures of Aah Hotep must assuredly have been buried at the same time, at a date perhaps ten centuries before the age of the Tyrants. This appears from the circumstances of their discovery. They were found in 1859 by M. Mariette, whose attention was drawn to their hiding-place by fragments of ancient pottery. 'The site had never been ransacked before.' The Royal mummy-case was unearthed 'at a depth of from fifteen to eighteen feet.' The jewels, necklets, dirks, decorative axes, and other beautiful objects were not lying loose in the earth, but were wrapped up within the linen folds of the mummy, which, again, was guarded by the usual wooden and gilt mummy-case. It is impossible to believe that any one, in a later age, opened the case, unwrapped the swathings, and introduced objects merely for the confusion of modern archaeologists. They must all belong to one epoch, unless some were old heirlooms, and that epoch must be the end of the Seventeenth and the beginning of the Eighteenth dynasties (1700-1600 B.C.). In M. Mariette's 'Album du Musée de Boulaq' a pair of Græco-Egyptian ear-rings, say of 600 B.C., are photographed among the jewels of Aah Hotep. But in M. Mariette's 'Monuments du Musée de Boulaq' (sixth edition, 1876) the ear-rings are not included in the Queen's treasure, but are described among objects 'from various sources.' They need not, therefore, be considered as bearing on the subject. The name of Amosis, first king of the Eighteenth Dynasty, is found on the heads of geese which act as clasps to a gold chain of Aah Hotep, and the name of Ahmes, his predecessor, is on the blade of a poniard, near the handle. Thus, as far as we can see, the dagger which is so exactly analogous to those of Mycenæ must be of the Seventeenth-Eighteenth dynasties, and those of Mycenæ must be vastly nearer to that date (1700-1600 B.C.) than to the period of the Greek tyrants. There really seems to be no escape, then, from the conclusion that the art of the Mycenæan graves is not Phœnician, and late, but is
either

either Egyptian or Achæan modified by Egyptian influence, and early.*

This discussion might be produced to any length, and would still leave us in wandering mazes lost. Why are only flint arrow-heads found in the Mycenæan tombs, while in the tomb of Ialysus, among vases similar to those of Mycenæ, the arrow-heads are of bronze? Are the beehive-shaped vaulted tombs later than the dug tombs, the Royal tombs, as most authors hold, or earlier as Mr. Flinders Petrie believes? We find ourselves in an almost pathless forest of difficulties and contradictory plausibilities. Has the spade broken into a splendid stratum, a long-lost world of antique Achæan life, or has it unearthed a much later stratum of the eighth century? Tradition and sentiment are strong on the former side, which mainly relies on Egyptian analogies of 1600–1100 B.C. The desire to keep on a cautious path inspires the archæologists who favour the second theory, and who do not, we may think, give sufficient weight either to tradition or to Egyptian evidence. They turn to the Assyria and Phœnicia of 800–600 B.C. for their arguments, while their adversaries favour the older Egypt of the Ramesids. Thus Steindorff, in *'Archäologische Anzeiger'* (1892, p. 11), has no doubt that Mycenæan art is very ancient; he even thinks that it influenced contemporary Egyptian art. Winter also (*op. cit.* 1891, p. 38) lays stress on the cartouches of Amenophis III., twice found in company with Mycenæan objects, and maintains that this cartouche was not reproduced after the monarch's death. But Mr. Cecil Torr (*'Athenæum,'* July 30, 1892) disputes the genuine Egyptian characters of these very inscriptions. So the learned war sways this way or that. One kind of testimony appeals most to literary students; the professional archæologist, afraid of being duped, prefers the less adventurous course. Yet can anything be more adventurous than the opinion that Greece unanimously forgot the mighty architectural works of Pheidon or his successors, and unanimously assigned them to a dateless antiquity? This position is so manifestly weak, that it prepossesses an inquirer against the arguments used in favour of the comparatively late date of the Mycenæan treasures.

* See description and drawings of the Aah Hotep tomb in *'Revue de l'Architecture,'* 1860, pp. 98–111, also in a volume of coloured engravings from the treasures, with an introduction by Mr. Birch. The drawings were made when the treasures were in the Exhibition of 1862. See, too, Brugsch's *Photographs of Mummies from Boulak*, where the pictures are much more distinct than in M. Mariette's *'Album du Musée de Boulak.'*

ART. V.—1. *Letters of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* Collected and edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., Pembroke College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

2. *The Six Chief Lives from Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets.'* Edited by Matthew Arnold. London, 1878.

DR. BIRKBECK HILL'S edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' is known to all lovers and admirers of the great English critic. This, however, is only one instalment of the work to which he has devoted himself,—the elucidation, namely, of Johnson's life and writings, and the extension of his popularity till the whole reading public shall be full of the knowledge of him. The second instalment is contained in the two volumes of correspondence now before us; and a third is to follow in the shape of a new edition of the 'Lives of the Poets.' It may be asked, indeed, of what further elucidation Johnson's life and writings stand in need? The motto which Boswell has chosen for his titlepage is fully justified by the character of his work:

'Quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita senis.'

And the lapse of a hundred years has brought little or nothing to light either affecting the truth of the delineation, or adding in any appreciable degree to the materials on which it is founded. Boswell's Johnson is the Johnson that will live for ever; and what more do we want? From one point of view perhaps nothing; from another as much as we can get; and we should be doing great injustice, as well as showing great ingratitude, to Dr. Hill, did we not readily acknowledge that the fruits of his industry are likely to prove highly interesting to all 'of the Johnsonian school'—we are happy to think an increasing number—as well as useful in a lesser degree to the general public. The historian sets before us the public life of the period which he has chosen to describe, and, if he is the right man, constructs a narrative which shall continue for all time to be the accepted picture of it. But the antiquarian who follows in his track, if he can add nothing to the general effect, can fill in many minor details interesting to students; and while not aspiring to do over again what has already been done so well, or to make a fresh history, say, of the Feudal System or the Catholic Church, will be found an entertaining guide among the monuments of them which still survive, and will deserve our thanks if he tells us only what we did not know before

before about a buttress, a gateway, or a staircase. There are many persons who care a great deal for the history of England, and very little for the interior arrangements of a castle or an abbey; and so too there are many who care a great deal about Johnson's position in literature, and the value of his critical canons, who are little interested in the social circle of which he was the centre, or for anything which merely extends our knowledge of it. But there is a smaller circle of Johnsonian enthusiasts to whom every scrap of additional information concerning their master will be welcome; and to them Dr. Hill must look for such further applause and sympathy as he craves.

At the same time we must be allowed to say that Dr. Hill overdoes the part of a careful and laborious annotator. Many people will be glad of the additional light which he throws even upon minutiae in connexion with so interesting a character. But we may have too much of a good thing. In exploring a mine which has been pretty well ransacked already, though the excavator may still find trifles interesting to the curious, even they do not expect him to bring up pins and nails as articles of value. Dr. Hill is much too fond of showing the width of his research at the expense of his readers' understanding. All is fish that comes to his net; and his two volumes are rendered more bulky than they need have been by the indiscriminate accumulation of matter, much of which is superfluous and much undeserving of attention. In a passage, for instance, which we have printed further on, occur two Scriptural quotations: 'Though heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning;' and that 'without the knowledge of Heaven not a sparrow falleth to the ground.' Surely it was unnecessary to append notes to such well-known passages, telling us that one comes from St. Matthew and the other from the Psalms. Notes of this kind remind us of Dr. Pangloss.

Dr. Hill prosecutes his researches into the personal history of every individual either mentioned or referred to in the letters at very unnecessary length, and takes a great deal of trouble to open shells which, after all, contain no oysters. On a par with his love of explanation where none is necessary, is his detection of literary obligations where none exist. He is for ever suggesting that Johnson had this or that passage from some other author in his mind when he penned certain sentences in the letters. In nine cases out of ten the resemblance is purely superficial or else so obvious that it was wholly needless to point it out; and where it is neither, it is seldom of the slightest interest.

With

With one more question we shall gladly terminate the only unpleasant part of our duty. Why does Dr. Hill introduce on every possible occasion the stupid and spiteful observations of Mrs. Thrale's great enemy, Baretti? For example, when Mrs. Thrale was about to set out for Bath after the death of her little boy, Johnson wrote to her that grief like hers could only be abated by slow degrees. To which Dr. Hill appends the following idiotic criticism by Baretti:—

'The most unaccountable part of Johnson's character was his total ignorance of the character of his most familiar acquaintance. Far from recovering by slow degrees, on our arrival at Bath the first thing that the woman did was to buy black feathers for her hat' (Page 388.)

Why not? She was to wear mourning, we suppose. Did Baretti expect that she was literally to sit upon the ground and cover herself with sackcloth and ashes? We wonder Dr. Hill had not better taste and better judgment than to drag in these and many other remarks of Baretti's equally silly and impertinent.

The plan on which Dr. Hill has arranged these letters is as follows. They are placed in chronological order; but the letters given by Boswell himself are merely registered with name and date, and a reference to the volume and the page where they are to be found. All the rest may be divided into two classes: those which have been published before and those which have not.

'Those which were already in print,' says he, 'I have found mainly in the two volumes of Correspondence published by Mrs. Piozzi in 1788, in the editions of the "Life" by Malone and Croker, in the "Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society," and in "Notes and Queries." To the last of these publications, a storehouse of curious and interesting matter, I would once more express my obligations—obligations shared in by every student of the literature, history, and antiquities of our country. The letters in these various publications are about 570 in number.' (Preface, p. vii.)

Of those which have never been printed, or only in 'costly private catalogues,' inaccessible to the public at large, the number is about a hundred, including fifteen which appeared for the first time in Dr. Hill's edition of the 'Life.' These have been principally obtained from collectors of or dealers in autographs. In 1889 twenty autograph letters from Johnson to Mr. Perkins were sold by Messrs. Sotheby for 81*l.*, and of these Dr. Hill has not been able to get copies. He regrets this, 'as they would have thrown light on a side of Johnson's character which is little known, and would have shown him engaged in what

what his biographer calls "the real business of life." We have, however, as it is, a good many letters of the same description, to which we shall call attention in their proper place. Of the letters to Dr. Taylor more than forty, if not destroyed, are still lurking in some private repositories. Boswell only published four. Sixty-two have since that time been given out. But Taylor had received more than a hundred; and the absence of the rest is the more to be regretted, as the letters to the Derbyshire 'Squarson' are among the raciest and most characteristic of the whole series.

We may divide the letters for our present purpose into those which throw light on Johnson's character and opinions, and those which bear rather upon literary history; and to begin with the first, we may quote the following general remarks, in which, however, we do not entirely concur:—

'I cannot but think that now that Johnson's letters are collected he will take a far higher rank among letter-writers than he has yet filled. Admirable as many of those are which are published by Boswell, nevertheless in the "Life" they are overshadowed, as it were, by his superlative merit as a talker. We hurry through them, or even skip over them, to arrive at passages where the larger type and the inverted commas give signs that there we shall have good talk. His letters may be good, but his talk has no rival. But when we no longer have it to tempt us, we shall not fail to recognize how admirable he was in his correspondence. What a variety, moreover, does it exhibit! We have those fine and weighty passages in which he treated of the greatest of all arts—the art of living, and taught, as few philosophers have better taught, the management of the mind, whether it is troubled by cares or well-nigh broken with grief. We have that strong common sense set forth in vigorous English on which his friends could always draw in their perplexities. We have, moreover, above all in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, a playfulness and lightness of touch which will surprise those who know him only by his formal writings.' (Preface, pp. xii. xiii.)

The fine and weighty passages, the strong common sense, the easy humour are all there, it is true. But there is a great deal besides which is less agreeable reading, and which, passing with little notice when appearing only at intervals in the pages of the biographer, forces itself on our attention when all brought together without anything else to relieve it; and thrusts into prominence what had much better have remained in the background. The 'overshadowing' of such passages by some of his superlative tabletalk is all for the best. To some extent, then, the letters show to less advantage, instead of more, in a collected form; and we allude more particularly to certain portions

portions of the Thrale correspondence, to the superabundant and somewhat tedious letters which Johnson wrote about his own health, and to some also which describe his social engagements, showing more clearly than Boswell has done, though Boswell has hinted at it, that Johnson was rather vain of his admission to fashionable or aristocratic company, and took good care that his friends should be kept informed of it.

Very few people have ever read through the 'Piozzi collection,' that is, the letters of Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, and first published in 1788; and we doubt whether Dr. Hill has done Johnson any real kindness in reproducing them. Many of them, touching upon grave or solemn subjects, are worthy of Johnson; full of the philosophy of life, of elevated reflections, of noble and dignified piety. Some of the lighter ones display the humour and easy pleasantry to which Dr. Hill has referred. But there remain a considerable number in which we find neither the one nor the other—nothing but compliments to 'my mistress,' and affected lamentations on the part of 'her poor Colin,' which are so little in harmony with Johnson's position and reputation as to be very distasteful, to use no stronger term, to all who are jealous of them. The strain of gallantry in which Johnson habitually addresses this lady is what we would much rather forget. It has none of that simple, natural, half-paternal ease with which a man of sixty often pays his compliments to a pretty woman under thirty. Johnson's efforts as a *beau garçon* are something like Maclaurin's imitation of a made dish,—'a wretched attempt.' He could sometimes talk very nicely and gracefully to young ladies; but in writing to Mrs. Thrale he assumes a different manner altogether. He seems to think it incumbent upon him almost to hint at being in love with her. When writing to his mistress, he must be a gay young fellow, and wear a gold-laced waistcoat, as he did when he went behind the scenes. 'This merriment of parsons,' he once observed to Boswell, of some clergymen who were assuming the airs of men of the world, 'is mighty offensive.' We think the spirit of this remark might be applied to some of his correspondence with his 'mistress.' It was all manner, of course: neither did he offer, nor she accept, his flattery, in any sense to which the severest moralist could take exception. But the cup, though perfectly harmless, is not pleasant to the taste.

Johnson was fond of female society in general, and the larger proportion of these letters are addressed to ladies. Dr. Birkbeck Hill comments on the fact that he kept up little or no correspondence with his literary or political friends—with the members of the Club who could have filled worthily, as he
said,

said, all the chairs of a University. His intercourse with them was purely oral. But then of this he made a serious business; and that he should have sought relaxation in the 'tattle' and the gossip with which his lady friends abundantly supplied him, is intelligible enough. But over and above this there peeps out in his correspondence from time to time, as well as in his conversation and his recorded actions, something like a desire to be esteemed more than a mere scholar or man of letters, and to show himself equally well qualified for the society of the gay world. We all remember what Boswell says of his supping with Mrs. Abington. And in many of these letters his fashionable engagements are enumerated with an air of evident satisfaction, and with more *empressement* than the occasion seems altogether to warrant. Apart from the social distinction they were able to confer, Johnson's opinion of women was peculiar. 'Nature,' says he, in a letter to Taylor, first published by the Philobiblon Society, 'has given women so much power that the law has very wisely given them little.' Then we are to suppose that Nature has made a mistake, and that the law is intended to correct it. That Johnson was very susceptible to female attractions, both moral and physical, we do not require to be told. But he also seems to have held the intellectual capacity of women in much higher esteem than was common among his contemporaries.

Another peculiarity of Johnson brought out more strongly in these letters than it is in his biography, is the overweening attention which he paid to his own maladies, and the disagreeable extent to which he enlarges upon them in his letters to his friends. Johnson was very far from being an egotist. But in all that related to his own health he was an exception to himself; and in writing to women on this favourite topic he descends into particulars which even in those days would generally have been reserved for male ears. In the year 1807 a Selection from Johnson's 'Table Talk' was published in two small volumes, compiled from Boswell's 'Life,' and with Boswell's full approbation. It is admirably done, and it strikes us that a Selection from the 'Letters' might prove very acceptable to a large number of readers who do not care to wade through such a mass of medical details and such descriptions of physical infirmity as are here presented to them. There can indeed be little doubt that the extreme importance attached to such things by Dr. Johnson was connected with a marked trait in his character which is really interesting; namely, his dread of death, enduring to the last, and always openly avowed. But

scarcely the warmest Johnsonian can be ambitious of being taken into his confidence in regard to the various diseases from one or other of which he was during the last ten or fifteen years of his life almost constantly suffering. When he writes or speaks of death itself, he is always impressive or eloquent. But we would rather be excused attendance at his clinical lectures on himself.

Whether Johnson injured his health by alternating luxurious dinners with long fasts is a question which has never been considered. But on reading the letters over again without any interruptions, we are made more sensible than we were before of the very unhealthy course of life which he so long pursued. Sometimes he goes eight-and-forty hours without solid food, when there seems to be no special reason for it. At another time, when just recovering from an illness, he dines heavily on roast goose and pudding. *Nemo fuit unquam sic impar sibi.* But we have now done with the little frailties and foibles of this great and good man, and turn gladly to some other and more worthy characteristics, which the letters bring out into stronger relief than ever.

There is probably no one in the whole history of literature who has written so well and so wisely on the most important subjects which can occupy the mind of man, or has pointed out with greater truth and felicity what are the best alleviations of sickness, sorrow, and misfortune, as well as of the minor cares which press upon all of us in turn. His religious philosophy is fairly summed up in 'The Vanity of Human Wishes'—

'Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.'

His letter to Mrs. Thrale on the loss of her little boy is a good specimen, though better doubtless might be found, of the grave and solemn eloquence, the mingled sense and sympathy, which he displayed on such occasions:—

'He is gone, and we are going! We could not have enjoyed him long, and shall not long be separated from him. He has probably escaped many such pangs as you are now feeling. Nothing remains, but that with humble confidence we resign ourselves to Almighty Goodness, and fall down, without irreverent murmurs, before the Sovereign Distributor of good and evil; with the hope that, though sorrow endureth for a night, yet joy may come in the morning. I have known you, Madam, too long to think that you want any arguments for submission to the Supreme Will; nor can my consolation have any effect but that of showing that I wish to comfort you. What can be done you must do for yourself. Remember first
that

that your child is happy ; and then that he is safe, not only from the ills of this world, but from those more formidable dangers which extend their mischief to eternity. You have brought into the world a rational being ; have seen him happy during the little life that has been granted him, and can have no doubt but that his happiness is now permanent and immutable.

‘ When you have obtained by prayer such tranquillity as nature will admit, force your attention as you can upon your accustomed duties and accustomed entertainments. You can do no more for our dear boy, but you must not therefore think less on those whom your attention may make fitter for the place to which he is gone.

* * * * *

‘ Only by degrees, and those perhaps sufficiently slow, can the pain of an affliction like yours be abated. But though effects are not wholly in our power, yet Providence always gives us something to do. Many of the operations of nature may by human diligence be accelerated or retarded. Do not indulge your sorrow ; try to drive it away by either pleasure or pain ; for, opposed to what you are feeling, many pains will become pleasures. Remember the great precept, *Be not solitary ; be not idle.*

‘ But, above all, resign yourself and your children to the universal Father, the Author of Existence, and Governor of the Universe, who only knows what is best for all, and without whose regard not a sparrow falls to the ground.’ (Pp. 381-2.)

His universal prescription for mental distress was occupation. Burton’s ‘ great precept,’ as he calls it in the letter we have already quoted, was constantly on his lips. The best cure for grief was work ; the best cure for worry was amusement ; the best friend to health was cheerfulness. Force yourself into society ; force yourself to smile. Never brood over trouble. Care, he loved to say, was a slow poison ; it is better to drive it away, even by folly and dissipation, than to let it become a rooted sorrow. Come, my lad, and drink some beer—*Vivite læti*. Life is too short to give way to useless repining and inextinguishable tears.

Such is the advice which he tenders to all his friends in turn, according to the nature and weight of their tribulation, and the letters which convey it are incomparably the best worth reading of the whole collection ; yet, sound and healthy as these precepts are, we know that Johnson himself did not practise them with entire success. In his happiest moments he seems never to have become wholly unconscious of the dark shadow which dogged his footsteps from youth to old age. No worldly cares had any power to annoy him. His solid strength of character, and his constant remembrance of the brevity of

human life, and the triviality of all its interests, set this kind of anxiety at defiance. But, if little moved either by earthly prosperity or adversity, what was never absent from his mind was the last great trial of all: the dreadful moment when we exchange time for eternity; the necessity for submission and fortitude, for guidance and for mercy, in the hour of death and in the day of judgment.

When we see Johnson at the club, the tavern, or the dinner-table, elated with colloquial victories, the soul of wit, and the centre of a laughing throng who hang upon his words, and then reflect that behind all this brilliant exterior lurked the phantom whom he could not exorcise; the fear of death and the doubt of salvation, which, but for his more powerful intellect and determined will, would have reduced him to the condition of Cowper; when we compare the sincerity of his piety and the strength of his faith with his warm temperament, his sense of humour, and his general scepticism, we feel that we are contemplating one of the most singular psychological problems which the world has ever seen: and it is the greater fulness with which this is revealed to us in his letters which constitutes their chief value. It may be noted, in passing, that there is nothing really irreconcilable in Johnson's readiness to believe in the supernatural and his incredulity on all other subjects. In the region of the supernatural he felt that the ordinary weapons of logic and experience were useless. We were in a province above reason, and debarred from dogmatizing.

Johnson seems to have resembled Sir Walter Scott in this respect, that he attached more importance than men of letters usually do to 'the real business of life,' to the *πρακτικὸς βίος*, and admired a great conqueror or a great magistrate almost as much as a great writer. We doubt if this similarity between the two men has ever been pointed out before. Lockhart's *Life* teems with testimony to this peculiarity in Scott; and much of Johnson's conversation, his wish to exchange literature for the Bar, and the deep interest which he took in all the business details of Thrale's brewery, abundantly displayed in these letters, bespeak a similar disposition. Both, we fancy, regarded literature much as a great baron of the Middle Ages may have regarded minstrelsy, as one of the ornaments and luxuries of life, but not to be placed on a level for one moment with the arts of government and war, the administration of justice, and the maintenance of order. The harper sung before Dido of the wandering moon and the darkened sun, of the stars and the seasons, and the creation of the world, but the mind of the
great

great Queen was fixed all the time on a very different class of subjects:—

‘Multa super Priamo rogatus, super Hectore multa:
Nunc quibus Auroræ venisset filius armis;
Nunc quales Diomedis equi; nunc quantus Achilles.’

There are many more points of resemblance between Scott and Johnson than have generally been observed. It is enough in this place, where we are drawing chiefly on the correspondence, to point out the above.

Of men of letters and literary history there is not much in these volumes to which it is worth while to call attention. We commence what we have to say with an expression of surprise at Dr. Hill's attack on Miss Seward, whom he calls ‘an affected, tiresome, spiteful, and mendacious creature, who wrote bad verses, and disgraced Sir Walter Scott by being one of his correspondents.’ Dr. Hill knows, of course, that Scott wrote her Life and edited her poems, and that he admired both. Johnson spoke very highly indeed of her ‘Ode on the Death of Captain Cook.’ That she did not always speak in equally high terms of Johnson we all know. But Scott's account of the matter was probably the truth. In the more aristocratic circles of a Cathedral city, especially in those days, we are not surprised at hearing that there was a prejudice against Dr. Johnson. Where the lowness of his birth was so well known it was natural that more offence should be taken at the authority of his manner. The Sewards and Darwins were not altogether prepared to acquiesce in this assertion of superiority by the son of the old bankrupt bookseller. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* This much seems to have been perceived by Scott when he visited Miss Seward at Lichfield; but it affords no justification of the language used by Dr. Hill.

It may next be mentioned that the very copious index appended to ‘Sir Charles Grandison’ was due to Johnson's suggestion, who begged that one might be added to ‘Clarissa Harlowe.’ This Richardson did not take the trouble to do; but he attended to the hint in his next work of fiction. The index, however, is rather a laughable affair, sharing in a lesser degree what is the principal fault of all Richardson's novels, and that is their exaggerated realism, helped out by a multitude of prosy details, which fully justify Johnson's own remark, that if you were to read Richardson for the story, you would hang yourself.

We are not sorry for another piece of information given us in a note in vol. ii. on one of Johnson's letters to Nichols, while
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he was writing the 'Lives of the Poets.' We learn from this that the verses to Aurelia, said by Johnson to have been Collins' first production, were not written by Collins. We always thought them unworthy of him. The lines which Collins really did write, though nothing very brilliant, are better than those :—

‘When Phœbe formed a wanton smile,
My soul! it reach'd not here;
Strange that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear!
From midst the drops my love is born,
That o'er those eyelids rove;
Thus issued from a teeming wave
The fabled queen of love.’

The conceit in the last two lines is very poor; but there is more vigour in the lines than in those originally assigned to him. There is, however, some mystery about the mistake, after all. The lines to Aurelia in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' are signed 'Amasius'; and if Johnson knew, as he did, that this was the signature of Dr. Swan, how could he ever at any time have supposed Collins to be the author of them? Why could not Dr. Hill, who explains so much that is not obscure, explain something which is?

There is a good deal relating to Cumberland in the notes to the second volume. But Dr. Hill's hermeneutic faculty is at fault just where it is most wanted. He should have been able to set the story about Collins in a clearer light. And now we have a right to complain that he makes no attempt to reconcile Goldsmith's alleged hatred of Cumberland with the character given of him in 'Retaliation'—'the Terence of England, the mender of hearts.' Goldsmith criticizes Cumberland's dramatic method, it is true, rather severely; but to have been handed down to posterity as the Terence of England by so distinguished a man as Goldsmith might have reconciled anyone to worse things than that, while at the same time Goldsmith speaks in the highest terms of Cumberland's character. This is hardly consistent with the account given in the note. Hazlitt, says Dr. Hill, has stated, on the authority of Northcote, that 'if he (Cumberland) had been in the house, Goldsmith would have flown out of it as if a dragon had been there.' Johnson also is said in the same note never 'to have admitted Cumberland as one of the set;' and in several subsequent letters there are allusions in blank which Dr. Hill thinks are reflections upon Cumberland. Yet Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale at Brighton, just about the same time, 'The want of company is an inconvenience, but Mr. Cum-
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berland is a million.' Why does not the literary research which enabled Dr. Hill to tell us that 'not a sparrow falls to the ground' is a quotation from the Gospel of St. Matthew, help him to explain this apparent contradiction?

Among the letters now published for the first time is an interesting one from Johnson to Strahan, the printer of the Dictionary:—

'DEAREST SIR,—The message which you sent me by Mr. Stuart I do not consider as at all your own; but if you were contented to be the deliverer of it to me, you must favour me so far as to return my answer, which I have written down to spare you the unpleasant office of doing it in your own words. You advise me to write, I know, with very kind intentions, nor do I intend to treat your counsel with any disregard when I declare that in the present state of the matter "I shall *not* write,"—otherwise than the words following, "That my resolution has long been, and is not now altered, and is now less likely to be altered, that I shall *not* see the Gentleman Partners till the first volume is in the press, which they may forward or retard by dispensing or not dispensing with the last message." Be pleased to lay this my determination before them this morning, for I shall think of taking my measures accordingly to-morrow evening, only this that I mean no harm, but that my citadel shall not be taken by storm while I can defend it, and that if a blockade is intended, the country is under the command of my batteries. I shall think of laying it under contribution to-morrow evening.—I am, Sir, your most obliged, most obedient, and most humble Servant,

'SAM. JOHNSON.'

On this somewhat enigmatical epistle Dr. Hill's note is a useful one:—

'Johnson was to receive for the Dictionary £1575 in all, paying his assistants himself. Boswell says that "he was often goaded to despatch, more especially as he had received all the copy-money by different drafts a considerable time before he had finished his task." (Life, i. 287.) It seems probable that the partners had threatened to "blockade" by refusing the weekly contribution. To this, Johnson replied that he was the real master of the position; if he were to throw up the work in the middle, the loss which would be incurred would fall on them and be very heavy. By the evening of the next day, therefore, they must let him have some money or he would strike work.'

The editor thinks that the gem of his collection is a MS. letter from Johnson to his wife, dated January 31, 1739, when Johnson was thirty-one and his wife fifty-one. Johnson addresses her as 'my dear girl' and 'my charming love,' and Dr. Hill does not see why Mrs. Johnson at fifty-one should not have

have been as handsome as the Duchess of Cleveland was at fifty-one, when, according to Lord Macaulay, 'she still retained traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men.' If Dr. Hill does not see what everybody else knows, we can't help it: this is not a matter of conjecture. Descriptions of Mrs. Johnson's person have been handed down to us by unprejudiced witnesses, which show that she did not retain any traces of a beauty which she probably had never possessed. Dr. Hill makes Macaulay's remark the ground for a silly tirade against him, which one might have expected to hear perhaps from a tub in Trafalgar Square, but certainly nowhere else. 'Mrs. Johnson,' says our indignant critic, 'was only a decent married woman; had she been a royal harlot, Macaulay, instead of mocking her "cerise bloom," might himself have laid on the colours with an ardour and a skill scarcely surpassed by Sir Peter Lely.' Macaulay was not given to flatter royal harlots either. But the whole passage is sad rubbish.

The letter in which Johnson's peculiar powers are most fully displayed is not a new one, having been published in Croker's 'Boswell'; but it may be read again and again with pleasure. It is one addressed to Mr. Barnard, the King's Librarian, who was about to make the round of Europe to see what additions could be made to the Library at Windsor. This was just the subject for Johnson to expatiate on, and in a letter of five pages he does full justice to his knowledge of bibliography.

Turning from literature to politics, we have to notice a letter in this collection which appeared for the first time in Dr. Hill's edition of 'Boswell,' and then attracted little attention. In our opinion, it is one of extreme interest and importance. The lovers of paradox have occasionally tried to make out that Johnson was a Liberal, meaning by that a Liberal in the modern party sense. There is a vast difference between the noun and the adjective, between Liberal without the article and Liberal with it, between Liberal with a large L and liberal with a little one; and if it is meant that Johnson took broad views of a great many public questions, and was perfectly alive to some of the defects in our social system, as well as in Church and State, it may be quite true that he was a Liberal. Though a staunch Churchman, and one who took much the same view of the relations between Rome and Canterbury as an Anglican would take now, he always spoke in a liberal tone of Nonconformists. He thought it would be a good thing if Dissenting ministers were admitted to our gaols and condemned cells, as better calculated than the Church clergy

clergy to make an impression on ignorant and brutal natures; and though he thought it dangerous to be without episcopacy, he more than once spoke of the differences between the Roman, Anglican, and Presbyterian communions as if they did not affect the vital truth of Christianity.

The fact is, that when Government rested on a solid basis, and the great institutions of the country were too deeply rooted in the soil to fear the effect of any passing gale, men were able to talk more freely of reforms and changes than they have been since the French Revolution,—an event which shook society to its centre, and sowed the seeds of disorder all over Europe. Before that explosion authority was everywhere respected for its own sake, and not merely because of the force that lay behind it; and though Johnson himself lamented the decay of this principle, it was robust and vigorous in his day compared with what it is now. The French Revolution frightened the English aristocracy, and produced that exclusively Conservative Toryism which continued to be the prevailing type from the death of Mr. Pitt to the Reform Bill. But this type was almost unknown in the eighteenth century. It was certainly not the creed of Bolingbroke, or Wyndham, or Barnard, or Bromley; it was not the creed of Lord North, or Mr. Pitt, or Lord Grenville, or Lord Castlereagh; nor was it the creed of Dr. Johnson. Johnson's Toryism was what Lord Beaconsfield thought it possible to revive, and was concerned rather with government than legislation. The principle of authority, the power of the Crown, the maintenance of an hereditary aristocracy, the due subordination of all ranks and classes, these were the cardinal articles of Johnson's political creed, and they did not exclude many doctrines which are essentially liberal, though never at any time the monopoly of one party.

The letter to which we refer was written to Dr. Taylor during the struggle between Pitt and the oligarchy in 1783-4, and is dated Jan. 21st, 1784:—

'The struggle you see still continues between the two sets of Ministers: those that are *out* and *in* one can scarce call them, for who is *out* or *in* is perhaps four times a day a new question. The tumult in government is, I believe, excessive, and the efforts of each party outrageously violent, with very little thought on any national interest, at a time when we have all the world for our enemies, when the King and Parliament have lost even the titular dominion of America, and the real power of government everywhere else. Thus empires are broken down when the profits of administration are so great that ambition is satisfied with obtaining them, and he that aspires to greatness needs do nothing more than talk himself into importance.

importance. He has then all the power which danger and conquest used formerly to give: he can raise a family and reward his followers.'

This is the first intimation, so far as we can remember, of that growing political danger which in our own days has attained such a gigantic height, and no greater proof of political prescience and insight could have been given by the greatest statesman in the world. By these words alone Johnson proclaims himself a political thinker of the first rank, and worthy to cross swords with his illustrious friend, Edmund Burke. But they are not words that would have been uttered by any modern Liberal or Radical; that is, any one essentially opposed to the main principles of Conservatism, let him call himself by what name he may. We do see now, alas! that power and office have become ends in themselves to which public men are ready to sacrifice all they possess in the shape of principle, honour, or patriotism. 'The profits of administration have become so great that ambition is satisfied with obtaining them,' and careless of everything beyond. Pledges and promises are given and abandoned with a cynical indifference to public opinion, which marks an advanced stage in the decline of political morality; and no man cares how impossible of performance are the measures he suggests for the sake of obtaining popular support, because he was never sincere in the profession of them, because when he has secured the government he has got all he wants, and because he can always avoid the immediate necessity of fulfilling his engagements by renewing the Bill. The amount of political paper in circulation at the present moment is something enormous. But as long as the creditors are willing to take fresh Bills in exchange, so long, we suppose, will the system be bolstered up. The crash will come some day; but the chief speculators hope it will not be in their time, and call for more stamps with the recklessness of John Ballantine. Had Johnson lived in our day, he would have belonged to the school of Carlyle and Froude, and would almost have despaired of the commonwealth on beholding in its rank maturity the disease of which he saw the early symptoms. This indeed is how 'empires are broken down.'

In an article which appeared in the 'Quarterly Review' for April 1888, entitled 'The Difficulties of Good Government,' we considered at some length the very point which Johnson here raises, and certainly subsequent events have done nothing to discredit our remarks.

We have now drawn sufficiently on the correspondence in
illustration

illustration of Johnson's life, character, and opinions. We have still to examine his epistolary style and compare him with some other English letter-writers, after which we propose to take a rather wider range, and consider what the growing fame of Johnson may be held to signify, and the fact that within the last twenty years he has emerged from the comparative obscurity into which his works at all events had fallen during the middle of the present century, and has become once more a household word. The publication of these Letters is sufficient evidence by itself of the great and augmented interest which the public now display in everything relating to him.

Johnson's letters, with one exception, like everything else which he wrote, were written because they were necessary; the consequence being that they are generally quite natural and unforced. In this respect they will compare favourably with most of our best-known letter-writers except Cowper; certainly with either Pope's, or Gray's, or Walpole's, or Lady Wortley Montague's, or Swift's. In his hours of ease and moments of pleasantry Johnson shows a good deal of humour, reminding one both of Cowper and Charles Lamb, and occasionally even of Jane Austen. Dr. Hill rightly calls attention to some of Johnson's letters written from Ashbourne, in which there is a good deal about a favourite bull of Dr. Taylor's, full of that good-natured humour with which Johnson was plentifully endowed.

'I have seen the great bull,' he writes to Mrs. Thrale, 'and very great he is. I have seen likewise his heir apparent, who promises to inherit all the bulk and all the virtues of his sire. I have seen the man who offered an hundred guineas for the young bull while he was yet little better than a calf.' A year later he writes: 'There has been a man here to-day to take a farm. After some talk he went to see the bull, and said that he had seen a bigger. Do you think he is likely to get the farm?' Fifteen months later he returns to the subject: 'Our bulls and cows are all well; but we yet hate the man that had seen a bigger bull.'

The 'exception' we spoke of just now are the letters to Mrs. Thrale, which Johnson did write no doubt in order to amuse himself and her; and much as we object to the tone of a great many of them, they are full of little touches of fancy and feeling which we should be sorry to have lost. Still in this particular epistolary style he is in a marked degree inferior to Cowper. We have only to compare his letters to Mrs. Thrale with Cowper's letters to Lady Hesketh to recognize the difference in a moment. His descriptive letters written from the Hebrides
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are very good ; but the best and the most characteristic are the plain unadorned letters which he addresses to his other correspondents, either giving or asking for information, advice, or sympathy, and especially those written to persons in distress or adversity. They are models of a manly, unaffected, yet eloquent and finished style ; and of these and many others we think the common opinion which Johnson combats in his 'Life of Pope' is really true :—

'It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is that such were the simple friendships of the "Golden Age," and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not show a distinct and continued view ; and certainly what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered ; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect ; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character.'

In many of Johnson's letters, at all events we see his own character very strongly reflected, whether by design or not. His harmless vanity, his unconscious and pardonable egotism, the consequence of prolonged ill-health, his addiction to good cheer, his fondness for the female sex, his love of letters, and his hatred of work, are displayed as in a mirror : combined however with that fidelity to virtue and religion, that dignified independence, that freedom from all jealousy and envy, and that contempt of all littleness or meanness, which mark his moral stature, whatever minor blemishes or defects the portrait may exhibit. The very simplicity and directness, the absence of all effort at effect, in Johnson's correspondence, contribute to produce this impression on us. He discovers himself partly because he is not always thinking of himself ; and perhaps also because his common sense and knowledge of mankind had taught him that friends, after all, are not to be hoodwinked in this manner, and that the opinion of those who pass half their lives in our company is not to be changed by a few artfully written letters.

The principal writer of eminence who has taken a different view of Johnson's character, and whose estimate of him directly
traverses

traverses the above, is De Quincey. He attacks both his character and his criticism : and as De Quincey has been lately a good deal before the world, this may be a suitable opportunity for noticing some of his aspersions, especially as one or two of them are not without superficial plausibility. De Quincey was extremely angry with Johnson for his *Life of Milton*, and accuses him of meanness, malignity, disingenuousness, and we know not what besides, in his lives of both Milton and Pope. These blots in his character as a biographer De Quincey was the first to discover, and probably the last to remember. 'A man who looks close to the ground,' said Johnson, 'will see dirt. I hope I take higher views.'

In the preface to the volume containing his own article on Milton, De Quincey brings two charges against Johnson. The first passage to which he objects is not, we confess, irreproachable. Johnson is speaking of Milton's return from Italy on hearing of the turn public affairs were taking at home in the year 1639 ; and he thinks it cause for 'merriment' that Milton, instead of at once plunging into public life and taking a prominent part on behalf of the Parliament, should 'have vapoured away his patriotism in a private boarding school.' Here Johnson is wrong. He had no right to demand of Milton that he should perform, instantly on landing in England, that for which time and opportunity were necessary. Milton did fulfil in the long run all that he had promised, if he promised anything, either to himself or others. Johnson's merriment therefore is premature. The second charge against him is that he sneers at the occupation of a schoolmaster, when he had once been a schoolmaster himself. This accusation is monstrous. Johnson says distinctly, 'His father was alive ; his allowance was not ample ; and he supplied its deficiencies by an honest and useful employment.' Where is the meanness here ?

But De Quincey does not rest his case on this alone. He accuses Johnson of ill-nature and petty gossiping malice in his *Life of Pope*. His contention is, that so far from being irritable, jealous, or vindictive, Pope was the most good-natured, benignant, and generous of mankind, superior to anything like intrigue or manœuvre, and the very opposite of all that he has been painted. It is to Johnson, he declares, that the current impression of Pope is mainly due. The audacity of De Quincey is one of his most striking characteristics. Dr. Johnson was nearly five-and-thirty when Pope died. He was at this time or immediately afterwards acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Richardson, and mixed in society where he met people of rank, the Duchess of Argyle among others. He had

had every opportunity of knowing what was said about Pope by his contemporaries, and by those who had known him well. During the last twenty years of his life, Pope's habits, character, and conduct must have been repeatedly and exhaustively discussed in Johnson's presence by unimpeachable witnesses. He had, as De Quincey allows, every inducement to treat Pope indulgently. Yet we are required to believe that merely to gratify a petty love of gossip, or a kind of Puck-like malignity which he nowhere else displays, he produced a portrait of the poet alike at variance with all contemporary testimony, and in direct violation of his own personal predilections.

One specimen of De Quincey's own ideas of truth may be taken from what he says about the 'Dunciad.' Dr. Johnson, he says, 'has thoroughly misrepresented the nature of the 'Dunciad,' and consequently could not measure its merits. 'Neither he nor Schlosser, in fact, ever read more than a few passages of that admirable poem.' Where is De Quincey's authority for this astounding statement? He produces none. He seems to have simply invented it. Johnson's character, however, is secure against all such attacks as these. His canons of criticism are still *sub judice*; and should Dr. Hill fulfil his promise of bringing out a new edition of 'Johnson's Lives,' we shall hope to return to the subject of the Johnsonian criticism at greater length than would be reasonable on the present occasion. But in taking that general view of our last great literary President which is suggested by the publication of these letters, something more may still be said of his recorded judgments, of the place which they occupy in literature, and their connexion with his own character.

We must again begin with Milton, as it is on Johnson's estimate of our great epic poet that the depreciation of his critical faculty is principally founded. De Quincey falls foul of him for saying that 'Paradise Lost' was occasionally 'tedious.' Johnson ascribes this to the nature of the subject, its deficiency in purely human interest, not to the languor of the poet. De Quincey's answer is that all great works of art are tedious to somebody, and that Johnson ought not to have noticed what was not peculiar to Milton. De Quincey therefore admits that Johnson was literally correct, that Milton is at times tedious, but thinks that he had no right to say so. It is difficult to understand how he arrives at this conclusion. He might as well say that a man about to take a furnished house ought not to be told that it has a smoky chimney, because almost all houses have one chimney that
smokes.

smokes. Johnson was called upon to give an estimate of 'Paradise Lost,' and we utterly deny that he either underrated or misrepresented it. Macaulay, who, in his essay on Johnson, says that Johnson's remarks on Milton 'are as wretched as if they had been written by Rymer himself,' makes no attempt in his article on Milton to refute any of them. He leaves us face to face with this general charge, unsupported by a single argument. We should like to see it justified in detail. After reading Johnson's 'remarks' over again very carefully, we are unable to conjecture on which of them Macaulay would have fastened. They seem to us to constitute a very discriminating and comprehensive survey of this sublime poem, pointing out its blemishes with great acuteness, but showing at the same time the warmest appreciation of its beauties. That much remained to be added to what he has said upon the subject, is probably true. But what he has said could not have been left unsaid. Criticism might be carried further, but it must always start from the point where Johnson left it. What he has written will always form a necessary part of any complete examination of 'Paradise Lost.' His observations on 'Comus,' 'L'Allegro,' and 'Il Penseroso,' are perfectly just. 'Lycidas' alone remains to justify the censures of his enemies; and for the criticism of 'Lycidas' it is difficult to find any excuse. But this is what it all comes to—this is the sum of the whole matter; and we must remember that even if we give up the 'Life of Milton' altogether, there still remain some fifty other poets, and among them sixteen or seventeen of the first rank, whose lives Johnson has written. We still have, in his 'History of the Poetry of the Eighteenth Century,' a body of criticism which is without a rival in modern literature, and which has found appreciation with a younger class of writers of finer insight—with Matthew Arnold, Leslie Stephen, and Mark Pattison. If De Quincey had only judged Dr. Johnson throughout by the rules which he lays down for biography in his last published volume, instead of violating them, as he certainly does, in his strictures on the 'Life of Milton,' we should have had no occasion to write these pages. For De Quincey was a great admirer of Dr. Johnson. He pronounces the 'Lives of the Poets' to be the very best biographies which exist in either ancient or modern literature. It is a pity, therefore, that he could not keep his hands off him, simply because he said what he thought, and what many other competent authorities have thought too, about the poet Milton.

Johnson's critical method was suited to the poetry of the age. It was the age of literary form, and it was with form alone

alone that Johnson was concerned. On the poetry of Pope and Dryden, and 'the school which may be said to have been in possession of the stage from 1660 to 1760,' we have nothing to add to what Mark Pattison, following in the wake of Warton and Hallam, has so well put in his introduction to the 'Essay on Man,' from which the above quotation is taken. And, perhaps, to avoid all misunderstanding, it may be better to quote Pattison's own words :—

'The Elizabethan poets and their successors had only cared to utter their fancies, thoughts, conceits, and images in rich exuberance of phrase. They were incapable of selection, or of keeping back. Though full of second-hand classical allusions, they had no sense of true classical form. They were wholly intent upon the matter of what they wished to say, careless how they said it. This diffuse prodigality of a lawless imagination necessarily superinduced a reaction. The repetitions, the redundancies, the luxuriant *abandon* of such poets as Davies or Davenant surfeited the reader and made him crave for a more simple diet. The attention once fixed upon the art of expression, there was created in literature the demand for form, which is the condition of all art.

'The greater part of the poetry of the seventeenth century, prior to the Restoration, seems to be without any prosodial system, to know nothing of rhythm, metre, or accent, and to be bound together solely by the final assonance. There were not wanting some earlier exceptions, such as Sandys; but in Donne we have versification which can scarcely be said to be subject to any laws at all. As the century advances we trace a growing effort to bring English versification under metrical law. Dryden did the most in this direction. Dryden achieved the final victory of the couplet; he did not mature or perfect it: this was reserved for Pope. On the whole the rhythm of the heroic couplet as settled by Pope must for ever remain the classical model of English versification.'

Bishop Hall, who was Donne's contemporary, wrote better than Donne; but as Pope contemplated rewriting his satires too, it may be supposed he did not see much difference between them.

The Augustan school of poetry was a necessary step in the evolution of English literature, and it has high intrinsic merits of its own. It is powerful, dignified, and masculine, and embodies the spirit of the age, an age of action, with perfect fidelity. It was also in a peculiar sense an English school, with that flavour of old Roman thought and life which has so long pervaded both the English character and the English taste. To have been its recognized historian and expounder is enough for any man of letters to boast of. And it is just this truth which Lord Macaulay failed to see. In a
well-known

well-known passage he compares Johnson to a lawyer who reasons admirably on the principles of his own 'arbitrary science,' but who, if asked on what that science rests, is utterly at a loss. Neither law nor literary criticism is an arbitrary science,—we do not see exactly how it can be. Both rest on rules which are the result in the one case of experience, in the other of the gradual progress of taste and culture. Johnson was giving effect to that literary reform which was begun by Dryden and completed by Pope. He saw its necessity as well as they did, and in almost all his observations he is guided by the spirit of it. When Macaulay says of Johnson—

'He took it for granted that the kind of poetry which flourished in his own time, which he had been accustomed to hear praised from his childhood, and which he had himself written with success, was the best kind of poetry. In his biographical work he has repeatedly laid it down as an undeniable proposition, that during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the earlier part of the eighteenth, English poetry had been in a constant progress of improvement.'

—he makes two statements, for the one of which he has no authority whatever, while the other only shows that he did not understand what Johnson meant. Johnson did not take it for granted that 'the kind of poetry which flourished in his own time was the best kind of poetry.' His essay on 'Paradise Lost' is a flat contradiction of this statement; and as to the 'constant progress of improvement,' Macaulay never took the trouble to consider what Johnson meant by 'improvement.' He meant that improvement to which we have already referred, the value of which was recognized both by Warton and Hallam, and has been so accurately described by Pattison,—the appreciation and cultivation of form. Johnson felt it his duty to uphold and elucidate the movement which began with the great writers we have named, and whatever stands good in vindication of their style stands good also in vindication of their critic.

One of the commonest faults in every department of criticism is the habit of demanding from the writer or the worker criticized more than he professes to give. Johnson did not consider himself under any obligation to do more than write a short biographical notice of each of the poets commemorated in his great work. What he did over and above this he did of his own accord, as a labour of love; the not unnatural result being that he has occasionally bestowed only general commendation where we should have expected a more minute analysis. If the reader will compare Johnson's criticism of the 'Eloisa to Abelard'

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Abelard' with De Quincey's, he will understand what we mean. We should have expected that Johnson would be the first to point out what are the sources of the pleasure which we derive from this famous poem. The conflict, in Eloisa's mind, between religious enthusiasm and human passion, so inimitably described by Pope, and well illustrated by De Quincey, was just the kind of beauty which Johnson could have appreciated. Yet he has neglected to say a word about it. This is certainly unfortunate, as it furnishes a handle to his detractors. But there can be little doubt about the reason of it. That the critic must be able to give reasons for the faith that was in him Johnson was perfectly well aware; and it would be easy to quote from his 'Lives of the Poets' passages which prove this assertion. His dictum that 'an epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art, but that an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades nature,' is an instance in point; and his biographies teem with passages which, had they only been expressed in language of intentional obscurity, would have been thought profound, but, as it is, are considered superficial only because they are intelligible.

On a par with De Quincey's assertion that Johnson had never read the 'Dunciad' is Macaulay's statement that he preferred Pope's 'Homer' to the original. Where did Johnson ever say anything of the kind? As to the question between Virgil and Homer, what he did say was this, that if the 'Æneid' might be thought a finer poem than the 'Iliad,' that did not prove Virgil to be a greater poet than Homer. 'Virgil was indebted to Homer for the whole invention of the structure of an epic poem, and for many of his beauties.' He also, as recorded in Windham's 'Diary,' bestowed on Homer the following comprehensive eulogy:—'The source of everything in or out of nature that can serve the purpose of poetry is to be found in Homer: every species of distress, every modification of heroic character.' In the celebrated discussion between Burke and Johnson on this very subject, it was Johnson who took the side of Homer and Burke who took the side of Virgil. It is no deadly sin in our opinion to prefer Virgil to Homer. Burke certainly did. But we have proof that Johnson did not. These assertions by De Quincey and Macaulay show the reckless manner in which Johnson has been assailed. De Quincey could not forgive him for being of the eighteenth century. Macaulay could not forgive him for being an enemy to the Whigs, and grudged such a reputation to the Tories. Elsewhere Macaulay, who allowed Johnson to be a consummate Latin scholar, declares that he had 'studied the bad writers of the
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Middle Ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance.' What bad writers? Macaulay is here speaking of modern Latin verse. Does he mean that the study of Politian, or Casimir, or Sannazarius would ruin a man's classic taste? Johnson's own Latin verses have not the English public-school ring about them. They cannot be compared to Gray's, Addison's, or Wellesley's. Yet some of his short epigrammatic pieces are remarkably good; and so also is his ode to Cave. The much finer ode 'Ad ornatissimam Puellam,' whether written by Johnson or by Bishop Lowth, owes all its chief beauties to Propertius.

Johnson lived to within five years of the breaking out of the French Revolution; and it was only natural that the new school of poetry which arose about the same time and received so powerful an impetus from that tremendous event should for a time have overshadowed him. To Coleridge and Wordsworth the eighteenth-century poetry and eighteenth-century criticism represented a usurper under whose dominion reason had dethroned imagination, and they raised the white flag, and called on the educated classes to rally round a new Restoration. Johnson has been called a literary Cromwell. And really what he did for literature is not unlike what Cromwell did for politics. He laid a heavy hand on the exuberance and excesses of the romantic and imaginative school, crushing under foot, together with much that was fantastic, something also that was graceful and picturesque. When he disappeared from the scene, when the great dictator was gone, a flood of literary licence broke out analogous to the reaction which ensued on the restoration of the Stuarts. 'The return to nature was attempted by throwing off law,' says Pattison. But Johnson had not reigned for nothing. His thirty years of undisputed literary supremacy had henceforth made beauty of form an indispensable condition of the best poetry; and the Lake school, though they struggled against the theory by which this result had been produced, were compelled to recognize the fact. They strove in vain to destroy the melody of the heroic couplet; and when they found themselves unable to comply with its conditions as prescribed by the eighteenth-century masters, it was practically abandoned. Neither Coleridge, nor Wordsworth, nor Scott, nor Shelley, made any attempt to go back to the 'præ-prosodial period': Johnson had made such a retrograde movement impossible; just as Cromwell had made it impossible that kings should ever govern again as Charles the First governed. Individuals tried; but the principle was dead, and could not be practically resuscitated. The rhyming heroics of Leigh Hunt, of Keats, and of our later

writers are still read by their special admirers; but have never obtained any hold upon the public. And here perhaps it may be well to point out that in all that has been said of the Augustan reformation we have been referring principally to the heroic couplet. It can hardly be supposed that in his criticism of the Elizabethan poets Mr. Pattison meant to include such writers as Herrick or Andrew Marvell, or that Johnson himself was insensible to the great beauty of our earlier lyrists.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose essay on Johnson prefixed to the six Lives which he selected for separate publication fully recognizes the greatness of Johnson's literary position, seems to think that he did more for our prose than our poetry; that the eighteenth century was the age in which our modern prose style was moulded into shape; and that the critics who in their excessive zeal applied its rules to poetry were guilty of a great mistake. But this is hardly a fair way of stating the case. We do not say that one who lops an overgrown hedge, or ties up a straggling rose bush, is guilty of a great mistake, because he makes it for the moment less picturesque than it was before. The treatment is necessary to its future health and growth, and it will become in time more beautiful than ever. The question is whether our poetic style in the middle of the seventeenth century did not stand in need of some such correction; and whether in the nineteenth century it is not all the better for it. Mr. Pattison answers this question in the affirmative, and we entirely agree with him.

We have spoken of Johnson under his well-known title of the Literary Dictator. He occupied the chair with the all but unanimous consent of his contemporaries for more than thirty years. Yet it is curious that down to the publication of the 'Lives of the Poets' in 1780, when he had reigned nearly a quarter of a century, he had written nothing to justify this freely accorded superiority. His Dictionary seems to have gained him this position in the first instance. But that alone would not have kept it for him; nor would the 'Rambler' or the 'Idler' or even 'The Vanity of Human Wishes.' In contemplating Johnson's career, we are always struck by the fact that in him we see perhaps for the last time the distinction between the author and the man of letters. In our own day the two terms are almost synonymous; but they were not so at the revival of learning, and did not become so till literature had grown to be a trade. In Johnson we see perhaps the last protest against this tendency. He always speaks of himself as 'a scholar.' He so styles himself in his letter to Lord Chesterfield,

field, and also in his letter to the King's Librarian contained in this collection. In 'The Vanity of Human Wishes' he again uses the word as synonymous with man of letters; implying a mastery of both ancient and modern literature, but no special obligation to perpetual or frequent composition. He belonged to the class to which Erasmus and Scaliger and our own Bentley belonged. He may have written to live, but he did not live to write. It was not his own books, but his knowledge of other men's books, not his own proficiency on any particular subject, but his command of literature in general, which made his reputation. He was the last of 'the scholars.'

Murphy hits him off admirably when he says that on his removal to Inner Temple Lane after the publication of 'Rasselas,' he lived 'in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature.' In these letters we see him in this character very plainly; and we have often been surprised that Macaulay did not lay more stress on it. This it is which invests Johnson with a peculiar dignity. This was the meaning of the saying so frequently in his mouth, that he did not understand a man working—*i.e.* writing—unless he was obliged. He could at any time have drawn a large income from the treasures of his own mind; but it was no delight to him to traffic in such wares. He was *magnas inter opes inops*. Like a knight of old, he would from time to time twist a link off his gold chain to supply his pressing needs; but no more. And in modern times there is probably no other instance of literary fame so wide and so permanent as Johnson's falling to the lot of one who has written so little. He looks down upon us from his solitary height like some ancient philosopher, and we can sometimes almost fancy him to have lived before the age of printing.

But Johnson was not only the literary dictator, he was also 'the great moralist.' Generally speaking, when he is called by this name, reference is made to his moral essays; but his right to it is derived as much from his character as his writings. The improvement which began to manifest itself in religion, morality, and politics during the second half of the eighteenth century, has often been pointed out; but the chief persons to whom it was due have not been so clearly designated. Between Wesley and Cowper, Chatham and Pitt, Bishop Butler, George III., and Dr. Johnson, the credit of this salutary change must be distributed, and Johnson's share of it will certainly not be the smallest. Chatham and Pitt, after a hard struggle, purified the region of politics, and banished corruption from Parliament. George III. reformed the manners of the Court. Wesley and Cowper revived the religious spirit in society at large.

large. Johnson laboured in more than one part of the field. He helped greatly to revive the old loyalty to Church and King which had begun to wane under the two first Georges. In the reform of private morals he carried on the work which Addison had begun, and, notwithstanding the dictum of Lord Macaulay, had left unfinished. When the world saw one in whom wit, humour, learning, and genius were combined, in no ordinary degree, with a strong animal nature and a keen appreciation of the pleasures of the senses, exhibit so firm and uncompromising a belief in the truth of revelation, and so constant an avoidance of what even he himself has called 'the lighter vices : ' they were reminded again that in order to be a wit it was not necessary to be a libertine, and that in order to be a philosopher it was not necessary to be an atheist. Addison's ridicule had not checked the infidelity of Bolingbroke or the immorality of Chesterfield. His satire, delicious as it is, did not reach men like these. Heavier metal was necessary. Butler, of course, took the lead in the written controversy ; but Johnson's life and conversation made a deep impression upon thousands to whom the *Analogy* was a sealed book. For the part played by him in this great combined movement against the political corruption, religious scepticism, and social profligacy, which marked the earlier part of the eighteenth century, Johnson deserves to be remembered as much as for his services to literature, and for his fearless and witty protests against all kinds of cant and hypocrisy.

The revival of Johnson's popularity, which has been a noticeable feature in the literary history of the last thirty years, is scarcely due to any reviving disposition among English poets to return to the eighteenth-century style. It is simply the justice of time, which gradually removes the effects of both flattery and depreciation, and shows us men as they really were. The reaction against Johnson and his school, which set in soon after his death, was sure to have followed under any circumstances. But it was accentuated, as we have said, by the French Revolution, and 'poetic diction' went the way of powdered hair and lace ruffles. Poetry was henceforth to dress plainly, and not to assume any special or privileged costume. The 'liberal movement in English literature,' as Mr. Courthope terms it—like the Bath footmen—did not recognize such distinctions. But now that the wave of enthusiasm which produced Wordsworth, and Byron, and Scott, and Keats, and Shelley, and partially also Tennyson, has pretty well spent its force, when no one poet or set of poets has undisputed dominion over the public taste, there is silence once more for criticism

criticism to make its voice heard, to compare results, to strike the balance between loss and gain, and to rescue from momentary neglect whatever was excellent of its kind in the literary work of the past. Thus it has been seen that underneath all Johnson's dogmas, which were peculiar to the age in which he lived, there lay a substratum of solid truth, and a sense of literary art to be coveted and admired by all ages; and many perhaps have felt, besides, that the clear daylight of Dr. Johnson is an agreeable change from the more obscure, if more philosophic, style of criticism characteristic of the school which succeeded him.

But the restoration of Johnson to his proper rank among the literary worthies of England is only to be explained in part by the above considerations. It appears to us that it is due in still greater measure to the influence of Carlyle, and the spirit of sincerity which he contributed to rouse from its slumbers both in politics and literature. He shared Johnson's hatred of shams; and though he grievously misunderstood the real character and genius of the eighteenth century, his instincts led him to recognize in Johnson a man after his own heart. He spread abroad an admiration for downright, straightforward, hard hitters, who stand in marked opposition to an age of compromise, vacillation, and drifting. Weak men always respect strength; and if we generally love those who are most unlike ourselves, the liking of the present generation for the character of Johnson is easily understood. With both Carlyle and Johnson the principle of authority, though they may have looked at it from different points of view, was all in all; and it seems to us that after a century of licence the world is beginning to turn once more in this direction, as the only way of escape from anarchy and barbarism. We see symptoms of this tendency in France, Germany, and America. In England, though the reaction is hardly yet visible above the surface, it is assuredly at hand. The position occupied by Johnson to-day compared with the estimation in which he was held in the middle of the century, a period of effeminate optimism, is, we think, only part of this general recurrence to a healthier and more manly tone of feeling. The heyday of middle-class liberalism was not the time in which Dr. Johnson was likely to be appreciated. But we have learned something since then: even the late Poet Laureate was not ashamed of confessing that some things which he had despised in his youth he was wrong in despising. Thus the resuscitation and extension of Johnson's fame have run in two parallel channels, literary and moral. The fine taste of Mr. Leslie
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Stephen and Mr. Matthew Arnold recognized the gems with which Johnson's biographies are studded, as well as the good sense and keen discrimination which pervade the whole of them. His force of character, his fearless wit, his high principles, his hatred of all false pretences, whether religious or political, and his firm conviction that all human happiness and prosperity depend on subordination and respect for prescriptive sanctions, are gradually recalling to his side a generation which finds no rest for the sole of its foot in the vulgar licence and canting liberalism which have hitherto been allowed to usurp the name of Progress. It is not too much to say that even Johnson's style, by its solid strength and logical construction, ministers also to this craving after something more fixed, permanent, and scientific, than the shallow empiricism to which England has so long been a prey.

The two great figures standing out above all others in the last quarter of the eighteenth century are Pitt and Johnson. Both have to some extent shared the same fate. Both were misrepresented and traduced after death,—partly by those who always love to kick the dead lion, partly by the champions of new literary and political theories, who, while the controversy was at its height, could see only one side of the question. Both have now emerged from the ordeal victorious over all calumny; have climbed even to higher summits than they stood upon before; and are receiving the homage of men who would at one time have been their bitterest antagonists.

- ART. VI.—1. *Yester-Year ; or, Ten Centuries of Toilette*. By A. Robida. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. London, 1892.
2. *History of Fashion in France*. By A. Challamel. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. London, 1882.
3. *Encyclopædia of Costume ; or, Dictionary of Dress*. By J. R. Planché, Somerset Herald. London, 1879.
4. *A complete View of the Dress and Habits of the People of England*. By Joseph Strutt. Edited by J. R. Planché. London, 1842.

MR. CARLYLE, in his 'Sartor Resartus,' familiarised his readers with the idea of a philosophy of clothes. He used the expression, however, in a transcendental sense, implying a profound contempt for the productions of the tailor and the milliner ; and, not by Mr. Carlyle only, but by the serious and earnest generally, clothing, whether as a subject of thought or conversation, is apt to be regarded as frivolous.

Mere gossip, as to what is, has been, or will be worn, is apt to become tedious ; but still the question of costume, when treated not as gossip, not as illustrating only the caprice of various times, is full of interest and instruction. It often manifests far-reaching causes, exhibiting the life of the present as derived from the life of the past, and brings back with a curious vividness the long-forgotten generations to whom each fashion in its day was new. Many books abounding in anecdote and information have been written on the history of dress ; and of these the two works which head our present list are of especial interest, not only as resuscitating in all their pristine freshness the obsolete bedizenments of the past, but as giving a complete series of the successive changes of female costume in France, from the days of Charlemagne to those of the present Republic.

In both the above volumes however, as well as in most others on the same subject, there is very little attempt to give a *rationale* of the facts recorded ; there is an inclination to treat the changes of fashion as merely phenomenal, as being for the most part, at any rate, the product of accident or caprice rather than of any law of development.

If, however, taking advantage of the information which in these books and many others (notably Planché's 'Encyclopædia of Costume') is supplied in abundance, we examine with a little care the different classes of variation which the costume of both sexes has undergone from the earliest times to the present

present day; if we study each fashion in reference to those which preceded and followed it, we shall see that though accident or whim, or other and more purely ethical causes, may have been at work in determining its modification, yet that a genuine process of what may be called organic development has been all the time at work in supplying the forms thus modified.

Dress, like all other forms of art, no doubt absorbs, and again to some extent reflects, the spirit of its age, and thus a moral philosophy would not be found wanting to it. But in so far as it is an organic growth, it possesses a natural history as well; and in following out the links which connect our own garments with those of other days, it is with this natural history that we shall chiefly be engaged.

Carrying our imagination backward, let us recall, if possible, the costume of the British Islands at the periods of the Roman, Saxon, and Norman invasions, and by way of contrast let us place beside them those of a modern London ball-room. So far as appearance goes, there is little likeness, certainly; but we have only to follow up the history of coat, waistcoat, and trousers, or of petticoat, train, and bodice, to find ourselves led back by slow degrees to the garments of Caractacus and Boadicea, of Hengist and of Horsa;—to the tunics in which the Gurths and Cedrics of ancient days kept swine in English forests, or feasted in English halls.

The primary object of dress, according to the learned Herr Teufelsdröckh, was not protection, but ornament; its further uses, whether for comfort or decorum, being only discovered incidentally. However this may have been with 'our progenitor the original savage,' whose body the above-mentioned philosopher describes as 'sheeted in its thick natural fell,' yet for savage man not so protected, clothing of some sort in the colder zones must always have been a physical necessity; and since it is of dress as a physical rather than as an æsthetic product that we now mean to treat, we shall leave the scantier raiment of the tropics unnoticed, and take for our starting-point those early garments which are indicated by history as the ancestral forms of European costume.

Greeks and Romans, Celts, Teutons, and Slavs, are all, as philology informs us, offshoots of the same Aryan race; but while the childhood of the two former was passed under comparatively genial skies, that of the latter was spent on the freezing steppes of Northern and Central Asia—a circumstance which in itself would go a long way to explain the one point of real difference in dress which distinguished the classical from
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the barbarian nations. Comparing the Greek and Roman male dress with that of Gauls, Saxons, Goths, or Huns, we find that while tunic and mantle were common to both, the costume of the Northern races included another and additional garment, namely some form or other of trousers. Of the origin, whether of the similarity or the difference, history provides no record; but if, on the one hand, we look at the conditions under which the dress of primitive races must have been evolved, and on the other at the manner of life, so far as we may reasonably conjecture it, of the particular races in question, a sufficient explanation, we think, will appear.

The two garments possessed in common by the Northern and Southern ancestors of the various nations of Europe were both of very simple types—the tunic and the mantle; but of these the mantle was by many degrees the simpler, being, in fact, in its most primitive form, a ready-made garment of Nature's own fashioning.

Let us suppose that, in the course of one of those slow climatic changes which geology reveals, the thick fell of hair which enveloped Herr Teufeldrockh's aboriginal man had gradually grown thinner, and that a return of cold had once more set in: then, as he crouched over the fire in front of his cave, gnawing his supper of reindeer bones, would not even the least intelligent savage have felt naturally prompted to throw the skin of the slaughtered animal over his undefended back, and fasten it round him, in the manner of the native Australians, with a stout thorn or skewer, clothing himself thus in a primitive mantle? A single step forward in invention would lead to his fastening two skins together with openings in the seams for the arms, thus leaving these free, while protecting the rest of the body, back and front alike. Such may very well have been the genesis of mantle and tunic; and their sequence would not vary, even had textile fabrics taken the place of skins, when first the need of clothing, from whatever cause, had been recognized.

For the third garment, which, while unknown to the classical nations, was common to the barbarian hordes which successively overran Northern Europe, a further explanation presents itself; and in accordance with this it may be regarded as a highly specialised variation of the tunic, adapted to meet the requirements of a race of wandering horsemen in a cold climate.

At the time when the earliest Aryan colonists started on their southward route, they and all their kindred tribes of Northern and Central Asia may still have merely fenced themselves from cold in the longest skin tunics procurable. A change,

change, in the direction of brevity, however, in the costume of the southern emigrants, would probably soon take place; while with those tribes which, without quitting the colder regions, developed an increasing taste for locomotion, the inconveniences of the long tunic in its simpler forms must soon have been apparent. As a remedy for these inconveniences, the expedient of dividing this long tunic up the middle, and so forming it into a separate sheath for each leg, would be very obvious; while the extra difficulty of getting in and out of the 'combination,' to use a modern word, thus produced, might as naturally have suggested truncating it at the waist, and supplementing it by a shorter tunic or shirt of the primitive pattern; and by this simple process, the wardrobe, as we know it, of the 'barbarian,' in contradistinction to that of the Latin races, would stand complete. Anyhow, whatever may have been their origin, mantle, tunic, and trousers formed the dress both of Gaul and Britain, at the time when these countries were conquered by the Romans; and to the influence of the conquering race upon the conquered, one witness at least remains to the present day, in the dress of the Scottish Highlands. For the distinguishing feature of Gaulish dress, the 'breeks,' or as they were Latinized the *braccæ*, being despised by the Romans as barbaric, these were abandoned by the Romanized inhabitants both of Gaul and Britain; and it is the ancient national costume of these countries thus Romanized, which has survived amongst the mountain fastnesses, where a remnant of the Celtic population of Britain found refuge from successive invasions of trousered Saxons.

The dress of the ancient Roman and of the Romanized Gaul may thus be seen epitomized in that of the modern Highlander. But as the tide of conquest turned, and one northern tribe after another—Scandinavians, Goths, and Huns—spread southwards over Europe, the barbarian fashion so far prevailed that a compromise was effected; the Teutonic trousers being cut much shorter, and in this less conspicuous form being adopted by the Latin races. To trace in detail the local and national variations of European costume would be an endless task, but a typical sample of such variation is supplied us in the changes which dress has undergone in France and England alone, and we will therefore confine our attention to these two countries. Let us examine any ancient representation of clothed figures to which we have access, and we shall see that, setting aside the barbaric trousers, two *types* of garment and two only appear,—the mantle and the shirt or tunic; and further, that up to the thirteenth century, whatever variation there

there may be from these primary types, is produced simply by the multiplication of the tunic. Thus Roman luxury showed itself both among men and women, in the superposition of many tunics; and the same was the case with the Franks also; Charlemagne, we are told, in winter wearing no less than five. It is obvious that this fashion tended to produce modifications in shape, both for convenience and for the display of contrasting colours.

With regard to *length*, this varied according to the sex and occupation of the wearer. Among Saxons, Franks, and Normans alike, the gowns of women of quality were long and flowing; so too were the robes of peace and ceremony worn by kings, priests, and nobles; whilst short tunics retained their place as the dress of warriors, huntsmen, and peasants. From the eighth to the beginning of the thirteenth century, costume, whether in France or our own country, varied little. Men of whatever nationality wore short breeches, and long or short tunics, as the case might be, with a mantle clasped either in front or on one shoulder; whilst women's dress consisted of an under and an upper tunic, called respectively *hyrtle* and *gunna*, besides a mantle and a veil. The *gunna*, as it is represented in statues of the Carolingian Queens, was so made as to show the natural figure perfectly without compression or exaggeration from the throat to the hips, whence it fell in fuller folds to the feet, the outline both of hips and waist being additionally emphasized by a double girdle. The dresses of the Saxon women of the same date appear to have fitted somewhat more loosely, but in essentials the costumes are the same. In place of the older short breeches, supplemented with cross-gartered leggings, the Normans after the Conquest introduced *chaussées* or 'tights,' which formed breeches and leggings in one; but except for this innovation, dress varied little until the beginning of the thirteenth century. At this time an additional tunic obtained admittance, both into the male and female wardrobe, under the name of *surcôte*, *supertotus*, or overall. By men, this was worn either over the mail-shirts or over the ordinary tunic; by women, over the *gunna*, or as this had come to be called in Norman-French the *côte*, and in its earlier form it was made with the long sleeves called 'pocketing-sleeves,' which have supplied the shape of the heraldic *manche*, and which often had to be tied up in knots to prevent their trailing on the ground.

From being short, the surcoat, both for men and women, became so long that it had to be held up in front to allow the wearer to walk; whilst later on it again became shorter,
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and was made sometimes without sleeves, and sometimes open at the sides so as to show the under-dress. In the following century it underwent a fresh change, and one which was a distinct advance in the direction of modern clothing; for it began to be fitted so closely, both for men and women, as to necessitate its opening all the way up the front like a coat; and in this form it was called a *côte-hardie*, and may be looked on as the more immediate ancestor both of coat and bodice. Like its predecessor the surcoat, it was made in many different styles. For men, a fashion prevailed at one time of having the *côte-hardie* cut so exceedingly short as to call down the censure of contemporary moralists upon its indecency—the author of the ‘Grand Chronique de St. Denis’ even going so far as to attribute the defeat of Crécy to the sins of his countrymen in wearing such indelicate garments. ‘Great,’ he says, ‘was the shamelessness of attire throughout the realm, for some wore clothes so short that they scarce reached to their hips, and when they stooped to serve a lord they displayed their drawers to the persons behind them.’ It was made, however, in other and graver forms as well, such as that of a tight-fitting frock or loose cassock-shaped coat buttoning down the front. In its earlier stages a hood was worn with it, which fastened tightly round the neck; but later on, in the time of Henry VII., we find it turned back at the throat much like a modern coat lapel, showing the shirt and waistcoat beneath. It was with the wearing of fine linen under-garments that the fashion of turning back the upper dress so as to display them came into vogue; and this feature, wherever it occurs, is therefore an unfailing mark of comparatively modern date. For women the *côte-hardie*, like the surcoat, was often made open at the sides; the whole of these, indeed, being sometimes cut away, leaving nothing but back, front, and border. This sort of skeleton jacket may be seen in the effigy of Blanche de la Tour, in Westminster Abbey, and in all probability was the original of the real jacket or spencer which followed it, and which gives so modern an air to the ladies’ dress in the time of Richard II. This jacket was not only in itself a great advance in the direction of modern costume, by introducing into female dress the then novel distinction of skirt and bodice; but moreover, as a short tight-fitting garment, when worn by women, must place a premium on a small waist, it led almost at once to the use of stays, which, under the names of ‘corse’ or ‘pair of bodies,’ were introduced for the preservation or production of what had now come to be esteemed ‘a good figure.’ To these jackets succeeded the shorter fitted bodice of Henry VII.’s reign, which

which being itself stiffened with whalebone, for a time took the place of separate stays, and was laced up in front either closely or over a stomacher.

Thus, by the middle of the fifteenth century, the surcoats of Henry II.'s time, through the successive stages of the *côte-hardie* and the jacket, can be seen to have dwindled gradually into the mere *body*, as we now call it, of the upper garment; and the use of the words *jupe* and *petticoat* in their present sense of a skirt *par excellence*, dates from this recognition of the body of the dress as a separate article of attire. Previous to this the garment as a whole had been thus denominated, its upper and lower portions being distinguished as *corps de jupe* and *bas de jupe* (*Anglice*, petticoat body and petticoat tail).

It is accordingly from the time of the introduction of stays that the modern as distinguished from the medieval period in female costume may be said to date; and from this time forward, if we except the short interlude of the Directory and Empire, the ideal of female shape became a purely artificial one, depending for its realization on the production of unnatural contrast in the dimensions of waist, hips, and bust; and inducing a tendency to the compression of the one and exaggeration of the others, which has never since been inactive.

The upper garment, as we have said, having shrunk into a mere bodice, separate skirts were now added to it, and for women of the upper ranks these either divided in front over the under-petticoat, or were drawn backwards like a train. Amongst the lower orders the skirted jacket remained prevalent; or if the bodice and overskirt took its place, the latter was scanty, and was tucked up round the waist like that of a modern Roman peasant.

So far as English ladies are concerned however, we find them in the time of Henry VII. wearing bodices, overskirts, and petticoats of distinctly modern forms; and we find also the way indirectly prepared by the corset for the first entrance of the farthingale. During the latter years of the fifteenth century, as bodices became more and more tightly laced, skirts, as though to heighten by contrast the smallness of the waist, became fuller and fuller, and artificial prominence at length was given to the hips by the introduction of foxes' tails, and other contrivances, not very elegantly named.

Then at last came the farthingale itself, which, to judge from the illustration given by Strutt, was a machine constructed of pieces of lath fastened together with bands of osier like the edge of a basket, and indeed looking not unlike some of the cheap wicker dress-stands now sold.

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To begin with, it was made in the form of a hencoop, growing gradually larger from the waist downwards, and was so worn from the time of Henry VIII. to the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, when waists having grown inordinately long and pointed in front, were made to look still more grotesque by the introduction of what was called the wheel farthingale (a shape again revived during the last century), and which stuck out straight from the hips like the top of a barrel.

The 'Valois' costume of the French Court, with its bodice moderately stiff and pointed, its habit-shirt and small ruff, and its upper skirt just opening over the petticoat in front, remained in vogue in England from the accession of Henry VIII. till well on in the reign of Elizabeth, when it passed into the exaggerated Medici form. In this the habit-shirt or partlet was removed, and its place supplied by an enormous ruff. The bodice was prolonged in front in a point almost reaching to the knees. Rolled sleeves, like Chinese lanterns, made each arm seem as big as the whole body, and skirts jutted straight from the hips like tables. In its most extreme form this may be seen in the portrait of Elizabeth herself, when going to offer thanks for the defeat of the Armada, and substantially it continued to be worn in England by the upper and middle classes until the time of Charles I.

The history of men's dress to some extent runs parallel with that of women; but its alterations being subject to somewhat differing causes, the periods in either case do not exactly coincide. It is true that the coats, whether long or short, which were worn during the reigns of Henry VII. and his successor, seem by their turned-out collars, exhibiting the waistcoat and shirt underneath, to be approximating themselves towards a very modern type indeed; but with the subsequent introduction of the Medici fashions from the Court of France, there came an access of medievalism into men's costume which had no counterpart in the contemporary dress of women.

The term 'doublet' during the Middle Ages had been a generic name for male outer clothing, the inner tunic being then called the *waistcoat*; but when for garments worn open in front the word 'coat' began to be employed, 'waistcoat' and 'doublet' became used interchangeably to denote the under-dress.

At the effeminate Court of Henri III. men, however, as far as possible had copied the Medici toilettes of the ladies, and the doublet, or closed jerkin, was re-introduced into England during Elizabeth's reign in the shape of a padded and pinched imitation of the Medici bodice; and the *doublet form*, belted round

round the waist, fastened at the throat and finished there, whether by a ruff or falling collar, held its own, both in this country and in France, for the next hundred years, when (unless we consider it to have lately revived under the guise of the Norfolk jacket) it was finally conquered by the *juste-au-corps*. Not only the bodice of the Medici dress, but its farthingale also, in the shape of grotesquely padded breeches, was, as far as possible, pressed into the service of masculine costume during the latter part of the sixteenth century; and as this clumsy fashion recommended itself particularly to James I. as a protection from the assassination of which he lived in constant dread, it survived throughout his reign, and only gave way to a fresh importation from France on the marriage of Charles I. with Henrietta Maria.

The Medici dress of the French Court had, during the reign of Henri IV., grown more and more cumbrous; but during the regency of Marie de' Medici a process of transition set in, which was completed by the sumptuary edicts of Cardinal Richelieu. Previous to these the farthingale had already diminished in size, and padded rolls had disappeared from about the hips, fulness there being only given by the bunching up of the overskirt. In its later forms the Medici ruff, too, had spread itself out, and dropped lower and lower towards the shoulders till it became approximated to the form of a collar; whilst the hair, which so long as the stand-up ruff lasted had been confined to the top of the head, was thus allowed to descend, and hang in ringlets round the face. The long pointed bodices, however, remained in vogue, and, together with the rest of the costume, were thickly overlaid with gold and silver laces, trimmings, and embroideries, mostly imported from abroad.

It was to check this stream of foreign importation that Richelieu's edicts, enjoining the adoption of a simpler mode, were mainly directed; and the character of the dress thus prescribed may be seen in pictures by Abraham Bosse, a contemporary artist. According to these, the already retreating farthingale was altogether banished, and the hitherto tucked-up skirts were ordered to hang straightly down. The ruff was robbed of its lace edging and turned flat over the shoulders in the form of a wide plain collar; and the skirted jacket, or 'hongreline,' so called from its being worn by the Hungarian soldiery, took the place of the stiffened and embroidered bodice.

The dress was well suited to the requirements of the lower *bourgeoisie*, by whom it was readily adopted; and it survives to this day in all its integrity amongst the Sisters of St. Vincent

de Paul, whose habit was especially chosen by their founder to render them inconspicuous. Its pattern was much too plain, however, to find favour with the upper classes; and the Court ladies, though adhering to it in outline, succeeded in so far altering its details as to produce the stately garb which Vandyke has immortalized, and whose most characteristic features were repeated in male costume as well.

In matters of fashion, England has almost always, sooner or later, followed in the wake of France; and in the present instance the French marriage of Charles I. made the French fashion inevitable. The padded Medici dress of the preceding reign from this time was discarded, and was succeeded, for men, by the closely-fitting doublet, loose trunk hose, and broad slouched hat; for women, by basqued bodices, full straight skirts and ringletted foreheads, the wide pointed collar being worn by both sexes alike; and this costume remained the dress of all parties till well on in the reign of Charles II.—the pinched habits of the Puritans differing only in an elaborate meanness of detail from the rich and elegant garb of the Cavaliers. The Restoration effected no further changes than the introduction of some foolish and tasteless extravagances, such as a ridiculous shortening of the waists of doublets, or the transformation of the full trunk hose into those ‘petticoat breeches,’ as they were called, which, looking like children’s embroidered drawers, give so incongruously infantine an air to the costumes of the rakes of the period.

France was again the source of the real and lasting change which next followed. During the minority of Louis XIV., Cardinal Mazarin, like his predecessor Richelieu, had been busy with sumptuary edicts. The chief effect of these, however, was to increase the appetite of both King and Court for something new; and Louis, as soon as he had the power, took the reins of fashion into his own hands, and invented an entirely new kind of coat, blue faced with red, and granted the privilege of wearing it, by letters patent, to a certain number of the nobility. For this reason it was called the *juste-au-corps à brevet*; and though the particular pattern in question was limited to a select few, a race of garments soon sprang up in imitation of it, which completely ousted the older doublets, and replaced them with the square-cut coats and long waistcoats of the eighteenth century.

The example of the French Court was infectious, and Charles II., following in the steps of the *Grand Monarque*, turned his mind to the invention of a fresh fashion in masculine costume. The first pattern he elaborated was that of a straight-cut

cut cassock-shaped coat, and this shape, he told Mr. Pepys in 1667, he never intended should be changed; but notwithstanding this resolution on his part, the *juste-au-corps*, when shortly after imported from France, gained an easy victory, and short breeches, over which the stockings were rolled above the knee, at the same time took the place of the petticoat hose.

An impetus must certainly have been given to the wig trade by the fashion which had so long prevailed among men of wearing flowing love-locks; possibly, indeed, the manufactured article may have so much improved, as to cause a preference for false hair, even among such as had plenty of their own; at any rate the *perruque*, or, as it was called in English, the 'periwig,' made its appearance as a regular article of dress, almost simultaneously with the *juste-au-corps*; and since, with its ample curled fleece, it at once extinguished the wide collar, and rendered the hat as a head-covering entirely superfluous, it followed as a natural consequence that the former should yield easily to the lace cravat, and the latter become variously cocked or folded, to allow of its being carried readily under the arm. Though shorn at the present day of many of its earlier accessories, masculine costume of the eighteenth century is, in its essential points, that of the nineteenth century also; and it is from the introduction of the *juste-au-corps* that we must regard the transition of men's dress from medieval to modern, as having been really completed; a transition which with women's dress had been much earlier accomplished.

The distinctive costume of the eighteenth century, so far as men were concerned, was fairly established in England during the reign of James II.; but for women, the change from the Vandyke style was more gradual. During Charles II.'s reign, and the earlier part of that of Louis XIV., the ladies who had the setting of the fashions had varied them chiefly in the direction of indecorum; but as the century wore on, and the gowns grew lower and lower on the shoulders, the characteristic wide collar disappeared, whilst the upper skirt, instead of falling in straight folds, began to be gathered backwards, more in the manner which we are accustomed to associate with the Georgian period.

The first notable innovation, however, was in the style of hair-dressing. Hitherto the bush of curls round the head, with the little separate ringlets on the forehead, had remained in vogue; but one day, the reigning favourite of Louis XIV., Mademoiselle de Fontanges, happening to lose her hat out hunting, immediately supplied its place, to the admiration of the whole field, by tying her garter round her head in a smart
2 F 2 bow.

bow. Next day the 'Fontanges' coiffure was all the rage, but the characteristic bow of which it had first consisted, soon became a minor detail, being reinforced by the towering frills of stiff muslin, which formed the structure soon after imported into England, under the name of a 'Commode.' This fashion, according to the 'Spectator' (Letter 98), was at its height about the year 1701, but was not of long continuance, since by 1711 it had quite disappeared, except in country places, whose inhabitants at that time lagged several years behind the town mode.

As commodes went out, however, farthingales, or hoops as they were now called, came in. Possibly, the rearrangement of the over-skirt, of which we have just spoken, and which would have thrown the weight of this chiefly behind, may have made some artificial support welcome; but be this as it may, in 1711 we find Sir Roger de Coverley speaking of his great-great-grandmother, who must have worn the 'wheel' farthingale of Queen Elizabeth's time, as being dressed 'in the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern was gathered at the waist,'—his ancestress, he says, appearing as though she stood in a large drum, while the ladies of his own day walked as if they were in go-carts.

Contrary to the usual order in matters of dress, England, not France, was responsible for the second introduction of the hoop; and though France ended by adopting it in all its magnitude, this was not till several years later. The square-cut dresses, on the contrary, with their raised over-skirts and tight ruffled sleeves, which a modern fashion has revived, and in which we habitually picture to ourselves the Clarissas, the Evelinas, and the Cecílias of the eighteenth century, were of purely French extraction, and had their origin at the Court of Louis XIV., under the comparatively strait-laced régime of Madame de Maintenon.

England having paid homage to the grotesque, in the revival of the hoop, it fell fairly to the lot of France to introduce a successor to the *commode*, and it was to the elaboration of novelties in hairdressing that fashion-mongers during the reign of Louis XVI. chiefly devoted their energy. Height was again the object aimed at, but not, as formerly, by the erection of an independent structure like 'Fontanges,' but by an arrangement of the hair itself over great quantities of wool-padding.

The new mode, as the portraits of our great-grandmothers tell us, soon crossed the Channel. Sir Walter Scott, in the 'Antiquary,' describes Miss Grizzel Oldbuck's head-dress of the fashion of 1760, as consisting of a superb piece of architecture,

not

not much smaller than a modern Gothic castle, whose turrets, *chevaux de frise*, and banners might be held represented by curls, black pins, and lappets. It was in France, however, that the maximum of senseless extravagance was attained, and M. Robida gives us some descriptions of the leading styles in vogue. One of these, the 'pouf au sentiment,' allowed great latitude of invention. Its groundwork was a high mountain of hair, but this was diversified according to taste, with representations of growing flowers and shrubs, or with little models of the wearer's friends or belongings, as when the Duchesse de Chartres wore on her *pouf* a figure of her infant in his nurse's arms, and another of a little negro, besides that of a parrot nibbling a cherry. There was the 'kitchen-garden' style too, with bunches of vegetables hooked into the side curls, and the 'rural' style, when the head must have presented the appearance of having been decorated with the contents of a German toy box; the hills, plains, and valleys, it was dressed to resemble, being variously enlivened with little windmills that really turned, trees and cottages, shepherds and huntsmen, game, dogs, and cattle. But perhaps the most grotesque design of all was the 'Belle Poule' head-dress, so called in honour of the victory of the French frigate of that name over the 'Arethusa' in 1778. Here the hair was arranged in rolling waves to represent the sea, and on it was placed, by way of a hat, the model of a ship in full sail, with masts, yards, guns, and sailors all complete. So large was the size to which these various head-dresses attained, that the caricatures of the period represent sedan-chairs as having their roofs taken off in order to allow the inmates room to sit upright. The custom was a dirty one, as well as otherwise inconvenient; for since a coiffure so elaborate could only be arranged by an artist whose ministrations would be either too expensive or too troublesome to be often called in, a lady might go sometimes for eight or nine weeks with her head, as the phrase was, 'unopened.' A longer period than this, especially in summer, was considered *un peu risqué*; but even where it was not exceeded, the results, as it appears from contemporary records, could scarcely have been agreeable.

In England, however, for the ten years immediately preceding the French Revolution, an era of better taste set in, the credit of which may be considered as partly due to George III., who discountenanced the wearing of the hoop except on State occasions; and partly also to the action of the powder-tax, which placed a heavy embargo on erections of false hair, to which the concealment gained by powdering was a necessity. It is to these two causes probably that we owe the very elegant modification

fication of English eighteenth-century costume, which is to be seen in Gainsborough's portraits.

In France the *ancien régime* had by this time reached its last stage of decrepitude. The spirit of revolution was everywhere in the air, and even the higher orders without realizing their own danger played blindly at a dilettante socialism. About the year 1780 an affectation of extreme simplicity in dress became the rage, and the newer English style was adopted and exaggerated. Marie Antoinette amused herself with toy farming, and masqueraded at Trianon in stage shepherdess costumes; whilst with the Assembly of the States-General in 1789, a series of revolutionary fashions set in. The cut of gowns now became simplified to the utmost, so that no invidious distinctions might recall the time when all had not been free and equal. For adornments on great occasions revolutionary symbols were worn—such as bunches of tricoloured flowers, lockets, buckles, or earrings, *au tiers état*, *à la constitution*, or *à la Bastille*; whilst in place of the former wide hats, 'peasant,' 'milkmaid,' or 'Charlotte Corday' caps were adopted. During the actual Reign of Terror the problem of how to live at all kept the question of what to wear in abeyance; but with the Directory the classical spirit, which was supposed to animate the new order of things, showed itself *par excellence* in women's dress.

The highly artificial costume of the eighteenth century, a costume which had lent itself exclusively to the requirements of the higher orders, had furnished a sort of standing witness to the gulf between class and class; and now when this gulf was deemed obliterated, an almost primitive nudity became the conscious emblem of the new reign of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' that had begun. In the domain of female fashion, the growth of over a thousand years was shattered almost in a day; and during the earlier part of the present century, we are presented with the curious spectacle of a new and very distinct type of dress re-evolving itself from the simplest elements. Abhorrent as was the spirit of the Revolution to the conservative English mind, French example, so far as dress was concerned, proved too powerful not to be followed, at least at a certain distance. The 'merveilleuse,' or ultra-fashionable, of the Directory, according to M. Robida, walked half-naked in the Champs Elysées, or at any rate with a tall hat and a belt for her most prominent articles of costume; and though to those lengths Englishwomen did not go, yet judging from contemporary illustrations they cannot, we think, be said to have lingered very far in the rear; or, to use the

the words of the 'town young lady,' whose letter to the 'young lady in the country' is given in a periodical of the day, the make of gowns was such 'that one must be very fashionable not to think them indecent.'

Nothing to be seen in any modern assemblage could, we should imagine, be compared for indecorum of arrangement, with the infinitesimal frills and almost more than clinging skirts which did duty as raiment for the belles of 1809, or thereabouts, and the chief wonder we feel in beholding them is that, in such a climate as ours, any ancestresses for the present generation should have survived. That the deficiencies of the Directory and Empire dresses with regard to warmth, however, were evidently much felt, may be seen by the successive attempts to remedy them—attempts which ultimately issued in the extinction of their characteristic fixtures. Shawls, scarves, and mantillas were naturally first adopted. Then little spencers were invented, which, in the language of 'Ackerman's Repository,' when worn over a ball-dress converted it into 'an elegant carriage or promenade toilette.' A dress with its waist under the arms, however, unless so made as to display the neck pretty freely, can scarcely avoid a more or less dumpy and shapeless appearance; and so inconsistent were the lines of the Directory and Empire styles with anything but a liberal exposure of the person, that where an actually high dress was desired, some sort of *ruse* had to be adopted for the preservation at least of a *décolletée* impression. A low dress, or a dress with its fronts turned back collarwise, was thus put on over a high chemisette; or else the neck and shoulders were altogether hidden, by wide collars, or by pointed capes called 'pèlerines.' These 'pèlerines' and wide collars formed a legacy of the short-waisted dresses, and long survived them; and this, too, was the case with the low setting in of sleeves, of which the primary object had been to leave visible the upper part of the arm; and with the *berthes* also, so long retained for evening wear, and which, from representing as they once did the whole bodice, had been gradually reduced, by the lengthening waists, to the position and office of a mere trimming.

As the more characteristic features of the Directory dress were omitted, the classical ideal it had attempted to express disappeared likewise; and there being no other idea sufficiently pronounced to take its place, such variation as in the interests of milliners and dressmakers still went on, became more and more vapid and meaningless. High bodices, cut on the lines of low ones, disguised instead of defining the figure; and skirts, having once so far enlarged their borders as to admit of
needful

have become the result less of development than of conscious adaptation. We will return therefore to male costume, which we left at the introduction of the *juste-au-corps*. Masculine fashions, unlike feminine fashions, suffered no break in continuity at the time of the French Revolution, and the typical form introduced at the end of the seventeenth century has remained ever since essentially unaltered. In its earlier stages the *juste-au-corps* had been distinguished by a huge development of the cuff; but though this diminished and its skirts extended, it remained unaltered in its general character until the middle of the reign of George III., when it was to some extent remodelled. The changes which it now underwent suggest a military origin. In the uniforms of some regiments, even so late as 1850, traces still survived (in apparently useless buttons and lines of braiding) of the old custom which had prevailed of fastening back the front corners of the square-cut *juste-au-corps* of the cavalry to keep them out of the way in riding; and it was the paring away of these superfluous corners which brought what still remains the shape of the modern Court coat into fashion.

Uniform coats again, as we may see by contemporary portraits, and as is well shown in a series of engravings given by Luard ('History of the Dress of the British Soldier'), were often towards the close of the last century made with facings turning backwards from the throat to the waist; which facings had only to be turned forwards and buttoned across the chest to produce at once the swallow-tail shape, which succeeded the cut-away Court shape both for civil and military wear; and the conversion thus effected of the *juste-au-corps* from a single-breasted to a double-breasted garment, brought into being the roll collar and lapels, which were so grotesquely exaggerated during the early part of the present century, but which have remained ever since as characteristic features of the modern coat. The old, long waistcoats, it is almost needless to say, disappeared with the long square-skirted coats; and for men as well as for women absurdly short-waisted clothes gratified the *outré* taste of the Revolutionary period; whilst a little later, under the auspices of George IV., the leading peculiarity of masculine costume became its excessive tightness of fit. With regard to nether garments, breeches comparatively early in the Georgian period had lengthened to below the knee, and they continued to be thus worn until the time of the Peninsular war, when pantaloons and Hessian boots having been introduced into the army, these were adopted for civil costume as well. Later on, at the conclusion of the French war, the visit of the Cossacks to London occasioned a *furor* for the loose trousers which

which formed part of their national costume ; and thus, curiously enough, it came about that, after so long an interval, the genuine barbarian *braccæ*, which Roman ridicule had once banished, were again taken into favour.

Of wigs, the long-curved Louis XIV. periwig had been early supplemented by other and more convenient forms. Thus in Queen Anne's reign we read of riding-wigs, bag-wigs, and nightcap wigs ; under George I. there came in the *Ramillies* wig, sacred to the memory of ' Uncle Toby ;' whilst in the time of George II. bobwigs, tie-wigs, and pigtail wigs were added to the list. During the latter half of the eighteenth century wigs began, however, to fall into disuse, and by the time of the accession of George III. had ceased to be a necessary adjunct to a gentleman's dress.

The necktie, too, since the falling collar was succeeded by the lace cravat, had undergone many changes. After the ' Steinkirk,' came a band of muslin edged with lace, which was wound twice round the neck and tied in a bow in front over the ruffled shirt. This, again, was followed first by a plain black ribbon, and then by the voluminous handkerchief which embedded the very chin of the wearer, and was only kept within bounds by the addition of a high stiff collar to the shirt. With this neckcloth and linen collar the shirt-frill disappeared, and linen cuffs taking the place of ruffles at the wrists, the last of the old elegant accompaniments of the *juste-au-corps* disappeared ; and the nineteenth-century coat was fairly launched in its present stage of existence.

The interest of the feminine costume of this period lies in the fact of its having been a ' forced adaptation ' to present conditions of an ancient and completely exotic mode ; and for this reason we have followed its variations in some detail ; but as in the case of men's dress no such cause is present, we need not here linger over the parallel transformations undergone during our own times by hats, coats, and trousers—characteristic in their effect as the slightest differences of this sort often show themselves.

It is impossible to follow up the history of even our most familiar surroundings without observing how deeply the present has its roots in the past, and how often the names and forms with which we are best acquainted, reveal an antiquity reaching back even into pre-historic times. The history of languages and of the arts of life, like the history of living organisms, is a history of development, in which the laws of evolution hold good, and the phenomena of evolution are discernible. The costume of our own day thus exhibits, in every direction,
marks

marks of the various shapes through which it has passed,—marks which tell of conditions no longer present, as clearly as in the animal world do the sightless eyes of the Proteus, or the little lizard's legs which lie hidden beneath the skin of the Python.

Look thus at the line of braid or stitching on the coat-sleeve; does not this contain the record of the great cuffs of the *juste-au-corps*? whilst cuffs of whatever form as obviously have had their origin in the funnel-shaped terminations so frequent in the sleeves of medieval garments, and which could really be turned downwards at pleasure to protect the hand if required.

Not only does dress supply us in this way with examples of 'aborted' or 'rudimentary' organs; but, where competition has been checked or invention inactive, with instances also of 'survivals.' Thus certain forms of costume disused in daily life are still retained for special occasions: the wigs, collars, and mantles of former times, still do duty as insignia of quality and office; whilst similarly the shapes of medieval cloaks are perpetuated in modern college gowns, and the dress of the London 'prentice of the sixteenth century in that of the Blue Coat boy of to-day.

Nowhere, however, are survivals of this kind better shown than in the sacerdotal vestments of the Catholic clergy and in the 'habits' of religious orders. Here we may see, petrified or crystallized, modes otherwise extinct. Thus the 'alb,' or long linen tunic worn by bishops, priests, and deacons alike, beneath their other and more characteristic vestments, was originally nothing more than the *camisia*, or shirt of the Roman citizen; whilst similarly the chasuble is a truncated form of the circular cloak which, with some variation in name and shape, formed the outermost garment of all classes. Some interesting details on this subject are given us by Dean Stanley, when dilating in his latest published volume of *Essays** on the exclusively secular origin of ecclesiastical costume. Not only, as he here tells us, is the *camisia* represented by the alb, but by the dalmatic and the surplice as well;—the dalmatic being the *collobium*,—the short-sleeved or sleeveless shirts of the lower orders, appropriated to the deacon, as 'the working man of the clergy'; whilst the *superpellicium*, surplice, or as it might be translated 'over-fur,' was the name given to the *camisia* when it came to be worn later on over the *pellicia*—the sheepskin or otter-skin tunics, introduced to the civilized world by the barbarous tribes of the North. There is something

* 'Christian Institutions,' London, 1881.

very picturesque in the derivation we find here and elsewhere given ; for the word chasuble, from *casula*, 'a little house,' was a name bestowed on the great circular mantles worn chiefly by the peasants, which from their size and stout material provided, as it were, a small hut or dwelling for the wearer. This particular form of cloak, at once simple and durable, was naturally adopted as the dress of Christian monks and ascetics ; a special variety, as there is evidence to show, being early set apart for religious uses. The primitive form of the chasuble was thus that of a complete circle with a hole in the middle for the head,—like the *poncho* of the Guachos of South America. Held up over the arms, it would have fallen necessarily, as far as outline went, into the later chasuble form ; and as the garment in its original shape became obsolete for every-day use, convenience could scarcely have failed to suggest the simple process of curtailment, by which one diameter was shortened, and the elliptical or lozenge-like form of the ancient Gothic chasuble produced.

This shape, as contemporary representations tell us, remained in use with little alteration throughout the Middle Ages ; and it was only during the eighteenth century that the modern Roman form which has now almost superseded it began gradually to creep in. Pugin, in his 'Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornament and Costume,' attributes this change, which he greatly regrets, in part to the tastelessness of the manufacturers, into whose hands the designing and making of vestments latterly fell, and in part to the employment by these of stiffer materials than had been formerly used ; a cause, it may be observed, which would have been in itself sufficient to make the modern abridgment over the shoulders a necessity.

In the dress of the older religious orders, both of men and women, the long gowns and hooded mantles, in use among the laity at the time of their different institutions, are almost exactly preserved ; and this, to some extent, is the case also with others of later date. Thus the cassock, worn by the Jesuits and the Oblates, retains the rudimentary sleeve, or rather streamer, which, pendent from the back of the armhole, formed a feature of the cloaks and coats of the sixteenth century. The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, as we have already mentioned, still wear the same costume prescribed for general use by the sumptuary edicts of Cardinal Richelieu ; and a similar instance is furnished by an order of Breton nuns, 'Les filles du St. Esprit,' which has adopted for its habit a simple and uniform edition of the very distinctive peasant dress of the Morbihan.

Turning to the head-gear of either sex, we here meet with two
root-forms,

root-forms, the hat and the hood, which, while themselves retaining their pristine vigour, have together or separately produced a varied progeny. The ancient *petasus*, or straw hat, was thus of much the same shape as that still worn where protection from the sun is the chief object; while the most primitive form of hood, viz. a double square joined along two of its edges, may still be seen attached to waterproof cloaks and coats, as well as improvised by coal-heavers out of empty sacks. It is this hood which may be regarded as the parent of all hoods and caps whatsoever, and it must certainly also have supplied the *idea* of the bonnet; though with regard to some actual varieties of the latter, such as the 'coal-scuttle,' the 'cottage,' and the 'spoon' bonnets, which so long contributed the crowning disfigurement to nineteenth-century dress, these, as connecting links clearly show, were the results of a series of tasteless alterations on the charming Gainsborough hat.

Domestic animals and cultivated plants are both more susceptible to variation and more liable to produce monstrosities than those in a state of nature; and somewhat similarly, dress, where its forms have come to originate in taste and fancy alone, apart from utility, shows the same abiding tendency towards extravagant developments, a tendency which no amount of remonstrance, ridicule, or inconvenience seems able to overcome.

Preaching Friars thundered in vain against the towering head-dresses of the Middle Ages; in spite of universal obloquy the hoop has three several times made good its ground, whilst ever since the introduction of the modern idea of a 'waist,' there has been an increasing endeavour, in the case of women, to substitute a conventional figure for a natural one.

M. Robida, from whose book we have several times quoted, expresses in conclusion his wish that some *fin-de-siècle* style of dress might yet arise, which should be really original and not a mere plagiarism of the past. During the present century alone, so far as costume is concerned, we may be said to have gained an epitomised experience, especially in the matter of what to avoid; and with this to aid us, is it too much to hope that some form of clothing may be eventually adopted, which, while at least not ungraceful in construction, shall yet really harmonize, in some increased measure, with the practical requirements of the time?

- ART. VII.—1. *A Voyage up the River Amazon, including a Residence at Parā.* By William H. Edwards. London, 1861.
2. *Records of a Naturalist on the Amazons.* By Henry Walter Bates, F.R.S. New Edition, with a Memoir of the Author by Edward Clodd. London, 1892.
3. *A Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro.* By Alfred R. Wallace. London, 1853.
4. *The Naturalist in Nicaragua.* By Thomas Belt, F.G.S. London.
5. *The Naturalist in La Plata.* By W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. London, 1892.

THE late Mr. Bates in his 'Naturalist on the Amazons' makes sundry good-humoured allusions to Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature.' Boswell tells us something of the genesis of that very popular work. Goldsmith mentioned at a dinner at General Oglethorpe's that he was busy over a Natural History; that he had taken lodgings with a farmer in the Edgware Road, and had carried down his books in two returned post-chaises. Goldsmith's book was written in simplicity of mind, and was characterized by childlike credulity. The subjects he treated were again discussed at the General's table, only a few days after the former interview. The naturalist was overflowing with remarkable facts. He talked of the instinctive antipathy of dogs to the dog-butchers of China; of 'the abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre,' and added that if you put a tubful of blood in a stable the horses were like to go mad. Mr. Thrale was sceptical, and suggested that before publishing the statement the experiment had better be tried in his stable. But Johnson interposed with his strong common sense. Don't do anything of the kind, he said, in fact. If you once begin to verify your assertions, you will never write your book. The venerable philosopher was wise in his generation, and he distrusted evidence at second-hand. Goldsmith, who fairly represented the intelligence and practice of the time, followed his sage Mentor's advice, and his book was successful. Of course he rejected the mythical monsters of the old adventurers; he had nothing to say of the winged dragons and griffins, or of the unicorn that figures in the royal arms. But he had an eager ear for the piquant tales of all the more modern travellers; and so he turned out a charming medley of truths which were largely leavened by fiction. What strikes us chiefly in books on natural history of a far later date, is not so much their occasional absurdities or extravagances, as the limited

limited extent of the knowledge that compiled them. The closer observations of Gilbert White and of Pennant were the commencement of a new era of practical study in England; but the shrewdest of the chamber-naturalists had scarcely a suspicion of the wide world of wonders which was still to be explored. There had been stray volumes, which brought their authors well-deserved credit, on the birds of certain countries of Southern Europe, or on the zoology of the English settlements in North America; but the tropical regions especially, whether in the Old World or the New, with their inexhaustible fertility and their irrepressible vitality, were still to all intents almost absolutely virgin.

In the present century, and notably in the last two generations, skilled and scientific investigation has made rapid progress. A structure of marvellous interest, and abounding in surprises, has been reared upon solid foundations. The observations of one investigator have corrected or confirmed those of another, while in many cases ingenious speculation is still at fault in plausibly interpreting the mysteries of nature. Even for the amateur who only desires to be entertained, we can imagine few studies more fascinating than that of Natural History. Mr. Stanley, in accordance with his rôle as a man of action, regarded Emin Pacha as a mere beetle-hunter; yet the epithet is a well-deserved title of honour, conveying no sort of reflection on Emin's manhood. To investigate the personal and social habits of Equatorial beetles and butterflies must have been much more attractive and bewitching to the German's spirit of curiosity than to discover and dilate on those of the Arab slave-hunters and debased Egyptians and negroes whose qualities and vices are conspicuous. The beetles and the ants are reasonable beings, from whose social polity and skilled co-operative labour the most advanced civilized society might borrow invaluable hints.

We recommend those who would fairly estimate the labours, the self-sacrifice, and the ceaseless strain on the brain and the bodily powers of an enthusiastic and highly cultivated naturalist, to study the interesting Memoir of Mr. Bates, prefixed to the new edition of his Travels. He neither gained riches nor great honours, and nevertheless, we imagine, he had his reward: for he not only rejoiced in the discovery of many new species and varieties, but demonstrated original and suggestive theories to the satisfaction of such *savants* as Darwin and Hooker.

Far from 'beetle-hunting' inferring an impeachment on manhood, no life, on the contrary, puts a more sustained or a heavier strain

strain on man's highest qualities than the life of the exploring naturalist in untravelled countries. The worthy Rector of Selborne parish combined healthful recreation with luxurious industry. He took his strolls abroad in the invigorating air of Woolmer Forest and Alice Holt; he wandered among the picturesque chalk-slips of the Hanger, marking the flight of the falcons and the ravens; he sat in his summer-house of an evening, listening to the churning of the night-jars and the cooing of the wood-pigeons; he strolled out towards the sunset to see the black swifts circling round the church spire, till the decline of day sent them to their rest, and brought out the bats and the owls on their velvety pinions. He came home to his easy chair, to make the notes in his diary, and muse over letters to congenial correspondents; a quiet existence, almost as monotonous and not much more eventful than that of his friend Timothy, the old Sussex tortoise. But the naturalist in the Tropics should have the courage of a hero, the enthusiasm of a martyr, and the constitution of a horse, with the wisdom of the serpent and the pliability of a diplomatist; and whatever else may be included in his outfit, he must lay in an inexhaustible stock of patience. None of the natives know anything of the value of time, and they are ingenious in inventing difficulties to make the stranger draw his purse-strings. He must risk death daily in many shapes; since there are treacherous savages who mistrust his motives, and are always ready with their lances and poisoned arrows. He ships himself in frail canoes to cross stormy estuaries that are wider than the English Channel, or to shoot dangerous rapids. He bivouacs by the watch-fire, a doubtful protection against the hungry carnivores that are prowling in search of prey; or he may tread upon deadly snakes or thrust his hand into a scorpion's nest. He dare scarcely bathe for fear of the alligators, and unless he keeps his eyes about him he may run his head against a hanging hornets' nest, or blunder into a legion of ants, who promptly seize him. The richest hunting-grounds are the most pestilential. Decaying vegetation generates deadly gases; miasma lies visible over the lagoons, and marsh fevers and agues follow the course of every water channel. The quinine, however carefully husbanded, gives out at last, and then there is nothing for it but resignation and stoical endurance. The exploring naturalist becomes more or less habituated to chronic ill-health, and it is only the imperative necessity for effort which supports him; he is almost always on short commons, and sometimes he is starving. The forests are full of animal life, yet the game is shy and hard to shoot. Mr. Bates tells

us how, after a long-protracted diet of dried fish, and the *farinha* or dusty cassava flour, his soul began to loathe that light food, and he felt an almost intolerable craving for flesh. For more than eleven years he endured these hardships, though strength and health were steadily failing; and when he left the Brazils, he was literally a wreck.

Nor are minor anxieties and annoyances less worrying. The skins and specimens procured at great cost must be preserved under the most trying conditions, and are frequently sacrificed by the crass stupidity of the natives. The treasures must be transported to the distant seaport; and if the cases be not carefully secured, they will assuredly be gutted by insects. As for Mr. Wallace, he had the singular ill-luck to lose the whole of his collection by a conflagration at sea. Moreover, the zealous naturalist has opportunities of study forced upon him with which he would very willingly dispense. Flights of night moths extinguish the lamp or the flickering candle by which he is striving to write. He has learned much more than he cares to know about the mosquitoes, the sand-flies, the rats, and the familiar snakes which infest his reed hut or swarm in his bedroom. From head to foot he is always covered with bites and festering stings, till his very misery may be his salvation. Mr. Belt, in his 'Naturalist in Nicaragua,' congratulates himself once on his being so thoroughly sucked and drained by the mosquitoes, that the disgusted blood-pumpers left him alone, because they could find no fresh opening for a promising puncture. Of course the best temper will break down under such trials, and we remark that tropical companions seldom come home together, unless they have wisely arranged to work on separate beats.

Of the countries explored by the writers of the books which supply the matter of the article, the most northerly is Nicaragua, which has been brought repeatedly before the investing public by projects for a gigantic ship-canal. It is rich in minerals, and Mr. Belt resided there as director of the Chontales silver mines, which brought more disappointment than profit to the shareholders. Geographers have divided Nicaragua into three parallel, longitudinal zones. The most easterly, which is saturated by perpetual rain-drip, consists chiefly of impenetrable forest, stretching away from behind the noxious Mosquito Coast; in the centre are the more sulubrious highlands, interspersed with fertile savannahs on the banks of the numerous rivers, and it was there, in the province of Chontales, that Belt pursued his investigations; the western division is the best known of the three, for it lies between the lakes and the Pacific,

Pacific, and has been carefully surveyed by skilled engineers. As for British Guiana, which was Waterton's favourite resort, it may be briefly defined as a strip of bottomless alluvial soil, capable of growing any quantity of sugar, intersected by canals and canal-like streams and backed up by a wild and wooded territory, the limits of which have never yet been defined. In Guiana the colonist is confined between swampy sea-shore and impracticable bush. The rivers are short and barely navigable. Changing the scene to the Northern Brazils, we are losing ourselves in the vast water system of the mightiest river in the world. Needless to say, that there is every variety of scenery, with a wonderful range of climate. There is the alluvial delta, with its channels and lagoons, many of them deep, and mostly navigable. The palms throw their shadows above the gnarled mangroves which fringe the fever-stricken shores. At certain seasons whole districts are inundated; consequently great stretches of country are never visited except by the india-rubber collector. Above the delta is what is called the Lower Amazons. There the broad expanse of the turbid flood is either bounded by the beginnings of the great Amazonian forest, or skirted by wide expanses of savannah, with a vegetation closely resembling that of the pampas. The Upper Amazons begin to the west of the mouths of the Madeira and the Rio Negro. That land is said to be better watered than any region on the face of the earth; yet it is abandoned to the luxuriance of sylvan desolation. Over the great plains and the splintered sierras, and hills swelling into towering mountains, extends the virgin forest in almost unbroken continuity. Finally, we may note the southern tributary of the Tocantins, on which Mr. Bates spent much of his time, but which, according to strictly scientific geographers, scarcely belongs to the Amazonian hydrographic system. As for the plains of the river La Plata, which by the way has its sources in the highlands of Brazil, at no great distance from those of the Amazon, nothing need be said about them. They ought to be too well known to English settlers and speculators; and moreover Mr. Hudson, as we shall see, gives all necessary explanations. We shall only observe that when in his book he takes us south to the stern scenes which are the death-resort of the huanaco, he carries us into unsettled territory, still disputed between the States of Chili and La Plata, and virtually in possession of some scattered Aborigines.

So far as we know, the first scientific naturalist who visited Central or Southern America was Mr. Waterton, who went thither in 1812. The somewhat eccentric humanitarian who

enclosed a sanctuary round his Yorkshire hall for all sorts of wild creatures writes both picturesquely and sympathetically. On several occasions he went wandering in the back country of Demerara and Essequibo, although he never made a protracted sojourn. He regards things somewhat superficially, and is inclined to paint all he sees in rosy colours. When he got among the sluggish streams, the canals, and the cane-patches, he revelled in the strange beauties of a tropical paradise. Nature scattered gifts with prodigal profusion—the arrowroot plant grew like a weed: the languid air might be agreeish or relaxing, but it was balmy with the odours of the balsams and other rare medicinal herbs whose secrets as specifics had been discovered by the Indians. Humming-birds in all the hues of the rainbow fluttered over the beds of blooming wild flowers; and if you cared for melody, you might listen all the day to the cheerful music of the bell-bird. Of course there were snakes in that Eden, and some of them sufficiently formidable, but they glided aside from the path when it vibrated to the traveller's footfall; and the 'tigers' or jaguars who roared from the woods were in reality nearly as harmless as the red monkeys who enlivened the day's march with their ludicrous antics. Waterton, like all wandering naturalists, had a considerable fund of humour; an indispensable quality in the man who has to put up with innumerable hardships and annoyances. Like Mr. Edwards, who followed him, he has much to tell of the comedy of the forests; of the pranks of the monkeys who, though they wear portentously mournful looks and disturb the nights with lugubrious serenades, are the most facetious and frolicsome of living creatures. He admires and envies the conjugal felicity of the parrots, who always fly about in pairs, and are more demonstratively amorous than any turtle-doves. The theory of evolution had not then been broached, but he discusses the differences between the monkeys and the sloths, with the striking disparity of their natural advantages. The monkeys, who go in for gymnastics, have long, flexible and prehensile tails, as useful as their feet or hands to swing themselves from bough to bough. The sloth lives in the trees, but he is indolent in his habits and apathetic in his temperament: so is he furnished with a stumpy bob-tail, like that of the bull terrier as it was cropped according to the old fashion. *En revanche*, the sloth is provided with claws which clasp the branch all the more firmly, the sounder he sleeps; and the sloth invariably composes himself to rest slung in hammock-fashion from the boughs, with the
head

head hanging downwards like the flying foxes. Though Waterton was a Yorkshire squire, we know not if he was in the habit of crossing country after hounds; but his crowning achievement in Essequibo was riding ashore on the alligator which his Indians had lassoed and harpooned. He figures in the performance of this feat on the frontispiece to his illustrated *Travels*. As he probably had no regard for the Eden-like suit of clothes he was wearing, there was nothing very sensational in the performance; for, unlike the leviathan of Job, the alligator was first hooked in the jaw and his forelegs were secured over his withers. Be that as it may, subsequent travellers in these regions seem disinclined to take Waterton very seriously; but his pictures of tropical scenery are admirably poetical and yet realistic. In them he describes the landscapes after the brief interval of dusk, illuminated all of a sudden by the sparkle of innumerable fire-flies; and, like all subsequent writers, he expatiates on the startling effect of mysterious nocturnal voices breaking the melancholy silence of the forest solitudes.

It is now nearly half a century since Mr. Edwards described the inexhaustibly interesting territories drained by the mighty Amazon. No richer or more inviting field lies open to the investigations of the adventurous naturalist. With its many sources on the eastern slopes of the Andes, the river runs its course of thousands of miles through many variations of scenery and climate. Its estuaries embrace whole archipelagoes of islands; the width of its greatest tributaries may be measured by dozens of miles, and not a few of them, which have only been imperfectly explored, are fully half the length of the parent stream. What struck Mr. Bates, especially in approaching the seaport of Salinas, was the sight of the trees coming down to the shore and fringing the dense forest which he knew extended inland for upwards of 2000 miles. Enthusiast in science as he was, the vision, as he prophetically interpreted it, brought home to him the gravity of his venture. If it was not a case of *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, it was the next thing to it. Each league the explorer left behind had to be painfully retraced under serious difficulties and probably with shattered health. Explorers generally found the Portuguese and the half-breeds friendly and hospitable, but they were listless and indolent. They preferred the excitements of peddling trade to the dull routine of agriculture. They lived in an atmosphere somewhat warmer than that of the hot-houses at Kew; and though they crossed their blood with that of the Aborigines, the enervating climate had told on them through successive generations.

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The lightest exertion secured them a competency, and superfluities scarcely brought them additional enjoyment. No man who concerned himself conscientiously about his neighbour's morals could have possibly got on in that easy-going society. Marriage had fallen much into disuse; many of the most respected husbands led patriarchal lives, with a plurality of wives and innumerable concubines; the most popular of the priests set their half-naked parishioners the worst possible example, and prided themselves on telling good stories which would have been heartily appreciated by Boccaccio or Brantôme, but would have had no success on the platforms at Exeter Hall. As for the Indians who were engaged to hunt for specimens, or to navigate the canoes, they were generally inoffensive, though inclined to be sullen. But they were quite as wide awake as any Durham collier or London dock labourer to the question of fair wages for a short day's work. They would have their money or their money's worth in the shape of the cloth or the trinkets they coveted. They were predisposed to epidemics of home-sickness, and would never go far from their native villages. And above all, although practically omnivorous, they were always ready to mutiny on the question of supplies. They could dine luxuriously off monkey or iguana or the musky-flavoured alligator. But the rainy season in these regions is called the famine season, as food of every kind is difficult to procure; and then when their improvidence had consumed the *farinha* and the salt fish, which Mr. Edwards describes as more indigestible than dried shark-flesh, they might take French leave in the silence of the night and leave their employer stranded and helpless. The traveller, although he may have mastered all previous books of travel, can scarcely realize the troubles in store for him. The predominant feeling is buoyant exhilaration at the excitement and the triumphs awaiting him; and, like Waterton, he is at first inclined to see everything in the brightest aspects. There is much in realism in first impressions, although this must depend on circumstances and temperament. Mr. Wallace's hopes had been raised so high that he confesses himself somewhat disappointed on sighting the Amazon; nor was he greatly cheered by closer observation, for he saw few of those sights in the woods which he had fully expected; and only gradually he found that patient search would be amply rewarded. Yet even Mr. Wallace goes into modified raptures, and only regrets that he had been misled into exaggerated expectations by the various authorities he consulted.

Very possibly he makes special allusion to Mr. Edwards,
who

who had evidently approached the Northern Brazils in the highest health and spirits, and whose descriptions strike us as picturesquely impressive; though they are so minutely realistic in the detail, that we are constrained to acknowledge their fidelity. The Amazon, in the irresistible strength of its turbid current, announces itself long before the land can be descried, and this is what Mr. Edwards says of the approach:—

‘The water became luminous; the waves were crested with fire; the vessel’s path was one broad track of light; and as we took our shower-bath under the pump, liquid flames dashed over us, and every drop was a splendour. To heighten our interest in the phenomenon, a score of porpoises were playing about in every direction, their tracks a living flame, contorted, zigzag, like fiery serpents. . . . The blue was changed to green; and long before land was visible, the green had lost itself in the muddy brown of the Amazon. Everywhere were discernible currents, known from afar by their different hues, and by the furious boiling of their surfaces.’

They sailed up from the port of Salinas to the city of Pará in perfumed air, breathing from the banks or the islands that were densely covered with the forest timber of the Tropics. ‘Impervious as a hedge, tall trees shot up their arrow-like stems; broad palm leaves vibrated with every breath. A thousand shades of green were enamelled with flowers in red and white and gold. The loud notes of the toucans, the shrill cries of the parrots, greeted our welcome; and about the vessel twittered thousands of martins, the same old friends who used to disturb us at home in the early morning.’ At the town of Pará he was delighted with the natural avenues in the wooded environs, where the lofty colonnades were arched over with foliage impervious to the sunshine, and the pillars were buttressed with gnarled parasites and festooned with trailing and clinging creepers. Most travellers speak of the silence of these woods in the noonday. Edwards declares they were vocal with warblers, and at first he was deluded into believing he recognized the notes of the robin, the blue bird and the oriole, the familiar songsters of his native New England. His first trip up the river was to the rice-mills of a countryman, picturesquely situated on the bank of the river, and embowered in natural shrubbery. There he made acquaintance with the primeval forest, which came up to the very doors of the isolated settlement:—

‘Trees of incredible girth twine aloft, and from their tops we in vain endeavour to bring down the desired bird with a fowling-piece. The trunks are of every variety of form—round, angular, sometimes resembling an open network, through which the light pierces in every

every direction. Among these giants very few low trees or little underbrush interfere with one's movements, and very rarely is the path intercepted by a fallen log. But about the trees cling huge snake-like vines, winding round and round the trunks, and through the branches sending their long arms, binding tree to tree. Sometimes they throw down long feelers, which swing in mid-air until they reach the ground; when, taking root, they in their turn throw out arms that cling to the first support.

If Edwards paints everything in the most glowing colours, Mr. Bates dwells more often on the sombre aspects of the scenery which alternately depressed and fascinated him. He was struck by the gloom and the silence of the equatorial forests which had forcibly impressed Waterton in his lonely bivouacs in Guiana.

The silence and the gloom

'are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes, in the midst of the stillness, a sudden yell or scream will startle one: this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harassing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirits. The feeling of inhospitable wilderness which the forest is calculated to inspire, is increased tenfold under their fearful uproar. Often, even in the still hours of midday, a sudden crash will be heard resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are, besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang against a hard hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind.'

The superstitious natives, of course, attribute these mysterious sounds to the spirits and the demons which haunt the woodlands. Probably the emotional nerves of an ailing and fever-touched European exaggerate or distort the significance of unfamiliar noises. The gigantic bough which has been slowly rotting in the deadly embrace of a parasite snaps of a sudden, and rebounds from the iron-wood trunk; or the Brazil nuts, which are tightly packed in cases as large as a cocoa-nut and as heavy as a cannon ball, fall to the ground with repeated ricochets from the height of some hundreds of feet. As for the cries that tell of the fate of some hapless simian with remarkable vocal powers, they are the more startling from their rarity. With the exception

exception of the jaguar, the tiger cat, or the once, as the animal is indifferently named, there are no formidable carnivoræ in these regions. All the same, beneficent Nature pays attention to a balance undisturbed by man, and keeps life in check by continuous death. One scourge or destructive species is at perpetual enmity with another. The hosts of small birds which prey upon the insects are kept down by the hawks and the vultures. There are birds which especially devote themselves to the venomous wasps and lizards, as there are climbing animals which assail the nests and greedily devour the grubs. The iguanas, disregarding distant relationship, drop down from the branches on the poisonous snakes, which consequently are instinctively shy of trusting themselves out of the cover. When there are invasions of locusts on the boundless plains stretching away to the south of the forests, the signal seems to be mysteriously given to all the enemies of the race; and flights of birds come flocking to the carnage. The ants, if they were free to multiply, would overrun the country and make civilization impossible. When they keep to the woods, where they are vegetarians and act as scavengers, they are comparatively safe. But endless perils await them when they venture out into the open. The birds that hang upon the dense columns can gorge to repletion with the minimum of exertion. The ant-thrush has well earned the sobriquet; so has the great ant-eater with his enormous capacity of swallow. There are ants in these regions which throw up earthworks on the stupendous scale of military fortifications; as Mr. Belt remarked in Nicaragua, and Messrs. Bates and Wallace in the Valley of the Amazon. These works are no protection against the ant-eater, who has been provided with such powerful mining tools that he can sink a shaft and burrow out of reach, when his own enemies are close upon his haunches. Then his flexible tongue with its glutinous covering sweeps up the panic-stricken settlers by legions, and the scare has scarcely spread before the settlement is depopulated. Indeed, Nature would sometimes seem to have thought that the compensating balance was swaying too far towards extinction; nothing is more wonderful than the protective devices it has supplied to creatures of apparently the lowest organizations. The most helpless and harmless of insects go masquerading in the terrible war-paint of the most savage of their venomous congeners; and there are others which can so perfectly counterfeit a twig or a blade of grass, that their persecutors, who must be destitute of the sense of smell, will actually crawl over them when out on a foraging expedition. These insects have an instinctive control over changes in colour, and reflect the tints of the cover which happens

happens to shelter them for the time. Their self-defensive movements surpass the dramatic genius of the most accomplished comedian; and where a natural drop to the ground might mean sudden death, they go floating downwards like a crumpled leaf.

Though the ants, among the insects, are most interesting, with Messrs. Bates and Wallace they yield precedence to the butterflies and the beetles. Some of the ants are an inch and a half in length, stout in proportion, and armed with proportionately formidable forceps. It is fortunate that the colonies of those monsters are small, and that they do not sting so severely as the smaller species. But the Saiiba tribe is omnipresent and marvellously prolific. They are to be seen everywhere, even in the suburbs of Pará, marching straight ahead in broad columns. In the rural districts they are an intolerable pest. They ravage the orchards and fruit gardens, and, like the locusts, strip everything clean. Their social organization is perfect; the labourers are distributed into three classes, each told off to its proper work. They live in vast subterranean dwellings, throwing up the mounds to which we have alluded. Mr. Bates says that some of the mounds 'were very extensive, being forty yards in circumference, though not more than two feet in height. We soon ascertained that these were the work of the Saiibas, being the outworks or domes which underlie and protect the entrances to their vast subterranean galleries.' As they are supposed not to consume the leaves they strip from the trees, it was for long a mystery what use they made of them. Mr. Bates believes that he solved the problem: he thinks the leaves are used to thatch the domes of the chambers in which the eggs are deposited, so that the young broods may be protected from the deluging rains; though it strikes us there is a difficulty in accepting that theory, as the supply of thatch must surely exceed the demand. Be that as it may, we get some notion of the numbers of these Saiibas from the scale of their engineering operations. At mills near Pará, they pierced the embankment of a large reservoir, and the great body of water escaped before the breaches could be repaired. And near Rio de Janeiro they tunnelled a river, where the stream is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge. As they ravage the country, so they pillage the houses. Mr. Wallace found that his rice baskets had frequently been emptied in a night; and he was on one occasion awaked by his servant, and warned that the rats were busy with his stores; when it was the noise of a marauding army of ants, who were walking away with grain by the bushel.

The Saiiba is a destructive nuisance, but the fire-ant is a still
more

more terrible scourge. Mr. Bates had the ill-luck to discover its head-quarters at a village on the Tapajos river. Aveyros, although marvellously free from mosquitoes, sand-flies, &c., had everything to recommend it to the fire-ant, which likes a sandy soil with a straggling growth of weeds, and has an ill-manifested predilection for human society. The ants had fairly expelled the inhabitants a few years before his visit; and now that the population was coming back, the ants were returning likewise. Though small, the fire-ant is intensely vicious and venomous; and as the whole village had been undermined by its galleries, it came back, like the villagers, to ready-made quarters. In a region where Nature is lavish of her bounties, the Aveyros folks have a bitter struggle for life. These pleasant insects are thoroughly domesticated, and have their mansions near the surface for the sake of warmth. 'The houses are overrun with them; they dispute every fragment of food with the inhabitants, and destroy clothing for the sake of the starch. All eatables must be suspended in baskets from the rafters, and the cords are well soaked with copaiba balsam, which is the only known means of preventing the ants from climbing. They seem to attack persons out of sheer malice;'—in which they differ from the mosquito, which, as Mr. Hudson shows in his book on the La Plata, is doomed as a rule to die, without applying its blood-sucking apparatus to the purpose for which it has been elaborately devised. There are blind ants which forage by smell, carefully exploring each crevice in rotting logs or other promising hunting ground, and drilling arcades as they go along, sometimes for a distance of two hundred yards without a *soupirail*. These galleries are constructed without the cement employed by the Termites, but the solidity of the arching is ensured by admirably fitting stones. But there are Ecitons with the full use of their eyesight, which form themselves into hunting bands, and roam the forests in search of their prey. Unlike the Saiibas, which confine themselves to a vegetable diet, these are carnivorous, and feed on insects. They devour anything that is not hard, hairy, or horny,—the beetles, maggots, caterpillars, and their own cousins the white ants. They tear wasps' nests in pieces, for they are specially partial to the larvæ. 'They swarm up trunks and low trees, hunting every branch and clearing them of all insect life. Sometimes a band will enter a house and clear it of cockroaches, spiders, and centipedes.' What is strange is, that they are veritable nomads, with no sort of home; and, like pillaging nomads, they get no quarter, being followed up by flights of insectivorous birds attracted by the winged insects that the ants set in motion.

Few

Few creatures can be more repulsive to the unhabituated than the gigantic spiders, which cast their toils for all comers in the ill-built houses, lurk in holes and corners, where they multiply in security, and cast darkening shadows across the floor when they come out on business by moonlight. The body may be as big as the egg of a Dorking fowl, and the spread of the limbs covers seven or eight inches. A variety of these monsters has sylvan tastes, and spreads its nets in the branches for the small birds on which it feeds. At Cameta, Mr. Bates

'chanced to verify a fact relating to the habits of a large hairy spider of the genus *Mygale* in a manner worth recording. The individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse grey and reddish hair. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces. . . . One of them was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider, not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster.'

A more objectionable animal it would be difficult to conceive, for it is as unpleasant to handle as it is ill-favoured. The hairs come off at a touch, causing permanent irritation. And it illustrates the passion of the forest Indians for making pets of anything, that Mr. Bates found a gigantic *Mygale* domesticated in an Indian family, the children having fastened a girdle round its loins and leading it about in a string like a puppy dog. Then Mr. Bates tells us of sand-wasps, whose sagacity is even greater than their indefatigable industry. They excavate their habitations in banks of loose sand, working with inconceivable rapidity and throwing the sand behind them in continuous streams. The labourers are all ladies, and are making hurried preparations for their confinement. As each burrow has been finished, the workwoman flies away in search of a particular sort of fly, which she deposits in the mine. The fly is benumbed by her sting, previous to having the egg inserted in its body; and when the grub is quickened in that patent incubator, it turns to the flesh in which it is embedded for sustenance. The wasp, like the homing pigeon, before flying away, circles several times around the orifice. Mr. Bates is persuaded that she is taking the bearings of the locality, for guidance in steering back from the aerial navigation. He adds that

'the senses must be immeasurably more keen and the mental operation much more certain in them than they are in man; for to my eye
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there was absolutely no landmark in the even surface of sand which could serve as guide, and the borders of the forest' (where they sought the flies) 'were not nearer than half a mile. The action of the wasp would be said to be instinctive; but it seems plain that the instinct is no mysterious and unintelligible agent, but a mental process in each individual, differing from the same in man, only by unerring certainty.'

The subject of the adaptation of insects to their surroundings in colour and in form is very interesting. In some cases this adaptation serves the more bloodthirsty species in seizing their prey. The name and the attitude of the 'praying insects,' or Mantidæ, are alike delusive. They hold up their powerful fore-feet in devout fashion; they sit absolutely motionless, and are indistinguishable from the foliage; but Wallace describes them as the tigers of the insect world. When an unsuspecting victim comes within reach, the serrated claws descend with lightning rapidity. Far more frequently, however, the similarity of colour and shape is given to inoffensive creatures for their protection. In the leaf-insects, the green tint and the delicate veining of the wings exactly correspond to those of the food-plant. Then there are stick-insects, sometimes over a foot in length, precisely resembling sticks in the rugosities of the bark as well as in the colour; and Nature artistically gives the finishing touch, by embellishing them with occasional patches of moss. So there are locusts looking like leaves, and even like leaves that have been nibbled and perforated; and these particular creatures being soft and succulent, corpulent and sluggish, can only escape by eluding the observation of the keen-eyed birds which greedily devour them. We have alluded already to a remarkable instance of courage and presence of mind under very trying circumstances, which came under the notice of Mr. Belt. He saw a leaf-like locust lie perfectly quiescent in a horde of insectivorous ants which ran over it in all directions. The locust had wings, and in natural nervousness might have sought safety in flight, but then it would only have exchanged the frying-pan for the fire, as a troop of birds were hovering over the ants which, like a pack of hounds, were drawing the covers for them. Similar peculiarities are to be found among animals of larger size, supposed to rank higher in the scale of creation. Strolling one day in the forest, Mr. Bates was startled by the strange movements of what appeared to be an animated liana. The thing looked like the tendril of a creeper, endowed with life, and threading its way among the thick branches. It was a snake which feeds upon the tree-frogs and lizards. It is delicately tinted

tinted in forest green, and the forepart of the head tapers away into a sinuous and flexible pointed beak.

Not a few of these tree-snakes are poisonous, and the investigating entomologist must always run the risk of clutching at one by mistake. We might fill pages with the mere catalogue of the winged pests and the smaller creeping things which make life in the woods well-nigh intolerable. The mosquitoes of course are almost omnipresent at all seasons. Each decaying log in the woods or in the loosely-constructed houses may foster its brood of scorpions or centipedes. There are the chigoes, which burrow and lay their eggs in human flesh, and the irritation of the bite in its early stages is said to be regarded as a luxury by the Creole ladies; but if the bite be neglected, or if the bag be not extracted unbroken, it festers and becomes a dangerous sore. There are the ticks which swarm on the grasses in the open glades, and Mr. Bates feelingly describes the trouble they caused him. They have all the tenacity and voracity of leeches.

‘It occupied me a full hour daily to pick them off my flesh after my diurnal ramble. There are two species: both are much flattened in shape, have four pairs of legs, a thick, short proboscis, and a horny integument. Their habit is to attach themselves to the skin by plunging their proboscis into it, and then suck the blood until their flat bodies are distended into a globular form. The whole process, however, is very slow, and it takes them several days to pump their fill. No pain or itching is felt, but serious sores are caused if care is not taken in removing them, as the proboscis is liable to break off and remain in the wound.’

In Nicaragua, Mr. Belt made acquaintance with bugs in the field paths which not only clung and bit, but injected poisonous fluids. And Mr. Wallace on the Rio Negro, congratulating himself on his escape from the country of the chigoes, found that stream infested by countless myriads of the more persevering pium.

‘The torments I suffered when skinning a bird, or dressing a fish, can scarcely be imagined by the inexperienced. My feet were so thickly covered by the little blood-spots produced by their bites, as to be of a dark, purplish red colour, and much swelled and inflamed. My hands suffered similarly, but in a less degree, being more constantly in motion. The only means of taking a little rest in the day was by wrapping up hands and feet in a blanket.’

A-propos of tropical blood-suckers, the most deadly of them all is supposed to be the Vampire bat, and on the whole he would seem to deserve his infamous reputation. It is generally
believed

believed that, as he sucks the sleeping victim, he lulls him into deeper unconsciousness by the gentle fanning of his wings. Bates dismisses the story as a myth, and pronounces the calumniated Vampire the most harmless of all bats, adding that its inoffensive character is well known to all residents on the Amazon. Edwards passed some time in a mill where the inmates waged unsparing war against them. The shutters were carefully closed at sunset against the intruders, the largest of which measured two feet across the wings. Yet he was never attacked personally; and although many gentlemen assured him that they had been phlebotomized in the big toe, they invariably added that the injury was slight, and that covering the feet was an effectual protection. But Wallace, who speaks from his own knowledge, gives a very different account of the Vampire's proceedings, and it is worth quoting if only to show that naturalists, like doctors, differ.

'The Vampyres . . . are especially plentiful in the Amazon Valley. Their carnivorous propensities were once discredited, but are too well authenticated. Horses and cattle are often bitten, and we found them in the morning covered with blood, and repeated attacks weaken and ultimately destroy them. Some persons are especially subject to the attacks of these bats; and as native huts are never sufficiently close to keep them out, these unfortunate individuals are obliged to sleep completely muffled up, in order to avoid being made seriously ill or even losing their lives. The exact manner in which the attack is made is not positively known, as the sufferer never feels the wound. The present writer was once bitten in the toe, which was found bleeding in the morning from a small round hole, from which the flow of blood was not easily stopped. On another occasion, when his feet were carefully covered up, he was bitten on the tip of the nose, only awaking to find his face streaming with blood. The motion of the wings fans the sleeper into a deeper slumber, and renders him insensible to the gentle abscission of the skin either by teeth or tongue. This ultimately forms a minute hole, the blood flowing from which is sucked or lapped up by the hovering Vampire.'

He passed some weeks on an island near Pará, where the horses and cattle were reduced to skeletons from incessant phlebotomy. There the coffee-coloured blood-suckers were in such numbers, that the proprietor frequently organized regular bat hunts, at which thousands were slaughtered. When unimpeachable evidence is so directly contradictory, we can only suppose that the habits of the species may be modified in different circumstances; and in any case it is clear that the Jesuit missionaries who originated the evil reports were neither mendacious nor absurdly credulous.

Much might be said of the amphibious animals which swarm
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in the rivers, the marshes, and the lagoons. In the unpeopled solitudes on the upper waters, where all the conditions are favourable, we hardly see how there should be a limit to the multiplication of the alligators, when once the young broods have chipped the shells. Taking to the mud and the water like ducklings, from the first they can manage for themselves. As a rule, where the neighbourhood is populated, the alligators become shy and give little trouble; although now and then, as in the Indian tanks, a monster will take to man-eating, and scare the villagers from their favourite bathing-places. On the other hand, though the flesh is strongly scented with musk, a young alligator is considered savoury eating, and has often saved human life when a canoe crew must otherwise have starved. The more delicate turtle—though he seems to lose flavour in fresh water—is even more prolific; but its numbers are kept within bounds by the enormous trade that is done in turtle eggs. The oil which is extracted from these eggs is a staple article of commerce on the Amazon. As for the creatures themselves, the pools and shallows are systematically beaten for them, as we drive the pheasant covers in England. There are Anacondas or water snakes, which often grow to a monstrous size, and are at least as much at home on the land as in the water. They are partial to poultry, often carry off the calves, and sometimes board the canoes when attracted by the indiscreet cackling of fowls. As for the electric eels, they only make themselves unpleasant when the swimmer, turning aggressor, comes in contact with them in their own element. Out of it, Mr. Bates found that the store of electricity, although at first it could be transmitted through a circle of persons, was exhausted after three or four shocks. Finally, there is the harmless Manatee or cow-fish, tasting of something between turbot and veal, which is found everywhere in the Amazon, but is abundant in some of the lakes. It is of much the same species as that which varied the monotonous beef-diet of the buccaneers, when they had settled down as cattle-butchers in St. Domingo and the Tortugas. It grazes peacefully on the weeds at the bottom of the water, and its flesh has the colour and consistency of pork. As the eyes and ears are scarcely perceptible, it might be supposed to be dull of sight and hearing. On the contrary, these senses are remarkably acute; and as it generally has but a single calf at a birth, Nature had evidently taken exceptional measures for its preservation, although in the West Indian islands these have proved ineffectual, thanks to the thickening population and incessant persecution.

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The latest volume on the zoology of South America is not the least instructive and entertaining. Mr. Hudson apologizes unnecessarily for his somewhat commonplace title of 'The Naturalist in La Plata'; which is a straightforward indication of the contents of a lively and amusing book. As Balzac undertook to depict the 'Comédie Humaine,' so this is the comedy of animated tropical nature by a careful, scientific, and humorous observer. Moreover, there is a tinge of fanciful romance about it. Mr. Hudson dismisses with playful ridicule some wonderful tales of the early travellers, but he gives us sundry new versions of his own which sound almost as marvellous. His unquestionable facts speak for themselves, but he gives the reports of the sporting aborigines and of the Guachos for what they may be worth. We have it, for example, on the highest authority, that the leopard cannot change his spots. But it would appear that some of his savage, cat-like congeners have either greatly mollified their manners of late years or else that their characters have been cruelly traduced; as it is touching to believe that there is a race of animals who are guided by hereditary affection and unerring instinct to the immemorial resting-place of long-departed ancestors.

Mr. Hudson begins with a characteristic moan over the devastating spread of civilization. On the level Pampas there are no dense natural forests to interfere with the rapid advance of the settler. No satisfactory reason has been given why these plains should be devoid of timber; for though Humboldt suggested the violence of the prevailing winds, it is found that the eucalyptus will flourish freely. On the other hand, the luxurious growth of the grasses makes the land a very Paradise for the owner of flocks and herds; and so innumerable interesting species of animals have been destroyed to make way for the millions of sheep and cattle. Consequently, 'The Naturalist' describes the Pampas and their denizens as they were before the colonizing of the last dozen years, or as they still are beyond the outposts of the cattle-breeders. Generally, the plains are covered with a thick, tussocky grass, two or three feet high, which is really nourishing, though it looks unattractive. Elsewhere there are waving and boundless seas of what we know as the feathering Pampas grass of our gardens. It shoots up far higher than a tall man's head; and the Guachos, when they go in search of wandering cattle, must stand upon their saddles to take their bearings. The solitude and the profound silence become oppressive. The influences seem to weigh upon the very birds, and the groups that elsewhere are vociferously melodious have scarcely a note or a chirp on these

plains. Mr. Hudson offers an explanation more prosaic than poetical.

'In woods and thickets, where birds abound most, they are continually losing sight of each other, and are only prevented from scattering by calling often; while the muffling effect on sound of the close foliage, to which may be added a spirit of emulation where many voices are heard, incites most species, especially those that are social, to exert their voices to the utmost pitch in singing, calling, and screaming. On the open Pampas, birds which are not compelled to live concealed on the surface, can see each other at long distances, and perpetually calling is not needful: moreover in that still atmosphere sound travels far. As a rule, their voices are strangely subdued; Nature's silence has infected them, and they have become silent by habit.'

The resident birds are not numerous; but the migrants are many, and all the aquatic species, from the swans downwards, swarm at certain seasons in the swamps and lagoons. The most characteristic of the aborigines are the social Vizcachas, closely resembling the northern prairie dogs, and the rhea, which unfortunately is in the way of being exterminated, thanks to breech-loading guns and ceaseless persecution: for as the prairie grasses waving to each passing breeze give the notion of a limitless expanse of ocean, so the picturesque gait of the fleet-footed rhea lends a life-like touch to the illusion. 'The rhea possesses an unique habit, which is a puzzle to us, although it probably once had significance—namely, that of running when hunted with one wing raised vertically, like a great sail—"a veritable ship of the wilderness." . . . Its large form fades out of sight mysteriously, and the hunter strains his eyes in vain to distinguish it in the blue expanse.' Like the black game, the cock rhea struts and swaggers as the sultan of a harem, 'calling his scattered hens with hollow boomings and long mysterious respirations, as if a wind blowing high up in the vivid skies had found a voice!' The Guachos, who are diabolically dexterous in casting the *bola*, and who sit their horses as if glued to the saddle, used to declare that rhea-hunting was the grandest of sports. The bird can double like a hare with the swiftness of the greyhound, and its endurance tries the bottom of the staunchest steed.

It is well that where the whole face of the country is covered with rank jungly grasses, the formidable carnivoræ are few and far between. There are but two of them—the puma and the jaguar, and it is said that the former is harmless to men. In fact it is with regard to the habits of the puma that Mr. Hudson draws the heaviest draughts on our credulity. He
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is generally recognized as a scourge and a nuisance; and he is not only a glutton, but a *gourmet*, greatly preferring semi-domesticated stock to game. As the Americans would say, he is death on horseflesh; so much so that where pumas are common, there is no running a horse-ranche, and even the wild steeds cease to exist. Next to horseflesh he is devoted to mutton; and he is comparatively indifferent to beef, although he does not object to veal. We are told of one audacious epicure, who passed the cattle-pens night after night, to face the dogs on guard round the estancia and force the enclosures securing the sheep, that he might slaughter them wholesale and suck the blood. It is needless to say, then, that he is mercilessly proscribed. Yet the Guachos kill him reluctantly, because he is not only considered harmless so far as human life is concerned, but is actually regarded as the benefactor of man. Here Mr. Hudson, who writes from general report rather than from personal knowledge, seems to run up an ascending scale from the improbable to the incredible. The puma is admittedly among the most ferocious of beasts of prey; and had he broken loose in the ark, following his natural bent, he would have made wild work among his fellow-passengers. Face to face with man, he exhibits more than the virtues of the Quaker. It is not only that he never attacks, except in some rare burst of passion, which he immediately regrets; but when approached decorously, he resigns himself to death with angelic gentleness rather than stoicism. There is an illustrative anecdote for which Mr. Hudson is inclined to vouch. Two Guachos, looking for stray cattle, came upon a puma. One of them threw a lasso over its neck, and his companion went up to give the happy despatch. Even when the deadly knife was offered at its throat, the puma only trembled and whimpered, and mildly protested with eloquent tears. The Guacho who did the bloody deed—and he was a man familiar with deeds of violence—declared that for the first time he felt like a murderer, and the experience taught him he had a conscience, for he was afflicted with lasting remorse. But the disinterested devotion of the animal goes even further, and when he has a chance he figures as the guardian angel of his enemies. It is Mr. Hudson, and not Münchhausen or Marco Polo, who is responsible for the following tale. A hunter thrown from his horse, came to the ground with a broken leg. As he lay there helpless after dark, a puma came and squatted near him. Naturally the hunter was in mortal terror, and none the less when the puma began regularly to patrol in narrowing circles. When he heard the roar of a jaguar, he gave himself up for lost. The jaguar

appeared, to be challenged by the guard, and then came a rough and tumble fight renewed repeatedly before the morning. The upshot was that the puma got the best of the battles, and then he modestly withdrew without waiting to be thanked. Indeed, according to an old Spanish historian, the Indians and the pumas in Southern California used to live on such a friendly footing that the pumas regularly found the Indians in game, and were treated in return with a superstitious reverence. Yet the puma of the Pampas is a first or second cousin of the 'painter' or 'catamant' of whose aggressive proclivities such terrible tales were told by the early American pioneers in the West. The difference may be partly due to differences in climate, and also to the ferocious confidence engendered by the facilities for lurking in ambush in the thick coverts and the caves of colder regions. There can be no question, besides, that, in civilized neighbourhoods, the most savage beasts are being taught to appreciate the fatal precision of modern fire-arms. The grizzly bear or the Bengal tiger cared little for bows and arrows, or matchlocks; but nowadays both, in place of courting the combat, are eager to skulk out of the way of the sportsman.

The armadillo, as eccentric in his habits as in his appearance, does the duty of the domestic cat among the field-mice, which are terribly destructive. Voracious in his appetite, he is sedentary by inclination; but he can find his game with very little trouble. Mice are always more or less abundant, though periodically and almost punctually their numbers decline; but in certain years they positively swarm. Then the dogs subsist on them; they fatten the poultry; and great flights of fowls of the air are perpetually on the hover over their breeding-grounds. As for the armadillo, he goes to work methodically, quartering the plain like a well-bred beagle, and sniffing the earth with preternatural acuteness. When his nose informs him that a mouse is near, he creeps up stealthily towards the spot, then slowly drawing himself up and making his spring, he traps the mouse or a whole family of mice beneath his body. But he does not confine himself to a mouse and insect diet; and in attacking the snake, he uses his impenetrable body-armour as a weapon of offence. A friend of Mr. Hudson's witnessed one of these encounters. The armadillo rushed upon a snake which vainly sought to escape, and rocked himself to and fro on the body, until the victim was cut up into sections under the sharp edges of the armadillo's bony covering. Should animal food fail him, the armadillo falls back upon vegetables, so that he need never take more than indispensable exercise, and can always keep himself in comfortable

able condition. Another inveterate enemy of the snakes is their congener, the iguana or great tree-lizard; of which Mr. Hudson tells a comical story, related to him by a Guacho friend, who was riding carelessly along, letting one end of his lasso trail behind.

‘He noticed a large iguana lying apparently asleep in the sun, and though he rode by it very closely it did not stir; but no sooner had he passed it than it raised its head and fixed its attention on the forty feet of lasso trailing slowly by. Suddenly it dashed after the rope, and dealt it a succession of violent blows with its tail. When the whole of the lasso, several yards of which had been pounded in vain, had been dragged by, the lizard, with uplifted head, continued gazing after it with the greatest astonishment. Never had such a wonderful snake crossed its path before!’

The toads are slow of movement and would be the objects of incessant persecution; but it seems that their enemies have learned by experience the poisonous properties of the acrid juices they exude. On the other hand, these juices are regarded by the country folks as sovereign specifics for prevalent diseases. Shingles is one of the scourges of that sun-baked country, and it is said to be successfully treated by poultices of living toads. The creatures naturally get irritated, and then they act as animated Spanish-fly blisters. A very remarkable species of frog is at once misanthropic and malignant; Mr. Hudson met with only a single specimen. Looking into a hole two or three feet deep, he caught sight of a corpulent frog, squatting at the bottom. But the moment he reached out his hand, the frog made a spring to meet him half-way; gripped the fingers in fore-legs like iron forceps, and, while the naturalist was shaking the injured hand, the assailant made a bound out of the hole and bolted. Caught and brought back, before it found safety in a neighbouring pool, Mr. Hudson put it through a course of experimental philosophy. ‘It clasped the gun-barrel with such energy as to bruise the skin of its breast and legs.’ Consigned to a prison, it showed the same energy and resource as the Abbé Faria in the dungeons of the Château d’If, succeeding with better fortune in breaking out of captivity. Mr. Hudson christened it *Rana luctator*, and in its portrait it shows such a chest and fore-arm as the wrestler has developed by constant practice.

As we have said, the most characteristic of the South American rodents is the Vizcacha, and ‘its habits in some respects are more interesting than those of any other rodent known.’ Like his kinsman the prairie dog, he is social in his habits, and, although he never travels far from home, is cosmopolitan in his friendships.

friendships. He shares his subterraneous quarters with foxes and owls, snakes and swallows, and offers hospitality as well to night moths and Brobdingnagian beetles. In the construction of the burrows which cover the Pampas, he shows no little engineering science. He knows the danger from perennial deluges, and chooses the sites of the Vizcachera accordingly. Mr. Hudson at first was puzzled to account for his apparently superfluous lavishness of labour. The openings to the burrows are really broad excavations, like gravel pits.

‘The burrows vary greatly in extent; and usually in a Vizcachera there are several that, at a distance of from four to six feet at the entrance, open into large circular chambers. From these chambers other burrows diverge in all directions, some running horizontally, others obliquely downwards to a maximum depth of six feet from the surface; some of these burrows or galleries communicate with those of other burrows. A vast amount of loose earth is thus brought up, and forms a very irregular mound, fifteen to thirty inches above the surrounding level. It will afford some conception of the numbers of these Vizcacheras on the settled Pampas, if I say, that in some directions a person might ride five hundred miles, and never advance half a mile without seeing one or more of them.’

The Vizcacha is by no means swift of foot, and, being always plump and well-conditioned, has many hungry enemies. Like the backwoodsman among Red Indians, or the strategist who expects to be assailed, the first thing he does in making a new settlement is to clear the ground against the chances of hostile approach. He cuts down the long grass with his teeth, until he has laid out a lawn as smooth as a bowling green, and there the community assemble of an evening, while the ancients look on at the gambols of the young. The instinct for throwing up formidable embankments has developed into a meaningless mania of acquisitiveness; and he seizes upon any portable article his strength can carry away. If the Guacho has dropped a whip or a pistol in the dark, he always knows where to look for it, and he makes his cast the next morning round all the neighbouring Vizcacheras. At the evening gatherings the society is mixed. A couple of owls may be blinking solemnly, like superannuated chaperons, near the mouth of one of the burrows; and the fox, considering himself a member of the family, makes himself thoroughly at home. There may be trouble when he first comes in to appropriate a suite of chambers, but he is speedily naturalized. For nine months in the year, he does his hunting abroad, and is harmless. But in spring, and especially when the vixen has been confined, he cannot resist the temptation of the delicate young Vizcachas, and his larder is liberally supplied

plied from the nurseries in the neighbouring corridors. The Vizcacha is not prolific, for even a case of twins is the exception, and hitherto, as his only enemies have been wild animals, he has confidently trusted to the protection of man. Now those golden days are going by. He is not only proscribed by agriculturists, but it has been discovered that he does injury to the pastures, and a price has been put upon his head. Yet it is not by any means easy to destroy him, for he has great vitality, and it is said that he can endure a fast for ten days or a fortnight in earths which have been hermetically sealed. Moreover, if these long-winded beasts are to be asphyxiated, a guard must be mounted over the burrows. For the fact is established on incontestable evidence, that when a society has been literally suppressed by the pick and the shovel, detachments will be sent from the nearest settlements to its relief. Mr. Hudson's explanation is, that the settlements are on regular visiting terms, and that the disappointed visitors who came to drop in for a social evening, are guided by smell or sound to the rescue of their unfortunate friends.

The Vizcachas are fond and even indulgent parents, but the varying strength of the parental affections in different creatures is remarkable. In some, such as the brush-turkey, it is *nil*. The turkey is a more unnatural parent than the ostrich of Job; but in fact a freak of nature has relieved it of the necessity for care. 'This abnormal form buries its eggs in the huge mound made by the male, and troubles itself no more about them. When the young is fully developed, it simply kicks the coffin to pieces in which its mother interred it, and, burrowing its way up to the sunshine, enters on the pleasures and pains of an independent existence from earliest infancy.' It is a strange contrast to the ferocity shown by the eagles or falcons in defence of their nurselings, and to the solicitude of the shy and timid lapwing. On the other hand, there are creatures which Nature seems to have unfairly overweighted, in a double sense. The bat has its young by twins or in triplets, and the opossum brings forth a dozen or so at a birth. Mr. Hudson once caught a female bat,

'with her two young attached to her, so large that it seemed incredible she should be able to fly and take insects with such a weight to drag her down. The young were about a third less in size than the mother, so that she had to carry a weight greatly exceeding that of her own body. They were fastened to her breast and belly, one on each side, as when first born; and possibly the young bat does not change its position or move like the young developed opossum, to other parts of the body, until mature enough to begin an independent

independent life. . . . The poor bat had to seek its living in the empty air, pursuing its prey with the swiftness of a swallow.'

As for the opossum, she carries a heavier weight, but the material conditions are far more in her favour. 'I have seen an old female opossum with eleven young, large as old rats—the mother being less than a cat in size—all clinging to various parts of her body; yet able to climb, swiftly and with the greatest agility, in the highest parts of a tree. The actual weight was in this case relatively much greater than that of the female rat; but then the opossum never quitted its hold on the tree, and it also supplemented its hand-like feet furnished with claws, with its teeth and long prehensile tail.' If the brush turkeys, so to speak, cut their wisdom teeth when they are born, the tiny new-born field-mice are the most helpless of all living creatures in the brute creation. So beneficent Nature bestows on the mother a double portion of sagacity with her tender affection. We venture to quote at length a charming little prose idyll, or drama, which is poetic and has the pathos and humour of realism:—

'Walking in a field of stubble one day in autumn, I suddenly heard, rising from near my feet, a chorus of shrill, squealing voices—the familiar excessively sharp little needles of sound emitted by young, blind, and naked mice, when they are disturbed or in pain. Looking down, I saw close to my feet a nest of them—there were nine in all, wriggling about and squealing; for the parent, frightened at my step, had just sprung from them, overturning in her hurry to escape the slight loosely felted dome of fine grass and thistle down which had covered them. I saw her running away, but after going six or seven yards she stopped, and, turning partly round so as to watch me, waited in fear and trembling. I remained perfectly motionless—a sure way to allay fear and suspicion in any wild creature—and in a few moments she returned, but with the utmost caution, frequently pausing to start and tremble, and masking her approach with corn stumps and little inequalities in the surface of the ground, until, reaching the nest, she took one of the young in her mouth and ran rapidly away to a distance of eight or nine yards, and concealed it in a tuft of dry grass. Leaving it, she returned a second time in the same cautious manner, and, taking another, ran with it to the same spot and concealed it along with the first. It was curious that the first young mouse had continued squealing after being concealed by the mother, for I could hear it distinctly, the air being very still; but when the second mouse had been placed with it, the squealing ceased. A third time the old mouse came, and then, instead of going to the same spot, as I had expected, she ran off in an opposite direction and disappeared among the dry weeds; a fourth was carried to the same place as the third; and in this way they were all removed to a distance of some yards from the nest and placed in couples,

couples, until the last or odd one remained. In due course she came for it and ran away with it in a new direction, and was soon out of sight; nor could I afterwards find any of the young mice when I looked for them, or even hear them squeal.'

Another striking example of self-sacrificing maternal affection and the precocious instinct of self-preservation is displayed in the deer and her fawn. The timid doe will stand boldly at gaze, even when approached by a horseman with a scratch pack of hounds. The fawn would naturally cling to the protection of its mother, but of a sudden and as if at a preconcerted signal, it rushes away at its utmost speed to a distance of 600 or 1000 yards, to flatten itself down in some depression among the thick grass. The mother awaits the approach of the enemies, and then goes off in the opposite direction, limping at first like the wild duck or the lapwing, but gradually increasing her speed till she has drawn off the dogs to a distance.

Mr. Hudson devoted great attention to insects; and the interest was reciprocal, for many insects paid disagreeable attention to him. Much as he suffered from the mosquitoes, he found consolation in the reflection that he gratified a natural instinct which can seldom be indulged, and must consequently embitter the blighted existence of myriads of born blood-suckers.

'There is not in all organic nature, to my mind, any instance of wasted energy comparable in magnitude with the mosquito's thirst for blood, and the instincts and elaborate blood-pumping apparatus with which it is related. . . . The mosquito' (an exception to an almost universal rule) 'is able to procreate without ever satisfying its ravenous appetite for blood. To swell its grey, thread-like abdomen to a coral bead is a delight to the insect, but not necessary to its existence, like food and water to ours; it is the great prize in the lottery of life, which few can ever succeed in obtaining. In a hot summer, when one has ridden for perhaps half a day over a low-lying or wet district, through an atmosphere literally obscured with a fog of mosquitoes, this fact strikes the mind very forcibly, for in such places it frequently is the case that mammals do not exist or are exceedingly rare. In Europe it is different. There, as the summer sinks, probably one gnat in every hundred may be able to gratify its appetite for blood; but of the gnats in many districts in South America, it would be nearer the mark to say, that only one in a hundred millions can ever do so. . . . When we consider the insect's delicate organ, so admirably fitted for the purpose to which it is applied, it becomes difficult to believe that it could ever have been so perfected, except in a condition of things utterly unlike the present. There must have been a time when mosquitoes found their proper nourishment, and when warm mammalian blood was as necessary to their existence as honey is to that of the bee, or insect food to the dragon-fly.'

The

The ticks which infest these grassy wildernesses in multitudes are in similarly lamentable case. Ferociously carnivorous, they are doomed to choose between starvation or vegetarianism. Mr. Hudson pathetically represents them as the victims of perpetual disappointment. Holding on with one set of grappling-irons, they are ever blindly groping with another for the hot-blooded animal that never brushes by. Indeed, Mr. Belt goes so far as to propound the theory, that man may have lost his original hairy covering, owing to a process of natural selection in the Tropics. Had he been still clad in a monkey-like coat of hair, these clinging parasites would make his life well-nigh intolerable. As it is, he can easily brush his persecutors from his person, while they have to regret the blissful age when they found food and safe shelter on each human being. As for the industrious fleas, which are denizens of all climates and countries, they show endless variability and adaptability. They can thrive on everything or nothing, according to their circumstances. They are lively as anywhere else in the sands of the desert, and Mr. Hudson found them still swarming in a Patagonian village, which had been attacked by Indians and depopulated twenty months before his visit. There they had no apparent means of sustenance, and that they were exceedingly hungry was very clear, for in ten seconds his legs were blackened by their legions as if he had buttoned on a pair of episcopal gaiters. Dr. Johnson remarked contemptuously on one occasion that there was no settling precedence between a flea and a louse. But Dr. Johnson was no entomologist. Mr. Hudson is strongly inclined to believe that the flea is intellectually the superior of the admittedly sagacious and resourceful ant. He thinks that if fleas were domesticated and petted, we should hear at least as much of their marvellous intelligence as of that of the sagacious dog.

Mr. Hudson owns to a passion for spiders, and if Emerson's prediction were to be fulfilled and the spiders exterminated by the perfected man of the future, he would lament a melancholy blank in animated nature. Loving the spiders, he doubly detests the wasps, who not only wage unsparing war against them, but condemn them to tortures more atrocious than the worst devices of the Inquisition. 'These insects with a refinement of cruelty prefer not to kill their victims outright, but merely maim them, then house them in cells where the grubs can vivisection them at leisure. This is one of those revolting facts the fastidious soul cannot escape from in warm climates, for in and out of doors and windows, all day long, all the summer through, comes the busy, beautiful mason wasp.' As the medieval

medieval clergy immured nuns who had broken their vows, the mason wasp stocks all the innumerable cells of his nest with these living cripples tenacious of their lives. Mr. Hudson, though bred on the Pampas, tells of the shock to his nerves when a wasp-nest in the ceiling collapsed and fell with a crash on the table. The cloth was covered with a shower of half-living spiders. That collapse must have been owing to some unforeseen accident, for the wasp is a solid builder. The spiders, on the other hand, show wonderful skill in constructing their light and graceful aerial structures from the gossamer drawn from their own interiors. Whether the spider spins his palace in the town or in the forest, it is equally a place of torture and a death-trap. He involves his prey in the threads and meshes which are its winding sheet, nor is he in any haste to put his prisoners out of their misery, if the larder happens to be tolerably supplied. Some of the sylvan webs are strong enough to be fatal to humming birds, the smaller song birds, and even to bats. As for the great hairy *Mygales*, they challenge intruders with threatening gestures, 'they hum a shrill warning or challenge, and stab at the air with their naked stings, from which limpid drops of venom are seen to exude.' Pleasant animals truly! and if there were mason wasps strong enough to take their will of these, we doubt whether even Mr. Hudson would regret it. But for brutal and unprovoked malignity, they must rank beneath the wolf-spider, the king of the ferocious species.

'It is of extraordinary size, light-grey in colour, with a black ring round its middle. It is active and swift, and irritable to such a degree that one can scarcely help thinking that in this instance Nature has overshot her mark. When a person passes near one—say, within three or four yards of its lurking-place—it starts up and gives chase, and will often follow for a distance of thirty or forty yards. I came once very nearly being bitten by one of these savage creatures. Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass, I suddenly observed a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip, and the point of my lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me.'

There is more than an alliterative association between the spider and the skunk, for both animals, in common with the toads, are charged with a malodorous or venomous secretion. But if the spider is misanthropic in his habits, the skunk unfortunately is disposed to be sociable. He saunters along with an imperturbable air of self-assurance, and intrudes on the privacy of the bedchamber or even billets himself beneath the

the log-cabin of the settler with the utmost self-complacency. According to Mr. Hudson's theory, like many men who assume swaggering airs, he is really extremely shy and sensitive. When his advances are rejected or violently repelled, he has an overpowering attack of nerves, and, in his uncontrollable agitation, he involuntarily discharges his fetid liquor. Be that as it may, the consequences are equally unpleasant. The fluid burns like sulphuric acid, and, in case of a ricochet from the shower, even blinds the beast itself; at least, ophthalmia is a common complaint in the skunk tribe. Like every observer who has sent up a report on the subject, from the northern limits of the Hudson Bay territories to Terra del Fuego, Mr. Hudson declares that it is impossible to exaggerate the permanency and pungency of the scent. He describes with dramatic pathos the experiences of an unfortunate guest who, going on horseback to a ball, is casually touched by the bouquet. His horse's fore-foot has struck a strolling skunk, and sent it flying into the bushes. It is a proof, perhaps, of the intensity of his nervous shock rather than of his presence of mind, that the dying skunk has bequeathed a legacy of vengeance and besprinkled the horse's leg. The horseman, though he has apparently escaped scot-free, dismounts, and 'literally smells himself all over.' The investigation reassures him, he forgets the *contretemps*, and plunges into the pleasures of the dance. By and by, there is a general sensation; he becomes the centre of an attention which is the reverse of gratifying, and the curtain drops on his precipitate retreat. The birds and beasts of prey know the pretty little creature so well, that they generally give it a wide berth. Occasionally, however, when hard-pressed by hunger, they 'commit the fearful mistake of attacking the animal.' A friend of the writer's witnessed an encounter between an eagle-vulture and a skunk. Hesitating between fear and hunger, the vulture was following up the retiring skunk. 'Every time the bird came near, the bushy tail rose menacingly; then the carancho would fall behind, and after a few moments' hesitation follow again. At length, growing bolder, it sprang forward, seizing the menacing tail with its claw, but immediately after began staggering about with dishevelled plumage, tearful eyes, and a profoundly woe-begone expression in its vulture-face. The skunk, after turning and regarding its victim with an I-told-you-so look, for a few moments, trotted unconcernedly off.'

We shall close this exciting and eccentric history with Mr. Hudson's picturesque account of the habits of the dying huanaco. The huanaco, a small and humpless camel, is supposed

posed to belong to the ancestral stock of the llama, which has been utilized in Peru as a beast of burden. The favourite haunts of the huanaco are the barren and desolate plateaux of Patagonia, and, like the Arctic musk ox, it lives and thrives where any other animal of its size would perish of cold and hunger. But when strength is failing and death draws near, it does not resign itself to succumb where it recognizes the warning symptoms; and Mr. Hudson describes the manner in which it rouses itself for a supreme effort to obey the invariable impulse of some deep-seated hereditary instinct.

'It is well known that at the southern extremity of Patagonia the huanacos have a dying place, a spot to which all individuals inhabiting the surrounding plains repair at the approach of death to deposit their bones. Darwin and Fitzroy first recorded this strange instinct in their personal narratives, and their observations have since been fully confirmed by others. The best known of these dying or burial places are on the banks of the Santa Cruz and Gallegos rivers, where the river valleys are covered with dense primeval thickets of bushes and trees of stunted growth: there the ground is covered with the bones of countless dead generations. "The animals," says Darwin, "in that way must have crouched, before dying, beneath and among the bushes." A strange instinct in a creature so pre-eminently social in its habits; a dweller all its life long on the open barren plateaux and mountain sides. What a subject for a painter! The grey wilderness of dwarf thorn trees, aged and grotesque and scanty-leaved, nourished for a thousand years on the bones that whiten the stony ground at their roots; the interior lit faintly with the rays of the departing sun, chill and grey and silent and motionless,—the huanacos' Golgotha. In the long centuries, stretching back into a dim, immeasurable past, so many of this race have journeyed hither from the mountain and the plain to suffer the sharp pang of death, that to the imagination something of it all seems to have passed into that hushed and mournful nature. And now once more, the latest pilgrim has come, all his little strength spent in his struggle to penetrate the close thicket; looking old and gaunt and ghastly in the twilight; with long rugged hair; staring into the gloom out of death-dimmed, sunken eyes.'

- ART. VIII.—1. *Der Verkehr Londons mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Eisenbahnen.* Von Gustav Kemmann. Berlin, 1892.
2. *Die Londoner Untergrundbahnen.* Von L. Troske. Berlin, 1892.
3. *Rapid Transit in Cities.* By Thomas Curtis Clarke. 'Scribner's Magazine,' May and June 1892.
4. *Third Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on Metropolitan Railway Communication.* Parliamentary Paper (70. iii.), 1863.
5. *Report from the Joint Select Committee of the House of Lords and the House of Commons on the Electric and Cable Railways (Metropolis).* Parliamentary Paper (215), 1892.
6. *Tramway Legislation in London.* By A. Bassett Hopkins. Printed by order of the Highways Committee of the London County Council. 1891.
7. *Ten Years' Growth of the City of London.* By James Salmon. Published under the authority of the Corporation of the City of London. 1891.
8. *Report to the Common Council of the City of London by the Local Government and Taxation Committee on the Electric Railway Bills in Parliament.* [Not published.] June 1892.

IT is, perhaps, no more than might naturally be expected from the character of our English institutions that, having designed and carried out for ourselves the best and most highly developed arrangement of urban rapid transit in the world, we should have left to American ingenuity the task of finding the most appropriate name for it, and to German industry the task of minutely describing and cataloguing its results. Of the authorities whose names stand at the head of this paper, little need be said. The English Reports lack, as is indeed inseparable from the nature of a blue book, unity of design and symmetry of execution, and, while containing much information of real value, ignore altogether many sides of the question, and occasionally for many pages consecutively are very deficient in instruction. Mr. Curtis Clarke's papers are valuable, both as being those of an expert, and as dealing with the principles and reasons involved in the question, but a Londoner cannot help feeling that he writes throughout too much with his eye on Boston, and Boston—even 'Greater Boston'—important and progressive city though it be, has only about half the population which has here to be provided for in South London alone. The completeness of the information furnished by the two German writers, and the industry which has collected it, are deserving of the

the highest praise; a good many, however, of both Kemmann's and Troske's facts and figures are somewhat antiquated for works bearing on their title-pages the date of 1892.

If we wish to obtain an idea of the amount of the present traffic in London, and of its probable development in the future; of the existing machinery for passenger conveyance, and the new machinery which will be needed before many years are out, to cope with the inevitable increase of movement, we must investigate the matter for ourselves. Within a 6-mile radius of Charing Cross there are, according to statistics recently published by the 'Railway News,' 270 miles of line, and 255 stations. Extending the radius to twelve miles increases the length of line to over 400 miles, and the number of stations to 391. These figures in themselves are large, but they do not reveal the practical truth that a very large percentage of the lines and stations are used by more than one company, and consequently have the benefit of two or more independent services. If each station within the 12-mile area were counted separately for each company using it, the number would be increased from 391 to 659.

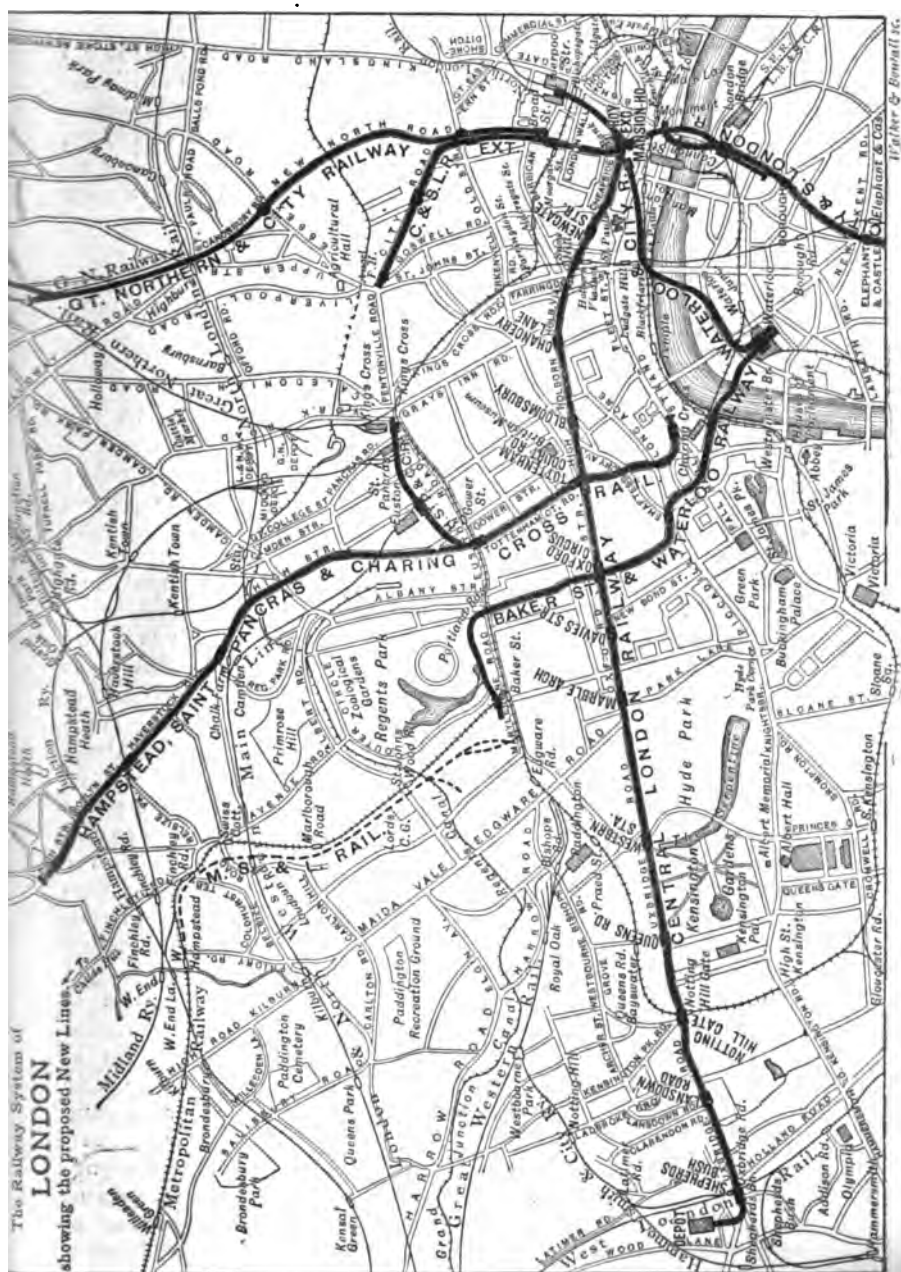
We may divide the railways into two classes: the purely local lines, like the Metropolitan, whose entire traffic is practically London traffic; and the lines of the great companies having termini in the Metropolis, whose proportion of London traffic we must estimate as best we can. The Metropolitan carried last year 75 millions of ordinary passengers, the Metropolitan District 39, the North London 30, the City and South London (Electric) 5 millions. The East London and other smaller items add 9 millions more, bringing up the total to something over 158 millions. This, however, takes no account of the large and rapidly-growing season-ticket traffic. How often a season ticket-holder travels, there is no means of knowing. It may, however, be taken that per mile travelled he pays not more than an ordinary passenger; calculating on this basis we may add 19 million season-ticket journeys, giving us in all 177 million passenger journeys in a twelvemonth on the merely local lines of London.

The London traffic on the lines of the great Companies Mr. Jeans, in a paper read before the Society of Arts in 1889, estimated at from 100 to 120 millions. He suggests no reason for adopting these figures; but that they are very far from being an over-estimate can be proved from last year's City Census. The figures of that return are for a single day, but by multiplying them by 330, we can obtain a fair total for the year. We thus find that some 50 million persons—half, that is, of the total traffic

traffic of the Great Eastern and the London, Tilbury, and Southend Companies—passed through their two terminal stations of Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street alone. We find further that 18 million passengers passed through Cannon Street Station; a good deal more, that is, than half the total number of South-Eastern passengers. Evidently, if we could get returns from all the Great Eastern and London and Tilbury stations in the Metropolis; if we had the figures for Charing Cross and London Bridge as well as for Cannon Street, we should find that the London traffic of these three Companies was very much more than 50 per cent. of the whole. What is true of them is true in equal measure of the South-Western, the Chatham and Dover, and the Brighton Companies. Indeed, an official of this latter Company has gone so far as to say that nine-tenths of its traffic belongs to London. Now the total traffic of these six Companies amounts to 260 million passengers in the year. To say then that 150 million of them belong to London is undoubtedly to understate the case. As to the London traffic of the three northern Companies and of the Great Western, it is impossible to make even a plausible guess at it. Let us be content to omit it from our calculations, writing it off against the fact that the Board of Trade returns ignore through booking, and that consequently our numbers have been all along improperly inflated by reckoning a passenger travelling over two lines as though he were two passengers. Even so we have 150 million main-line passengers to be added to the 177 million local passengers, giving a gross railway total of fully 327 millions.

Turning from railways to tramways, Mr. Bassett Hopkins reports their traffic for the year ending June 30th, 1890, as 191 million passengers. We may safely say that for the year ending in December 1891 it was not less than 200 millions. Omnibuses carry certainly as large a number of passengers as tram-cars. The London General Omnibus Company had probably about 120 million passengers last year;* the London Road Car Company about 44 millions; while according to a return obtained some months back by the 'Daily Telegraph,' whose general trustworthiness there seems no reason to doubt, the Omnibus Association had over 24 millions, various smaller companies about 19 millions, and different private owners some-

* Precise figures are not now attainable, as, since the introduction of the ticket system, conductors report not the number of passengers but the number of tickets; and two tickets are, when the fare is over 3d., issued for a single journey. For the first half of 1891, the published figures were 53,800,000 *passengers*; and for the first half of 1892, 63,700,000 *tickets*.



thing like 16 millions more. This would make 223 millions altogether, which, however, we will take as only 200 millions. Lastly, we have passengers in cabs, whose number Mr. Jeans surely under-estimates at 30 millions, and in river steamers, whose numbers have apparently never been published. Let us put the two together and call them 50 millions. We have then the following gross totals:—

Railway passengers	..	..	327 millions.
Omnibus	"	..	200 "
Tramway	"	..	200 "
Cab and steamer passengers	..	..	50 "
Total	..	..	777 millions.

If we divide this number by $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions—that is, by the number of the inhabitants of London—we obtain a quotient of only 183. In other words, an inhabitant of London only makes a journey on the average once every two days in any public conveyance whatever—surely not a very extravagant amount of locomotion.

If London has not more journeys per head of the population than other towns, its locomotion is obviously relatively less developed; for the bigger the town, the more difficult is it for its inhabitants to get about it on foot. The city which most naturally invites comparison—the only other city indeed in the world with a fully-developed system of internal railway communication—is New York, which has a population about two-fifths of that of London. It is built on a V-shaped island, the bottom of the V being the business centre, on which point converge four lines of rail, carried overhead on pillars down the middle of the principal thoroughfares of the city. Whatever may be said from the æsthetic point of view, there can be no doubt of the practical convenience of the lines of the Manhattan Elevated, and of the extraordinary technical ability with which it is managed. How satisfactory the system is, may be judged from the fact that nearly 600,000 passengers, three out of every eight New Yorkers, use it every day. If our London 'Underground' system were used as much in proportion as the New York 'Elevated,' it would carry, not a mere 125 millions, but something more like 550 millions per annum. The New York railways are, however, for all their success, far from having depleted the trams which run almost alongside them, for these latter carry about as many passengers as does the Manhattan. On the whole, counting internal means of communication alone, New York has 231 journeys per head of population per annum.

No

No other town except New York can compare with London in its railway communication ; but in tramway accommodation, having regard both to mileage and density of traffic, London is far behind most of the other great towns of the world. In this huge city there are only about 100 miles of tramway, which carry, as has been said, 200 million passengers. Berlin, with one-third of our population, has 180 miles of tram line and a traffic of 121 million passengers. Boston, with a fifth of the population, has 245 miles of line with 119 million passengers. Philadelphia, with only about a quarter of our population, has actually no less than 340 miles of line. Even in Paris, which may be said to be half the size of London, badly supplied as it admittedly is with means of internal communication, as long ago as 1888 the omnibuses carried 109 millions, and the tram-cars 132 millions, so that each means of conveyance was further developed than is the case with us. As for Chicago, which is likely before long in the completeness of its internal communications to put not only the Old World but even New York itself to shame, it is not possible to say much, for its metropolitan railway, the Chicago and South Side Rapid Transit Railroad—the ‘Alley Road,’ as it is familiarly termed—has only just been opened ; while the cable-car system with its long trains of cars, crowded with passengers wherever standing or even clinging room is to be found, and driven slap-dash through the most important streets at a speed that would turn an English policeman’s hair grey with horror, is worked under conditions so unlike our own that no detailed comparison can profitably be made.

The foregoing facts and figures show that, large though the London traffic is, it is not by any means exceptionally large in proportion to the population. In fact, it is smaller than might naturally be expected, considering the wealth of the community and the magnitude of the area. In so far as this is so, we may set it down to the inadequacy of the existing means of conveyance. In the words of the recent Report by the Joint Committee of the two Houses on Electric Railways, new lines ‘are required to relieve the overgrown passenger traffic along the chief thoroughfares, to provide for the natural expansion of London, and to check the congestion of our metropolitan population by facilitating cheap communication outwards to a circumference which tends constantly to recede.’ Instances are not wanting to show how traffic increases as soon as facilities are provided for it. In New York, in the ten years following the opening of the Elevated lines, the total movement in all directions increased from 169 millions to 371 millions,—an increase,

that is, of 120 per cent. But of this increase only 45 per cent. was due to increase in the population. To show how our London traffic has increased and is increasing, even in spite of the inadequacy of the existing means of conveyance, it is worth while to quote Mr. Greathead's evidence before the Joint Committee* :—

‘The traffic by the internal conveyances of London, I will call them,—namely, the General Omnibus Company, the two Metropolitan Railway Companies, the Tramway Companies, and the Road Car Company,—has increased at a very rapid rate from 1864 up to the present time, and out of all proportion to the increase of population during that period. In 1864, for instance, the passengers carried numbered 54,000,000, and the population under 3,000,000—that is to say, that each member of the population travelled on an average 18 times in a year. In 1874, without giving you the figures, the ratio of passengers to population increased to 45 to 1; in 1884, to 78 to 1; in 1889, to 99 to 1; and last year each member of the population travelled on an average, by one or other of those means of communication, 114 times in the year. That rate of increase, which has been practically uniform through all that period, from 1864 down to the present time, in recent years has quite maintained the percentage; and taking the rate of increase as it has been, within the next seven years there will be at least 400,000,000 more passengers a year to be carried in London than there were last year, if facilities are given for people to get about. At present most of the communications are overcrowded with traffic at the busy hours when most people travel. Well, then, in the year 1899—that is, seven years from now—if that increase takes place, every member of the then population would travel 185 times in the year.’

To the same effect is the testimony of the City Census. The resident day population of the City was, in 1866, 170,000; in 1881, 261,000; in 1891, 301,000. Of the total number entering the City the increase is even more remarkable. They were in 1881, 797,000; in 1891, 1,186,000. The number of vehicles rose from 71,000 in 1881 to 92,000 in 1891; the number of omnibuses in particular increasing from 6,176 to 10,389,—an advance, that is, of about 68 per cent. In the words of Mr. Salmon, ‘With respect to this growth, it is unreasonable to imagine that, because the increase of the past ten years has been so great, it has reached anything like its culminating point; probabilities all tend in the direction of a still further and even greater increase.’ Some of these probabilities must be

* Mr. Greathead, be it observed, only deals with the traffic by certain selected means of conveyance, and does not pretend to give all the railway traffic or all the omnibus traffic. Hence the discrepancy between his figures and those given on page 480.

glanced at. London has always been a very open town. A house in any other capital implies a large and massive edifice, seldom less than five stories in height; but a great part of the area of London is covered with small two-storied workmen's cottages. Again, in the number and size of its open spaces, not only public but also private, London is far ahead of any other city. According to Kemmann, London has $76\frac{1}{2}$ square kilometres, Berlin only $40\frac{1}{2}$, per million inhabitants. And not only is the population of London per acre small, but in the central districts it is decreasing rapidly. The City thirty years back had a 'sleeping' population of 112,000; the number is only 37,000 to-day. The same thing is happening, though not of course to the same extent, throughout the centre of London. The Central Area of the Registrar-General, with a population now of about a million, shows a decrease of 7 per cent. in 1891, on the top of one of over 4 per cent. in the preceding decade. The Outer Ring, on the other hand—the urban area outside the limits of the County of London—shows at the same date an increase in population of 49 per cent. on the top of a 50 per cent. increase from 1871 to 1881. Certain points in the Outer Ring show a rate of increase even more remarkable. Willesden and Leighton had each of them in 1881 a population of 27,000; they both have over 60,000 to-day. Tottenham has grown from 36,000 to 71,000, all but double; West Ham from 129,000 to 205,000. Even Croydon, which was 78,000 ten years ago, is 102,000 to-day. Now the growth of this Outer Ring proves the need for the development of rapid transit in London, for all the inhabitants of these places cannot find occupation within their limits. The strong popular feeling in favour of clearing overcrowded and insanitary areas, such as Clare Market or Boundary Street, Bethnal Green, will not have spent its force till many thousands more of the working classes, who are now housed in the centre of London, have been transferred to its circumference.

A further point and an important one needs to be noticed at this stage. The public conveyances of London carry, as we have seen, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ million passengers on an ordinary week-day, and of this number the railways carry about 1 million. Spread evenly over the twenty-four hours, this would be a manageable quantity enough, for the railway share of it could be accommodated without difficulty in 2,500 trains, while in fact, according to Kemmann, the railway companies all taken together run something like 6,000 suburban and metropolitan trains a day,—provide, that is, seating capacity for fully $2\frac{1}{2}$ million passengers. But averages in a matter like this are only

only misleading. Into London in the morning the trains are crowded to the last seat, while outwards they may hardly have a dozen passengers. Again, in the evening a train into Liverpool Street or London Bridge will be all but empty, while the platforms of those stations are black and solid with passengers waiting to get back to their suburban homes. If we appeal once more to the City Census for confirmation of a fact which in the main must be within the personal knowledge of every reader, we find that between 7 and 8 A.M. the number of persons entering the City was 57,000; between 8 and 9 it rose to 132,000; then fell slowly to 125,000 between 9 and 10; rapidly to 81,000 between 10 and 11; while finally between 11 and noon it dropped again to 67,000, or something like the normal figure for the daylight hours.

Rapidly as the business traffic of London is developing, it may be questioned whether the pleasure traffic is not growing even faster. The Crystal Palace we have had with us for a generation past, but the exhibitions and shows at South Kensington, at Earl's Court, and Olympia, are all the creation of the last few years. To carry away even 20,000 people from a given point at the conclusion of an entertainment means working into the station empty, and working away filled to the last seat, fifty trains such as are commonly run on the 'Underground' lines. Assuming two lines to be available, the process can hardly take less than an hour and a quarter; and meanwhile, with platforms packed tight by an impatient crowd, any trifle, a match dropped unextinguished, or a disturbance created by a handful of lads, may have the most terrible consequences. To anyone who knows what railway traffic is, and how large is a crowd of a few thousands, when seen not in figures on a sheet of paper but in person, the marvel is not that an accident happened with a Bank Holiday crowd at Hampstead last Easter, but that nothing of the kind had occurred before. On Whit Monday, 1888, according to Mr. Acworth's 'Railways of England,' the Great Eastern Railway 'booked over 300,000 passengers, and of these four-fifths were in the London district. . . . Before 4 P.M. 127,000 tickets had been collected at suburban stations; of these about two-thirds had been collected at stations on the borders of Epping Forest, 37,653 of them at Chingford alone.'

Pleasure traffic then as well as business traffic is rapidly increasing; and both come not in a steady stream, flowing with constant force throughout the day, but in great spates, so that a means of communication may well be utterly overtaxed at certain hours, while on the average of the traffic over the whole day

day and in both directions, it only seems to be carrying up to one-third of its capacity. Admitting then the inadequacy of the present means of conveyance, the question naturally arises, How are they to be supplemented? One thing is obvious: the wider the area over which the population spreads itself, the less appropriate become omnibuses and tramcars as means of conveyance. When the City merchant lived at Denmark Hill or Islington, he could come in by 'bus' in half-an-hour, and it was worth his while to travel by the omnibus which passed his door and set him down opposite his office, rather than go by train, which implied a walk of half a mile to and from the station at either end. But a 'bus from Harrow or Chislehurst would take two hours. Extravagant as street conveyances are of time, they are even more extravagant in the matter of space. That our existing streets cannot well carry more traffic is admitted on all hands. It is not so many years back that blocks of more than a few seconds were almost confined to the City. Nowadays the West-end is almost as bad as the City, and the crossing at the top of St. James's Street or the foot of Parliament Street is well-nigh as difficult and more dangerous than the more famous crossing opposite the Mansion House. If it is remembered how the opening of Hamilton Place appeared at the time to afford ample room for all the traffic which passed that way; how, a dozen years later, the widening at the top of Constitution Hill became absolutely imperative; and how to-day the block of traffic at Hyde Park Corner is worse than ever, the impossibility of coping with the growth of London traffic by any street improvement schemes will be understood. For the cost of a system of streets which should carry the whole growth of London traffic would be absolutely prohibitory. The length of the proposed new street from Holborn to the Strand is under half a mile, and the estimate for it is two millions sterling.

On grounds, then, both of speed and space, we find ourselves practically shut up to railways—not of course necessarily or even probably steam railways—as alone capable of dealing with the growth of London traffic. Such new lines must be, it is evident, either overhead or underground. Of overhead lines, such as those of New York, there can be no question in London. However convenient they may be for their own passengers, they are unquestionably in many respects injurious to the occupiers of the adjacent houses; while to the passengers, whether on foot or in vehicles, along the streets beneath them they are an unmitigated nuisance. Bad as they are in New York, they would be tenfold worse in London. Our streets are narrower, crookeder, with more uneven gradients, and with
vastly

vastly greater vehicular traffic. Further our climate is very different from that of New York, which is situated almost in the same latitude as Naples. The railway viaducts, which in New York afford a grateful shade from blazing sunshine, would in London for weeks together in winter produce at mid-day the darkness of night. The 'Alley Road,' however, of Chicago is constructed not over the streets but on ground the property of the railway company, which has purchased for the purpose a strip of land lying alongside the back alley which runs, much in the fashion that a mews does in some parts of the West-end, between two of the principal streets of the city. Such a system is of course only possible in a modern and regularly laid out town. If ever a new Fire of London should lay waste an entire quarter of the Metropolis and afford opportunity for reconstruction on rectangular lines, such a railway might conceivably be introduced here; but till this day arrives an overhead railway would have to cut a swathe for its passage, not through back yards, but mainly through buildings, and at a prohibitory cost.

There is, however, one kind of overhead railway possible in London, and only one, and this is a line constructed by 'double-decking,' as it has been called, an existing railway. The South-Eastern used, twenty years back, to run a 'shuttle' service every ten minutes between Charing Cross and Cannon Street; one line of rails being reserved for this purpose. The 'shuttle' service disappeared years ago, and the line which it occupied has been taken possession of by ordinary traffic—a traffic which has long ago overtaken the resources of the company. An overhead narrow-gauge railway, worked by light electrical engines, might have been constructed at a very moderate cost; and would not only have regained for the South-Eastern the traffic from Charing Cross and Waterloo into the City, which it has well-nigh lost, but also have afforded relief to the main lines underneath, by enabling the company to stop short at London Bridge many of the trains which they work through to Charing Cross and Cannon Street. We shall probably see some of our great stations 'double-decked' before many years are out. The Great Eastern is at this moment absorbing into Liverpool Street Station the last square yard of available space; it will now be shut in absolutely by Bishopsgate Street on the one side and by the property of the North London and North-Western Railways on the other, so that further lateral extension is out of the question. Ten years hence we may see the present rails given up to long-distance, and what one might call semi-suburban trains,—trains
serving

serving stations distant between thirty and ten miles from the terminus, but ignoring those closer in—while overhead an almost incessant service of electric trains will be run for the accommodation of the truly suburban or omnibus traffic.

An overhead route is, however, only possible to an existing company, and none of the existing companies seem inclined to move in the matter at this moment. *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*, must then be the Londoner's motto, and he must content himself with underground lines. Nor are even railways like the Metropolitan and the District available for him. It has long been evident that railways of this character, involving as they do the payment of vast sums for the purchase of a right of way, are commercially impossible. For some years past the chairmen of the two companies above mentioned have not hesitated to proclaim the fact that their dividends, such as they are, come not from the passengers who travel at penny fares over the crowded interior parts of the line, but from the passengers whom they carry for considerable distances. And they have emphasized their opinion by extending what were originally merely Metropolitan lines to points far beyond the limits of the County of London. The purely urban parts of our underground lines have not cost less than 700,000*l.* per mile. It is safe to say that a mile of new line of a similar character could not be constructed now for less than a million. The rough-and-ready rule for calculating railway working expenses is that they will amount to one-half of the gross receipts; it follows, therefore, that as a company with a million pounds capital per mile would need 50,000*l.* per mile to pay 5 per cent., it would have to earn altogether 100,000*l.* per mile per annum, or in other words 2000*l.* per mile per week. It would need therefore, at a penny a mile fares, to carry half a million passengers per mile per week, 80,000 passengers every working day. But there is no station in London, on a railway with only a single pair of lines, with anything like this amount of traffic. Broad Street and Liverpool Street are the only stations that reach it even with four lines. Cannon Street and Fenchurch Street, each practically with four lines, have about 55,000 passengers; Ludgate Hill has about 35,000; Moorgate Street on the Metropolitan only about 32,000, though three other companies run into it as well; the Mansion House Station on the District has less than 20,000. And if it be said that Moorgate Street and the Mansion House Stations have other stations within less than a mile on either side, the reply is obvious that each has far more than an average share of the traffic of the line.

Evidently

Evidently no one will make a new Metropolitan Railway, at least as a commercial undertaking.

If further proof of the impossibility of shallow underground lines as a commercial speculation were needed, it might be found in the evidence of Mr. Binnie, the Engineer of the London County Council, before the recent Joint Committee on Electric Railways. Here is Mr. Binnie's list of railways which London badly wanted and might have had, if only anybody could have been found foolish enough to pay for the making of them.

'First, the London and North-Western and Charing Cross Railway Act, 1864—that was the line extending from Haverstock Hill, near Hampstead, to the Charing Cross Station of the South-Eastern Railway. Again, in 1871, another line, Euston to St. Pancras and Charing Cross Railway, otherwise the London Central Railway, extending from the London and North-Western at Euston to Charing Cross. Those two schemes were approved by Parliament, and Acts were obtained, but, unfortunately, they have never been carried out, for what reason I am no better able to judge than anybody else. Besides those, there have been various Bills before Parliament which have not received the sanction of Parliament at various times. In 1882 there was the Central Metropolitan Railway, extending from King's Cross, Gray's Inn Road, to Parliament Street; in 1884 the London Central Electric Railway, extending from Northumberland Avenue and Piccadilly to the Old Bailey. In 1885 there was the Charing Cross and Euston Railway, extending from Buckingham Street, Strand, to Euston; and in 1885 the King's Cross, Charing Cross, and Waterloo Railway, extending from Waterloo terminus to King's Cross. All these lines and these various applications to Parliament show that there is some desire to accommodate the traffic which exists.'

It would seem then that, as far as the present position of engineering science goes, we are shut up for the extension of rapid transit in London to what is now commonly known as 'the Greathead system.' While the old system involved the actual disturbance and the consequent purchase of the surface soil, the new system constructs in sections a huge drain pipe 20 or 50 or even more feet below ground, never removing a single cubic inch of soil more than is instantaneously replaced by a solid structure of cast-iron and cement. Neither while the operations are being carried on, nor subsequently, is there any interference whatever with the superjacent soil; and therefore, except at the stations themselves, no ground needs to be purchased. So that, even where the line passes under private property, the cost of land is almost nothing; and the entire capital is available for construction and equipment.

Not

Not only has the City and South London Railway been constructed on this system, and successfully opened for traffic, but a tunnel under the bed of the St. Clair River between Lakes Huron and Erie has been made; a second tunnel has been all but completed, in the mud of the Hudson at New York; while a third at Blackwall, with an outside diameter of 27 feet, to be driven through the gravel and silt of the Thames, has been undertaken at a fixed price by a responsible firm of contractors, and is at this moment in progress. By the side of such works as the Hudson or Blackwall tunnels the engineering difficulties of deep tunnel railways in London are of course but trifling. Here, however, we are concerned, not so much with their engineering, as with their commercial possibilities. The only deep tunnel railway at present in existence is the line of the City and South London Company, which runs from the Monument past the Elephant and Castle and the Oval to the Swan at Stockwell, a distance of about three miles and a quarter. The capital is 810,000*l.*, or, in round figures, a quarter of a million per mile. The line has now been open for over a year and a half. In the year 1891 it carried 5,160,000 passengers. In the first half of the present year it carried 2,813,000, so that the number is rapidly increasing. The average fare per passenger is about 1½*d.* Now, it is safe to say that each one of these millions of passengers has not paid more than he would have paid for other modes of conveyance, and that he has been carried at fully double the speed of tramcar or omnibus. He has travelled in a more comfortable carriage, in an atmosphere clear and pleasant when the streets above have been shrouded in fog, and cool and fresh even in August. So far therefore as the London public is concerned, the experiment may be pronounced successful. The shareholders, however, have another story to tell. As the result of serving the 2,800,000 inhabitants of London last half-year, they were left, after paying working expenses, with a net profit amounting to 6,422*l.* Debenture and preference interest having absorbed about 5000*l.* of this, the 600,000*l.* of ordinary shares—three-quarters of the total capital of the undertaking—received a dividend at the rate of one-half per cent. per annum.

It should be admitted that this dividend is likely to increase considerably in the future. The traffic is steadily growing, and, for a long while to come, every penny taken at the turnstiles will be practically so much net gain to the Company. Further, it must be acknowledged that the South London Company suffers, and will continue to suffer, from the fact that it was a pioneer undertaking. Not only was the

the whole thing planned on too small a scale, the tunnels too narrow, and the station platforms too short; not only has the steep gradient up from under the river into the Monument Station been found a serious obstacle to economical working; but the whole of the experience of the traffic management has had to be bought at the price of mistakes. No English railway had ever tried a single class at a uniform fare for all distances. It has been tried on the South London and already abandoned, and there are at present fares of 1*d.*, 2*d.*, and 3*d.*, instead of as at the outset a uniform 2*d.* Then in the early days there were, naturally enough, delays owing to temporary breakdowns of the machinery, which, equally naturally, drove away customers much more exacting than those who, fifty or sixty years back, sat patiently waiting till the constant breakdowns or leakages of the steam locomotives of those days were patched up. But, even after all allowances are made, the chance of the South London line paying 5 per cent. interest is exceedingly small; while of its proving a gold mine to its shareholders, as pioneer steam-lines, such as the Liverpool and Manchester, or the Stockton and Darlington, did in the old days, there is no chance whatever.

For these new railways are handicapped in not a few points from the outset. Out of every 100*l.* an ordinary railway company earns the shareholders may count on getting for themselves something like 46*l.* or 47*l.* On the Metropolitan and the District, indeed, they get as net profit 57*l.* and 55*l.* respectively out of every 100*l.*; but on the South London the working expenses have absorbed in the three half-years respectively 79, 76, and 70 per cent. of the gross receipts. To pay 5 per cent. on 800,000*l.* worth of capital, an ordinary railway needs to earn about 85,000*l.* per annum; the Metropolitan needs about 70,000*l.*; the South London will probably need 100,000*l.* at the lowest estimate. Even when electricity has been made as economical a motive power as steam, these subways will be burdened with the extra expense of hydraulic lifts; and since there are two separate tunnels, each must have its own independent staff of signalmen. Further, as they are incapable of carrying goods, they earn nothing for about seven hours out of the twenty-four.

In 1890, Parliamentary powers were sought for the construction of the Central London Railway, along the line of Oxford Street, Holborn, and Cheapside, from Hammersmith to the Bank. The Bill passed the Commons, but was thrown out by the Lords, that the results of the opening of the South London line might be awaited before a similar undertaking
was

was sanctioned. The South London line was opened in the following November, and in the Session of 1891 the Central London obtained its Bill without much difficulty. Last Session an extension was authorized from the Bank to Liverpool Street, where a large terminal station is to be constructed underneath the existing Great Eastern terminus. The length of the entire line is something over six miles; the total capital is set down as 3,800,000*l.*, or about 600,000*l.* per mile. Nothing has yet been done towards the construction of the line.

This same Session of 1892 saw in all no less than six different new railways projected on the Greathead system. Their importance was such that the two Houses appointed a Joint Committee on the subject. Its reference was as follows:—

‘To consider the best method of dealing with the Electric and Cable Railway schemes proposed to be sanctioned within the limits of the Metropolis by Bills introduced, or to be introduced, in the present Session, and to report their opinion as to whether underground railways worked by electricity or cable traction are calculated to afford sufficient accommodation for the present and probable future traffic; as to whether any, and which, of the schemes propose satisfactory lines of route; as to the terms and conditions under which the sub-soil should be appropriated; whether any, and, if any, what schemes should not be proceeded with during the present Session.’

The schemes submitted to the Committee were the following:—

1. The Central London Extension, from the Bank to Liverpool Street, already mentioned.

2. The City and South London Bill, which provided for a junction with the existing line of that name at the point where the approach to London Bridge Station turns off from the foot of London Bridge, an extension thence up Lombard Street to the Bank, and so along Moorgate Street and the City Road to the Angel at Islington. Total length, two miles and three quarters. Estimate for land and works, 706,000*l.*, or say a quarter of a million per mile.

3. The Great Northern and City Railway, starting from Finsbury Circus, runs for half a mile alongside of the City and South London Extension, but at the point where the City Road turns sharp off to the west it continues on due north, crosses the Regent's Canal, and, traversing Canonbury, and Highbury Fields, joins the Great Northern main line, half a mile south of Finsbury Park Station. Total length, 2½ miles; estimated cost, 1,200,000*l.*, or about 500,000*l.* per mile. This line is different in several important points from all the other railways with which it is grouped. It effects, it will be observed, a junction with an ordinary above-ground railway. Its tunnels consequently

quently are to be 16 feet in diameter—big enough, that is, to allow of the passage of ordinary rolling-stock—instead of 11 ft. 6 in. or 12 feet, like those of the other lines. Consequently also its capital cost per mile is enormously increased, as compared with the other lines proposed in districts of a similar character.

4. The Waterloo and City Railway runs almost direct and without an intermediate station from under the existing terminus at Waterloo to a station at the Mansion House. Distance, a mile and a half; estimated cost of land and works, 500,000*l.*, about 330,000*l.* per mile; or equipped ready for opening, with hydraulic lifts and electric rolling-stock, 600,000*l.*

5. The Waterloo and Baker Street Company is to run from underneath Waterloo terminus, *via* Northumberland Avenue, the Haymarket, Regent Street, and Portland Place, to a terminus adjoining the Metropolitan Station at Baker Street and the new and as yet anonymous terminus of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. Total length, three miles; estimate for land and works, about 1,000,000*l.*, or once more 330,000*l.* per mile.

6. The Charing Cross and Hampstead Railway, a double-barrelled scheme which, starting from Charing Cross, breaks at the top of Tottenham Court Road into two separate branches. The shorter but more important turns east and passes under the front of Euston and St. Pancras Stations to King's Cross Station. The longer branch continues up the Hampstead Road to the foot of Hampstead Heath. In consequence of the steepness of the gradients, it is proposed to work this line not by electricity, but by cable traction. Total length, five miles and a quarter; estimated cost of land and works, 1,250,000*l.*—a little less, that is, than a quarter of a million per mile.

Two other Bills, which were deposited last December, but died before the Joint Committee was appointed, deserve a word of mention here. The one was the Royal Exchange and Waterloo Railway, possibly the last survivor of an almost extinct species. It proposed to spend 3,600,000*l.* on the construction of an overhead railway, connecting the existing Waterloo terminus of the South-Western with the London Bridge terminus of the Brighton Railway, and carrying forward these two companies to a new station—which, needless to say, must have been absolutely inadequate in dimensions—in the City. If the Royal Exchange and Waterloo was the last of a dying race, the London, Tottenham, and Epping Forest may perhaps be regarded as the first of a new species. For it projected a deep tunnel line; not, like the others, through populous districts of

London,

London, but out into what is almost open country, through Tottenham all the way to Epping Forest. As long as the Great Eastern can carry this traffic satisfactorily on an overhead line—and that company is spending over a million to improve its capacities at this present moment—such a proposal may be thought premature. But that it and others like it will be heard of again before many years are out, there can be no question.

The Joint Committee reported in favour of all the six Bills referred to them, and they were accordingly set down for Committee in due course. But the dissolution of Parliament interrupted the proceedings; and though more than one of them has passed through both Houses, only one received the Royal Assent. The whole question may accordingly be regarded as in some sense open for discussion again next year. In view, therefore, of the fact that the report of the Joint Committee is only a skeleton of forty or fifty lines in length, in no case entering into the reasons which induced the Committee to arrive at the conclusions they announced, it is worth while to consider with some care the main points of principle with which the Committee had before them.

It was strongly pressed upon the Joint Committee, both by representatives of the London County Council and by Mr. Wolfe Barry, the consulting engineer of the City Corporation, that the tunnels in every case ought to be of sufficient diameter to permit of ordinary rolling-stock now or hereafter passing through them without difficulty. This meant an increase of the diameter from 11 ft. 6 in. to 16 feet; at an increased expense of certainly not less than 100,000*l.* per mile, and probably a great deal more. The promoters argued that the extra cost would swamp the schemes, and that junctions with existing lines could not be used, even if made; but County Council and Corporation witnesses persisted. Fortunately the Committee refused to accept their recommendations; and indeed it is difficult to understand how they can ever have been seriously put forward. It is true that the Great Northern and City Company proposes to construct a tunnel of 16 feet diameter, connected with the existing Great Northern line. But the reason is obvious. The Great Northern Company's two routes into the City over the Metropolitan and North London Companies' rails are both overcrowded. The new line will afford much needed relief; and either by the new line or by the old, all the Great Northern suburban services will in future be able to run forward to Moorgate Street. The main line service will, of course, stop short at King's Cro

here

heretofore. Now compare this with the projected Waterloo and City Line. There are at present some three hundred up trains into Waterloo Station. All of them stop there; none of them going on into the City. Is it seriously proposed that two 16 feet tunnels, with one line of rails in each, shall carry them all forward into the heart of the City? If so, it will need a station as big as Waterloo itself to accommodate them when they get there. If not, how is a selection to be made? There are probably at least a dozen different services of trains working into Waterloo. Is each to send, say, one train an hour into the City, and stop the rest short at Waterloo, or is the selection to be made according to locality, and Hounslow, for instance, to send on all its passengers, while those from Windsor or from Surbiton have in every case to change? Conceive such a system applied to the business trains up into London at nine o'clock in the morning.

One of the County Council witnesses, the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, Mr. Charles Harrison, laid much stress on the necessity of looking ahead; 'of laying down a system which must be applicable for the Metropolis for the future, a little longer than the few immediate years that are to come.' Now looking ahead is an excellent thing in its way, but it may be carried too far. The French people, for example, spent the dozen years between 1830 and 1842, during which private enterprise covered England with a network of railways, in looking ahead. In the result they laid down a system of lines admirably scientific and symmetrical, at any rate on paper, but they did not catch up, much less pass, England, which had used those years not for looking but for going ahead. Not only so, but it is very questionable whether, even in symmetry and completeness, they have gained in the long run; for now that the gaps in both systems have been filled up, the one system seems really as well planned as the other. And if in England it was not always the most needed lines that were made first, after all the difference is no great matter. Respecting metropolitan communication the Paris municipality has looked ahead for the last twenty years. There are three or four different rapid transit schemes before the French public at this moment, but the first brick of the long-promised Paris Metropolitan has not yet been laid. What London would have been like, if the late Metropolitan Board of Works and Parliament had done nothing but look ahead, while choking off the private capitalist by impossibly expensive conditions, it is difficult to imagine.

The truth is, though Mr. Harrison seems to be unaware of it,
that

that a good deal of looking ahead has been done on this subject for a long while past by competent authorities both in Europe and in America. The result is that, to save the expense of urban property, the new station at Frankfort is half a mile further from the centre of the town than the old one; that the main line of the New York Central, which formerly came down into the business quarter of New York, now stops short two miles off of Forty-Second Street, and the business traffic continues 'down town' by the Elevated. The Elevated itself, though of ordinary gauge, and having a physical connexion with other railway systems, is yet inaccessible to ordinary rolling-stock, whose weight its viaducts are quite unsuited to bear. The 'Alley Road' in Chicago is also on the same principle. In England, too, we have learnt that suburban traffic is one thing, and that main line traffic is another; that stations and rolling-stock and methods of management are and ought to be totally different in the one case from the other; that the more the two classes of traffic can be kept independent of one another, the better; and that, when not one passenger in five hundred has any luggage more ponderous than a brief-bag, the hardship of changing from one train to another is practically *nil*.

On another point the attitude of the County Council was hardly conceived in the public interest, nor indeed was it self-consistent. Mr. Beachcroft, the Chairman of the Public Health Committee, said: 'If you carry these new lines merely on to the border of the county, you will create an immense increase of the population upon the border line . . . Unless provision is made for these lines being continued further into the country, the provision which it is proposed to make will tend to increase the congestion, and in the course of a few years will make things worse than they are at present.' He accordingly urged that the new companies should be placed under terms obliging them to extend in advance of population into districts still unbuilt on. 'The Hampstead and Charing Cross line might be continued out four or five miles beyond Hampstead, so as to start a new town some distance from the edge of the county.' To this proposal there is the obvious objection that capital is not to be had for nothing; that a railway extended four or five miles beyond the population would hardly pay working expenses, certainly would not pay any interest on capital outlay; and that, therefore, unless the County Council is prepared to guarantee the interest, which has not been hitherto suggested, capital will only be found for the new line at the expense of fares, otherwise

unnecessarily high, levied on the inhabitants of the districts of London which are already populous. From this logical *impasse* Mr. Beachcroft will find some difficulty in escaping. When he does, he will have to settle his account with his brother chairman, Mr. Harrison, who, at the conclusion of his evidence in favour of connecting these railways with the existing lines, went on to argue—Mr. Harrison must be responsible for his own consistency—that ‘this particular class of undertakings, which are entirely internal within the County,’ and ‘nothing more than underground tramways,’ ought, like tramways, to be subject to purchase by the local authority at the conclusion of a period which he suggested should be sixty years. Now there may be a good deal to be said for State ownership as distinguished from private ownership of railways. There is certainly much to be said for the Continental system of granting a concession for a railway, not for all time, but with reversion to the State after, say, ninety-nine years. But with a proposal at once to connect these new lines with the existing system of the country, and also to give, not to the State but to a municipality—a single spider sitting in the heart of this huge web, the right to take possession of these innermost threads, and so to reduce the entire web to a mere tangle of loose ends—with such a proposal it is really impossible to argue seriously.

Nor does the attempted analogy with the tramways deserve much more respect. The Tramway Companies were given a lucrative monopoly of a portion of the road which the citizens of London had made and paid for. Obviously they owed a rent for it. Whether that rent be levied year by year at the rate of so many pounds per mile per annum, as is happening in numerous towns in the United Kingdom at the present moment, or whether, as in London, it is capitalised and paid in a lump at the end of the twenty-one years’ term, in the shape of an obligation to sell the undertaking to the municipality at a rate less than its then value in the open market, this, as far as principle is concerned, is a matter of absolute indifference. But you may call the electric railways ‘underground tramways’ from now till Doomsday without doing much towards proving the conditions identical. The electric railways, so far from blocking the roads and excluding other traffic from them, actually make a road at their own expense to the great relief of those which the ratepayers have to provide. It is true that they run under a street; but they run in soil the property of the adjacent freeholder, in no sense belonging to the municipality, and affected with no right whatever of public user. The soil under the
streets

streets below the level of existing wires and pipes and sewers is of course practically worthless, and hitherto apparently the landlords have suffered the railway companies to appropriate it gratis; but their property in it remains unquestionable: and if a railway were, for example, to come upon a bed of fuller's earth, the owner would probably claim substantial compensation. For the County Council therefore to demand in the first place that the railways shall be permitted to expropriate the freeholders' property, in order that in the second place the County Council may confiscate that of the railway shareholders, is about as grotesque an instance of a fallacious *sorites* as it is possible to conceive.

The truth is—the proposition sounds elementary, but it really does require to be stated quite clearly—the only source from which money to meet these various demands of the County Council can possibly come is the pocket of the passengers. If these new lines are to be made of larger size, or prolonged into unremunerative districts, or taken possession of by the municipality after sixty years at less than their then value, the passengers on them must pay higher fares. Whence else can the money conceivably come? The capitalist calculates that say ten million passengers at 2*d.* will give him, let us say, 5 per cent. on a line three miles long at 250,000*l.* a mile. Under 5 per cent. it is not worth his while to take the risk. The County Council steps in and succeeds in imposing an obligation to spend 350,000*l.* per mile, or may be to construct four miles of which one will be entirely unproductive. Is it not obvious that the capitalist will consider whether the traffic will bear a charge of 3*d.*; and if not will he not stand out of the undertaking altogether? For nothing that the Council has done has added to the probability of the advent of new passengers; nor has it furnished the capitalist with a reason for risking his money with a prospect of only 3 per cent. at best. In fact, the price of the transportation provided will be increased to the consumer—that is, the passenger—by more than the extra sum imposed on the railway. For the capitalist will require interest and insurance on his additional outlay, just as an increase of customs' duty of 10 per cent. usually results in an increase of 15 per cent. to the consumer.

Now, that the London consumer will refuse to pay fares calculated on what one may call the 3*d.* scale, is a point on which there is no possible doubt. The average fare paid on the South London Electric Line is, as has been said, roughly 1½*d.* per passenger. Even on the Metropolitan it is no more, though this latter company possesses a system 50 miles in
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length,

length, and issues first and second class tickets as well as third. Nor as long as tramcars and omnibuses carry passengers long distances for a penny, and in not a few cases now actually for a halfpenny, is it conceivable that the existing fare can be seriously increased? A moment's consideration will show how immensely more difficult urban railway conditions are for this reason in London than they are in New York. In New York, whether it be on the Elevated Road; on the street railways, as we should say tram-lines; or on the 'stages,' which we call omnibuses, there is one uniform fare of 5 cents, or two-pence halfpenny. A 'nickel' (a 5 cent piece), being to the ordinary American practically the smallest denomination with which he concerns himself—so much so that if one buys in the street a two cent or three cent newspaper the newsboy rarely thinks of offering change—there is no demand whatever for the reduction of this rate. Competing therefore on the basis of equal fares, the 'Elevated,' with its much greater speed and better accommodation, can fully hold its own with the tramcars and the omnibuses. It is accordingly an exceedingly prosperous concern, and pays a dividend which is probably not less than 20 per cent. on the actual cash capital. In London, on the other hand, the public cares a good deal about saving pennies and even halfpennies. Consequently the tram and omnibus companies find it in their interest to reduce fares and undersell the railways; and this, seeing that the public supply them with their road *gratis*, they can easily afford to do. If, for example, the Electric Railway brings down the fare from the Elephant and Castle to the City from 2*d.* to 1*d.*, the tram-line can safely reduce, as it has done, its tariff to a halfpenny. Now, even at equal fares, tramcars and omnibuses have a fair chance in competition with urban railways, for though they are slower they are accessible always and at any point without the trouble of going to a station and waiting. If they can afford to take lower fares, they are likely to beat them.

But this is not the only difficulty which confronts our London railways. At the hours in the morning when people are hastening to their work every minute is of importance; at that time speed, even for poor people, is worth purchase at a considerable increase of price. The railway companies, therefore, might have counted on bumper traffics at remunerative rates at this time of day. But this resource is largely being withdrawn from them, for year by year the demand for workmen's accommodation at nominal rates is rising. In the Central London Act, for example, an obligation is imposed to carry workmen the entire 6 miles' length of the line for a single penny.

penny.* In America workmen's fares are almost unheard of. An American artisan considers that his wages should be sufficient to cover the cost of everything that is implied in decent living, and would reject with scorn a proposal to supplement his earnings with charitable contributions, whether voluntary or compulsory, from outside sources. The sentiment is one which surely merits approval, merely as evidence of a proper pride and independence of spirit. But even from a practical point of view the American democracy seems to be acting in its own interests. For, having a $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ fare as the minimum, the American local lines can afford to make it also the maximum; so that $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ franks a man for the entire distance that the trains go. The result of this, which may be called the adoption of the postal principle in urban communications, is obvious. A man gains nothing in money (though of course he gains a little in time) by living two miles instead of ten miles from his work. In other words, the premium on overcrowding in the central districts is abolished. American cities therefore—and Chicago and Boston are still more striking instances of this than New York—are rapidly decentralizing and spreading themselves over constantly increasing areas, to the great advantage of their population, both morally and physically.

In their own interest, therefore, both as the representatives of the population at large, and also as the authorities responsible to provide new street accommodation for the growing traffic, unless that traffic can be withdrawn from the streets by the railways, public bodies in the Metropolis would be wise to lighten rather than to increase the burden laid upon the shoulders of urban railway promoters. It will be difficult enough to make these lines pay under the most favourable circumstances. Much will be done no doubt by experience in lessening the cost of electric working. Messrs. Mather and Platt, the electric engineers to the South London line, reported a month or two back that their locomotives, which were guaranteed to work at a fraction over $7d.$ per train mile drawing a weight of 23 tons, were actually only costing $5\frac{1}{2}d.$, although the

* The kind-hearted but somewhat puzzle-head legislators and county councillors whose vicarious generosity would compel railway companies to carry workmen at a farthing a mile, justify their action on the ground that even at this price a train with 500 passengers earns more than the average receipt per mile. No doubt it does. Much more. But the average is made up of a few trains earning one pound, and a much larger number barely earning half-a-crown. It is precisely to the crowded 'bread-and-butter' trains that the companies look to maintain the average. It is a somewhat Irish proceeding to bid them be content with the average and below it.

weight of the train had been increased 40 per cent.* Further, it is to be admitted that, if it costs 5*d.* a mile with, say, 15 trains an hour, it will cost a good deal less, perhaps not more than 3½*d.*, if the number of trains be increased to 25. But these lines must always remain hampered with charges from which ordinary railways are exempt. Were they even worked for nothing, it would take 15,000*l.* per annum, or very nearly four million pennies, to pay the interest on the capital cost of each mile of line, taking this at an average of 300,000*l.* per mile. Assuming the eventual working expenses to be 50 per cent. of the total receipts, these new companies, if they are to succeed, must earn not less than 30,000*l.* per mile. It might, perhaps, be thought superfluous to argue that the interests of the London public as well as of the individual shareholders are involved in those of the companies; but when a gentleman in the responsible position of Mr. Charles Harrison comes forward, as the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the London County Council, and tells the Joint Committee of the two Houses that 'whether it fails financially or not is immaterial to us,' it is perhaps necessary to point out that Mr. Harrison's shortsighted policy is merely killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. If all the lines at present projected were made, they would only be, as the Joint Committee points out, 'an instalment of the more complete accommodation necessary to meet the constantly increasing needs of London.' But in fact it is hardly likely that all will be carried out simultaneously; and if other new rapid transit lines are as unfortunate financially as the little pioneer in South London, the Metropolis may wait till a new generation arises, which has forgotten the experience of the closing years of the nineteenth century, and is prepared to purchase its own *de novo*.

Let us see what it means to earn 30,000*l.* per mile per annum. The average earnings for Great Britain of a mile of railway are 4000*l.* per mile. For England alone the average rises to about 5000*l.*; for companies whose lines are crowded from end to end with traffic, such as the Taff Vale, the London Chatham and Dover, or the Lancashire and Yorkshire, it rises as high as from 7000*l.* to 9000*l.* The Mersey Railway, a deep-tunnel line, earns 16,000*l.*; the Metropolitan District about 23,000*l.*; the Metropolitan itself less than 15,000*l.*, though it is fair to say that in this latter case, and to a certain extent in the case of the District also, the urban mileage is diluted by a good deal of merely country line. The

* The wages of the driver and his mate are omitted in these calculations.

South London Electric is at present taking something like 13,000*l.* to 14,000*l.* a mile. In fact, there are but two railways in the world at this moment earning 30,000*l.* a mile—the one, the Manhattan Elevated of New York, which has, as it cannot be too often repeated, a minimum fare of 2½*d.*; the other, the North London. This latter company is set down in the Board of Trade Reports as earning the enormous sum of 43,000*l.* per mile. But then it has not two lines, but four; it is not dependent solely on passengers, but carries a vast and lucrative goods traffic as well; and lastly its receipts are secured, though the Board of Trade returns make no mention of the fact, not merely on the 12 miles of line that it owns, but on something like 80 miles over which it works.

But it is difficult to estimate beforehand what the volume of traffic of a given line is likely to be. The average investor, before applying for shares in a new London undertaking, is likely to ask what has been the experience of those who have gone before him. The answer will be this: the North London, which has had from the outset the support, both financial and commercial, of the London and North-Western, is exuberantly prosperous, and, though its dividend is only at the rate of 7½ per cent., might unquestionably pay more if it chose to do so. But then its capital is only 330,000*l.* per mile, while the line could not be replaced to-day for twice, or probably for thrice this figure. The Metropolitan also still pays a passable dividend. But for that dividend it is indebted to its ownership of great blocks of land, bought at the prices of thirty years ago, and to the fact that it can charge the Great Northern, the Midland, and the Chatham and Dover, a monopoly rent for their access over its line to Moorgate Street, much more than to the earnings of its own proper traffic. Of the South London Electric line enough has been said. The other two London undertakings are the East London and the Metropolitan District. That, financially speaking, the District Railway is a disastrous failure; that the East London is a failure yet more disastrous, is matter of common knowledge. Apart then from the Waterloo and City and the Great Northern and City Companies, which, having behind them the support of the great companies whose traffic they are to serve, will unquestionably raise their capital at once, the prospects of the remaining undertakings are by no means too bright. What attitude the public authorities should, under these circumstances, adopt towards promoters whose advent they profess to hail with joy, is sufficiently obvious. What attitude they do
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in fact habitually assume, let Sir Benjamin Baker testify from his quarter of a century's experience :—

‘It would not be at all unnatural that the Committee should wish to know how it is that for twenty-five years past nothing whatever has been done in the heart of London to meet the growing necessities of the City traffic. Nothing whatever has been done for twenty-five years—of that, I think, I can offer an explanation presently—whilst at the same time New York, which followed the lead of London some years afterwards, has not stood still as London has done, but has gone ahead, and has got 40 miles of urban railway now; so that a New York business man can travel almost anywhere at 10 miles an hour, whereas a man in London has to travel 6 miles an hour. In the last thirty years the whole of that map has been scored with proposals of lines for promoters, many of them following very nearly the same routes as the present lines, and you can hardly draw a red line on which some line has not been deposited, and yet not a single one of them has been carried out. And the reason is this: that in the first instance, when Sir John Fowler was promoting the original Underground Railway, he got the cordial co-operation of all the public bodies. Since then, the public bodies have not assisted in the same way as they did originally, but they have too much sought the advice of professional advisers; and when, of course, any one consults an engineer, he thinks he must get something always for his client; and the result is that when the Bills leave the Committee, they are so often loaded with onerous clauses that you cannot raise the money. That, really, explains to a very large extent why London is without railways now. Another cause, of course, was the great expense of the wide-gauge lines, but still more so, I think, has been the policy which the public authorities have subsequently taken. Now it may be known to the Committee that Sir John Fowler's original Metropolitan Railway was applying for an Abandonment Bill, because they could not raise the funds to do it; and the Corporation of London came forward and said, “Do not go for an abandonment; we will subscribe 200,000*l.*” And they did subscribe 200,000*l.*, otherwise it is very doubtful whether even the Metropolitan Railway could have been carried out. Then, as another instance of the policy of the public bodies, the Vestry of St. Pancras came and petitioned and gave evidence in our favour; whereas now, as you have heard from the evidence brought forward by Mr. Barry, it is considered very questionable whether we should even temporarily disturb a little bit of roadway for the construction of such an important thing as a central City station. . . . Every time you apply to Parliament, the parliamentary agents look through previous Bills, and if they find an onerous clause they at once insert it in your Bill; it may have been perfectly harmless in the Bill in which it originated, but they are sure to ask it in yours: and then the promoters will not go on; they get sick and tired of it. . . . As I have said, I think everything

everything is ripe now for a very rapid extension of these railways, provided one thing is kept carefully in mind, and that is the fact that we must be worked with in harmony by the public authorities. The public authorities never contend for a moment that these lines would not be of the greatest public advantage, and they are quite ready to pass any number of resolutions to that effect; but then, unfortunately, when they hand the thing over to their professional advisers, they too often, from an excessive zeal, attempt to lay down some general principles, general clauses—such as were suggested by Mr. Barry lately—which have simply the effect of rendering the whole thing impossible to carry out. I am quite certain that, if that is avoided in the future, then we shall have a network of railways here; but, if it be not, and if these prohibitory clauses are put in, unless the local bodies come forward as the Corporation did, and subscribe to the funds, the public financiers will not take them up, they will be dead letters. I need hardly say that it is clearly in the interest of the ratepayers, because, unless the traffic in the streets is relieved, new streets will have to be made at the expense of the ratepayers.'

Of the danger of scaring away from these undertakings the capitalist, who, bloated though he may be, is as yet indispensable, no one can have any doubt who has taken any interest in the fortunes of the recent Bills before Parliament. The authorities of the City, in return for permission to open a mere staircase on to the flags in front of the Royal Exchange, bound on the back of the Central London Company a statutory obligation to construct an elaborate and enormously costly system of subways, honeycombing the streets meeting at the Mansion House in every direction, available not merely for the railway passengers but for the public at large, forming 'part of the public way within the City,' but to be 'paved, lighted, cleansed and maintained, and so for ever kept and repaired, to the satisfaction of the Commissioners (of Sewers), but at the sole expense of the Company.' Nor was the County Council behindhand, for it endeavoured (fortunately without success) to force the Company to pay the entire cost of clearing away the block of buildings known as Bozier's Court, which obstruct the bottom of Tottenham Court Road. If such a demand were to be addressed to the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre or the Army and Navy Stores, which really do obstruct the street by the mass of vehicular traffic which they attract, the case in favour of it would be at least arguable; but to propose to lay such a burden on a company which is striving, not to increase but to reduce the pressure on the streets, is surely without any logical justification. Not to be outdone by mere local authorities, General Hutchinson, the Inspecting Officer of the Board of Trade, suggested that the railways passing under the river should

should be required to construct their lines in double tunnel, one within the other, 'for greater strength, so that, if a train ran off the line and broke the inner skin, there would be the outer skin still left to prevent the percolation or intrusion of water into the tube.' Really more admirable forethought has not been heard of since the White Knight in 'Alice in Wonderland' rode about with a mouse-trap, because, though mice were not likely to come on to his horse's back, it was 'always well to provide against everything.'

Now each of these demands taken separately may be but a straw, though some of them are pretty thick ones. But all taken together they are not unlikely to break the camel's back. The Central London Bill of 1891, when introduced into Parliament, contained four pages of what are known as 'protective clauses'—clauses, that is, introduced to satisfy the objections of individual persons or corporations whose interest may be affected. Before the Bill left the Committee of the second House, the four pages of protective clauses had swelled to fifty-seven. The interest of the sewers of the County Council and the different vestries; the interest of every railway company that was passed *en route*; of the Grosvenor, and the Bedford, and the Portland, and the Portman estates; of half-a-dozen Banks and Insurance Companies, from the Bank of England downwards; of the Latymer Charity and Major James Childs,—were all protected by clauses, requiring that every conceivable precaution, which the most ingenious of architects and surveyors could suggest, and the most peremptory of draughtsmen could embody in the most precise language, should be taken, for the benefit of these various opponents, and at the expense of the Central London Company. But from beginning to end of the enquiry, nobody ever appeared in the interests of the public who were to travel on the line, to suggest that, if some portion of this superabundant panoply of precaution were abandoned, the capital of the undertaking, on which the inhabitants of London would have to pay interest in pennies and twopences, might be kept smaller—smaller probably by many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

For it cannot be too often repeated that, though capital once invested in the fixed and permanent form of a railway is incapable of withdrawal, and consequently at the mercy of the public who can tax it up to the point where they tax it out of existence if they think fit, nothing of the kind is possible with new undertakings. Unless the municipality is prepared to construct railway lines itself, it must take them on the terms on which alone private capitalists choose to provide them; on
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terms, that is, of showing the prospect of a return certainly not lower than 4 per cent. on the cost of the undertaking, however large that may be. It was perhaps a confusion between new railways and old railways which led the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the London County Council to the remarkable expression of indifference to the fate of the shareholders which was quoted a page or two back.

The mention of the County Council suggests another point which can only be briefly alluded to. It is the declared policy of that body at the present moment that the Council shall not only take over but shall itself work the London tramways. A distinguished and most influential member, Mr. Sidney Webb, urges that the Council shall not only work the tramways, but work them *gratis*. Now these proposals open up large questions of policy which this is not the place to discuss; but it is distinctly germane to the present subject to point out that the working of tramways cannot stand alone. It will be impossible for railways, managed with what has hitherto been supposed to be the not wholly blameable object of earning a dividend for the shareholders, to compete with tram-lines maintained either entirely or partially at the expense of the rates. Those, therefore, who propose rate-aided tramways are bound to face the further and much larger question how money is to be found for new Metropolitan railways. It is no question of the half-dozen lines that are before the public at the present moment, though even this involves a capital of a good many millions sterling. How true is the statement of the Joint Committee, that these lines are only 'an instalment of the more complete accommodation necessary,' those best know who, on reading that the number of persons entering the City increased in ten years from 797,000 to 1,186,000, and reflecting that at the same rate of increase they will be 1,800,000 at the beginning of next century, are able to picture to themselves what 600,000 persons really mean, and to grasp the dimensions of the new railway accommodation that it will be imperatively necessary by some means to provide for them. Further, account must be taken of the money which the great railway companies have spent and are spending on their London communications,—a sum which, though its exact magnitude is unattainable, is obviously one by whose side the few millions that have been grudgingly spent on London street improvements shrink into utter insignificance. The Midland is the latest comer, and, for urban passenger traffic, almost the least important of the London lines. Yet its Chairman stated only a few months back that the Midland had expended, south of Hendon, no less than ten millions sterling. Now there is

is a strong feeling on the boards of management of more than one of our existing railways, and these not the least progressive and enterprising, that London suburban traffic does not pay them, even under existing conditions and at the existing fares. When the County Council begins to compete with them along rate-subsidized tram-lines, the great railway companies will simply in American phrase 'step down and out.' Such traffic as comes to them at their present rate—the first-class season-ticket holders, for instance, who are prepared to pay a good price for speed—they will continue to carry. But the vast potential increase of working-class traffic will pass them by, for they will never be so reckless of their shareholders' interests as to venture one pound of their capital in providing new accommodation for it. But enough of this. Public authorities in England are nothing if not illogical, and fortunately seldom work all the evils which they threaten.

To sum up. The need for further rapid transit facilities is great and acknowledged; that need can be adequately met by the new system of underground electric railways, of which those at present proposed are in the words of the Joint Committee 'a fairly satisfactory instalment.' The serious question is whether they can secure sufficient traffic at remunerative rates, and work it with sufficient economy, to pay interest on the necessary cost of construction. Probably the prospect of a moderate success is good enough to attract the investor, in whose breast hope springs up and blossoms luxuriantly, if there be but the smallest patch of the hard ground of fact on which it can take root. Capital, however, will certainly not be forthcoming if each new undertaking is to be exposed to conditions of construction and of working more onerous than the last, still less if it is to be called on to carry a large proportion of its passengers at nominal fares, or to be threatened with the competition of rate-aided tramways. Therefore, seeing that railways alone can relieve the congestion of traffic in the streets and the overcrowding of the population in the central residential districts, it behoves the local authorities of the Metropolis to act up to their professions, and to treat *bonâ-fide* promoters of new railway enterprise as allies to be helped and encouraged, rather than as objectionable intruders, whom it is a public service to keep at bay as long as may be, and a public duty to hold to ransom at the highest possible price.

- ART. IX.—1. *Northern Afghanistan*. By Major C. E. Yate, C.S.I., C.M.G., F.R.G.S. Edinburgh, 1888.
2. *Through the Heart of Asia over the Pamir to India*. By G. Bonvalot (translation). 2 vols. London, 1888.
3. *From London to Bokhara*. By Colonel A. Le Mesurier. London, 1889.
4. *Russia's Railway Advance into Central Asia*. By J. Dobson. London, 1890.
5. *Pathan and Biloch*. By E. E. Oliver. London, 1890.
6. *Handbook of the Russian Troops in Asia*. By Major J. Wolfe-Murray. London, 1890.
7. *The Tashkent Exhibition of 1890*. By Capt. A. C. Yate. Proc. Roy. Geogr. Soc., Jan. 1891.
8. *A Journey to Tashkent*. By Capt. A. C. Yate. Royal Scottish Geograph. Magazine, Jan. 1891.
9. *To Tashkent and back*. By Capt. A. C. Yate. Journal of the U. S. Inst. of India for 1891.
10. *A Journey across the Pamir from North to South*. By St. George Littledale. Proc. Roy. Geog. Soc., Jan. 1892.
11. *Journeys in the Pamirs and adjacent Countries*. By Capt. F. E. Younghusband, C.I.E. Proc. Royal Geog. Soc., April 1892.

IT is a remarkable coincidence that with the accession to office of a Gladstonian Ministry the Central Asian Question should again develop one of its acute crises. The last of these critical attacks was in 1885, when the Ministry was moribund, and the present one occurs contemporaneously with the Gladstonian resurrection. While the foreign policy of England was in Lord Salisbury's hands, the Central Asian Question only fitfully attracted public attention. The hatchet unearthed at Panjdeh in March 1885 was buried—until wanted again—at the St. Petersburg Conference in the spring of 1887; and in February 1888 the last finishing touches were given to the work of the joint Boundary Commission. Occasionally disquieting rumours have been heard. At one time the Russians were laying branch lines of railway towards the frontier, at another the Russian garrisons on the Afghan border were being reinforced; now Russian and Afghan troops had come into collision, and now the 'Chahar Aimak' had revolted against the Amir, and besought the Great White Czar to take them under his paternal wing; or again Sardar Mohammed Ishak Khan (residing at Samarcand) was intriguing against his

his nephew, the Amir Abdurrahman, with the tacit connivance of the Russian authorities; or a Russian Agent was at Kabul; or a Russian Mission was going there; or a commercial Mission was starting from Kabul to St. Petersburg, and so on—all bubbles of rumour that burst and left no trace.

Twice only during the six years of Lord Salisbury's Ministry has Central Asia attracted public attention to some purpose: once when Ayub Khan escaped from Teheran, only, however, to fail in his projected *coup d'état*, and yield himself to General MacLean at Meshed; and again in 1891, when Colonel Yanoff forcibly expelled the representatives of Great Britain and China from the Pamirs. We cannot fail to contrast the results of this last occurrence with the circumstances and consequences of the Panjdeh incident of March 1885. In the latter the British Government had a strong case. The frontier from Pul-i-Khatun to Sari-yazi was approximately that laid down as the Afghan boundary in the agreement of 1872-73, and was held by Afghan outposts. The claim of Russia to Badghis had no righteous foundation whatever; the Russian tenure of Trans-Caspia was precarious, the force at General Komaroff's disposal was small, the Merv Turcomans (only annexed in 1884) were ripe for revolt, the Trans-Caspian railway then existed only from Mikhailovsk to Kizil-Arvat, and last, not least, Russia was not ready for war in Central Asia. On the other hand, the Afghan claim was good; the Amir held Panjdeh with a force of about 1200 or 1500 men—cavalry, infantry, and guns; the Sarak Turcomans, had they had any guarantee from the British Commission, were ready to resist Russian aggression by force of arms; there was a British Commission consisting of 30 British officers, 250 sabres, and 250 bayonets, at Gulran—it should have been at Panjdeh; Afghanistan was friendly, and India had a strong and efficient army ready to support British and Afghan rights. The one weak point on the side of India was the non-existence of either the Bolan or Sind-Pishin railways; the latter having been begun in 1880, and abandoned in 1881 by the orders of the Liberal Ministry, then in office. It has been estimated that the abandonment of this railway in 1881 subsequently cost India four or five millions sterling, not to mention Panjdeh and Badghis. In the other case—namely, the expulsion of Captain Younghusband from the Pamirs by Colonel Yanoff—the merits are less clear. Despite the Granville-Gortschakoff agreement of 1872-73, the Pamirs must still be regarded as a 'debateable land.' Colonel Yanoff's act was, however, an unjustifiable act of discourtesy. In 1885, after the action fought at Panjdeh, the Russian Government bade defiance to the

the British, defended the conduct of its officers through thick and thin, declined arbitration, and won on all points, while Mr. Gladstone made a most warlike speech, obtained 11,000,000*l.* from the House of Commons, and a day or two later, having first offered to submit to arbitration the conduct of the British officers concerned, made what Lord Randolph Churchill denounced, and rightly too, as 'a cowardly surrender.' In 1891, on the other hand, Lord Salisbury said no word, made no fuss, asked for no grant, and exacted from the Russian Government an apology for the conduct of Colonel Yanoff to Captain Younghusband.

These are facts which speak for themselves, and, bearing them in mind, we cannot regard the accession to power of a Gladstonian Ministry at this critical juncture in Afghanistan and on the Pamirs without some sense of misgiving. The Russian press greeted Mr. Gladstone's return to office with a 'jubilate,' one leading organ expressing a comic but presumably ironical hope that the new Premier 'would relegate foreign politics to a secondary place in his programme,' and another (the *Novosti*) boldly averring that 'Russia could not permit the occupation of Afghanistan by Great Britain. For if Afghanistan is for Great Britain merely a buffer created by idle fear and mistrust, it behoves Russia to see that internal affairs in Afghanistan do not threaten to interfere with the economic development of the Trans-Caspian provinces.' This tone of political chaff was carried still further in a telegram to the 'Daily News,' which stated that it had been 'announced from St. Petersburg that Colonel Yanoff's Pamir expedition would be heard of no more, if the Liberal Government would give conclusive proof of its intention to pursue a liberal policy, as in that case Russia is certain to have all her *righteous* claims allowed, the first of which is the possession of the head-waters of the Oxus.' In other words, if we give Russia all she wants, she will leave us in peace. But if we would, we cannot accept this offer. Russia, in the person of Colonel Yanoff, has now violated both the Chinese and the Afghan frontiers, and it is neither in our power to give away what belongs to China and Afghanistan, nor is it to our interest to stand by while Russia tries to coerce them. These protestations of the Russian press were coincident with fresh Russian aggression on the Pamirs and intrigues in Afghanistan. In August last the position of affairs in Central Asia was such as might well inspire Russia with the keenest satisfaction, and England with the gravest misgiving. A considerable body of Russian troops had forcibly entered territories on the Pamirs

Pamirs hitherto recognised as belonging to China and Afghanistan; the Amir Abdurrahman and the Indian Government had become estranged owing to the conflict of the interests of the latter with the ambitions of the former; Afghanistan was seething with revolt; Sardar Ishak Khan was plotting at Samarcand, and Russian agents were intriguing among the Uzbeks and Hazaras; the Indian Government was handicapped by the Amir's attitude and by the burden of a serious financial crisis; while England was more absorbed in the results of a general election and a consequent change of Ministry than in the pettier politics of the Pamirs. Just at the very moment too, curiously enough, when Russian troops were driving in the Chinese near Tashkurgan, it was announced from St. Petersburg that the negotiations, which had been carried on between Russia and China for the improvement of their mutual diplomatic services, had resulted in the establishment of Russian consulates all over China and in the appointment of a Chinese Ambassador to Russia, resident at St. Petersburg. Thus the superior diplomacy of Russia threatened to counteract the identity of interests which ought to induce England and China to act in concert on the Pamirs.

It is a significant fact that, while the fall of Lord Salisbury's Ministry was greeted with expressions of the sincerest regret by the European Powers friendly to England, the accession of Mr. Gladstone was welcomed by Russia and France alone—by the Russian press with a glad unanimity tempered by an undercurrent of contemptuous cynicism, and by the French press with a tone uncertain indeed, but still sanguine of profit from the exchange. These are the two Powers in Europe whose policy and interests are distinctly antagonistic to those of Great Britain, and it is with them alone that the appointment of Lord Rosebery as Foreign Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry was unpopular.

Five of the leading Asiatic Powers—England, Russia, China, Afghanistan, and Persia—have already been drawn into the vortex of the Central Asian imbroglio; and the chain of ambitions and interests known as the Central Asian Question reacts upon Europe, where it takes the title of the Eastern Question. In the latter form it is of momentous import to all the Great Powers of Europe, to the Balkan Principalities, and above all to Turkey, whose dominions and interests are more Asiatic than European. This last empire is the theatre on which the Eastern or Central Asian Question must in a great measure be worked out. The destiny of Constantinople and the Dardanelles is of vital importance. Egypt, the bone of contention between
France

France and England, controls the Suez Canal and the western shore of the Red Sea, and so the principal trade route of the day connecting the East and the West. The Red Sea, which were it not an international maritime thoroughfare would be essentially Turkish water, is as a matter of fact the object of the keenest competition among the Great Powers of Europe, because the command of it means so much both for war and for commerce. The latest aspirant to a footing on its west coast is Russia, manœuvring under the veil of a fervent zeal for the religious welfare of the Abyssinian Christians. Syria commands the entire east coast of the Mediterranean, and the access to all possible railway routes from that coast to Turkish Arabia, Persia, the Persian Gulf, and India. France and Russia both have their eyes on Syria; but if due advantage is taken of the present immigration of Jews into that still Promised Land, we may yet see it in the fulness of time the home of a Jewish State under the protection of Great Britain. If the Suez Canal and the Red Sea fail, England still has the Cape and Canadian-Pacific routes to fall back upon. But she is bound to keep the keenest eye on the projects of Russia towards Asia Minor and Turkish Arabia. The time must come when Smyrna, Ismid, and other ports on the coast of Asia Minor will be connected by rail with the head of the Persian Gulf; and it is all important to Great Britain, both from a commercial and strategical point of view, that those railways should be under the control either of an independent Power such as Turkey, or, failing that, of herself. Any Englishman who will note how both Russia and France are pressing upon the direct lines of communication between Great Britain and the East—Russia from the north on Constantinople, on Asia Minor, towards Syria and Turkish Arabia, and on Persia and Afghanistan; France in the Mediterranean, of which it controls the major portion of the southern shore; and both of them on the Red Sea—must see that those lines are in danger of interruption, and that only great wariness and readiness for action on our part will preserve them to us.

In preparing a map to accompany this article, it is not possible to include all the countries specified above as being factors in the Central Asian Question. The map, however, shows the localities on which recent events have riveted public attention; namely, the Pamirs and the Russian, Chinese, Afghan, and Indian territories abutting on the Pamirs. It shows the Russian railway terminus at Samarcand, and the proposed extension to Tashkent and Kokand, and also all the lines of railway, both completed and projected, on the north-west frontier of India.

The portion of the map representing Russian territory is taken from a map published in 1887 in the Russian Topographical Department at Tashkent. The remainder is from the latest English and German maps. The scenes of the rebellion in Afghanistan, and of the collisions on the Pamirs between Russian and Afghan and Russian and Chinese troops, and all important points bearing on the question of the partition of the Pamirs, are shown. The Imperial Russian boundary is taken exactly from the Russian map referred to above. The portion of the boundary from a little below Kalah-Wamar on the Oxus to a point about thirty miles south-east of Lake Karakul is not, it will be noticed, delineated at all. This is precisely the quarter in which Russia now claims an extension of her frontier. All places of importance mentioned in this article, especially names new to geographical science, have been entered. The geographical influences that bear upon the Pamir and the Central Asian Questions will be treated of in the body of the article as occasion demands. For places outside the limits of this map, the reader is referred to the maps in Mr. Curzon's 'Central Asia' and 'Persia,' or to Mr. Bartholomew's New Library Atlas.

There is a certain school of quasi-politicians who look forward to a species of Asiatic millennium, when the Briton and the Russian will shake hands somewhere over the Hindu Kush. This dream is probably as far from realization as any other millennial vision. The practical politician, as for instance Professor Vambéry, and others who might be named, know that the time must come when England and Russia will fight for the paramount power in Asia. No one can say when—we only know that, as far as things can be foreseen, it must take place eventually, though not perhaps for years. It is not worth while to trouble our readers with the opinions and forecasts of M. Bonvalot, Mr. Charles Marvin, Colonel A. Le Mesurier, Mr. J. Dobson, and numerous other writers. Mr. Curzon (in his 'Russia in Central Asia') has given a list of books on this subject filling twenty-seven pages, and adds that it might have been enlarged tenfold. We want to know the actual position and the prospects of Russia in Central Asia at the present time; for on these the future in the main depends. In the Central Asian problem the active principle is Russia: if Russia would keep quiet, neither England nor China would have any cause for activity. China asks for nothing better than to be left alone; England desires an independent Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan, a desire that is fervently repeated by each of the three States themselves. Were it not for Russian intrigues in and against these three 'buffer-states,'
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the rôle of England towards them would be, except commercially, a purely passive one.

Russia is undoubtedly much better prepared for offence in Asia than she was in 1885, but she is not yet prepared for the great and critical struggle that is to decide the question of supremacy in Asia. The existing system of communication between Russia (the Caucasus included) and Central Asia is most incomplete. Vladikavkas is as yet united by rail neither to Tiflis nor Petrofsk. The Volga and Northern Caspian are frozen up all winter. Thus the only permanently open route is from Odessa and the other Russian Black Sea ports, *via* Batum and Baku,—a route which is liable to be attacked at any moment by a hostile fleet in alliance with Turkey (or even without such alliance). The line from Batum to Baku is single only, and Uzunada with its miserable wooden wharves and piers and its limited supply of railway sidings and platforms is quite unequal to the strain that in time of war would be thrown on it. As long as this state of things lasts, Russia is not ready for war.

Notwithstanding, however, these defects of communication, the progress made in Turkistan and Trans-Caspia during the last few years is very considerable. Of this the Tashkent Exhibition, held in the autumn of 1890, furnished ample evidence. Captain A. C. Yate, who visited the Exhibition, reports that serious efforts were being made to develop agricultural, manufacturing, pastoral, and mining industries; and he specifies as the principal products cotton, silk, wool, wine, sugar, cereals, fruits, iron, salt, lead, naphtha, sulphur, ozokerit, coal, cattle, sheep, horses, and camels. Arboriculture has also been started in several districts.

The military power of Russia in Central Asia needs to be considered only from the point of view of its efficacy for offence. In time of peace it is merely a means of defence against internal insurrection; for the chance of any foreign Power attacking Russia's Central Asian Provinces is small. In time of war the army would be largely reinforced from the Caucasus and from Russia Proper. The strength of the Russian troops in Central Asia is given in detail in Major J. Wolfe-Murray's '*Handbook*' (1890), from which we learn that the army in Trans-Caspia and Turkistan consists of—

		Peace Strength.		War Strength.
Men	..	41,134	..	49,899
Guns	..	94	..	98

British officers, who have recently visited Trans-Caspia and Turkistan, specially mention the healthy, cheery appearance and good

good sound *physique* of the soldiers, though the officers are less favourably commented on. The horses, both cavalry and artillery, are said to be indifferent ; and the mountain batteries, as might be expected, are far inferior to those in India. The summer and winter barracks, and the soldiers' messing arrangements, meet with approval. The chief characteristic of the Cossack appears to be his mobility ; he is, on the authority of M. Paul Lessar, able to carry all that is requisite for himself and horse for twelve days. Despite the panegyrics of Colonel A. Le Mesurier, the Bokhariot Army may be set down as *une quantité négligeable* ; the *physique* of the men, the drill, discipline, arms, everything, being as bad as bad can be. The Turcoman horse number only 300, and are spoken of as a kind of inferior Cossack. Camps of exercise are regularly held during the autumn in the vicinity of Tashkent and Samarcand, but eye-witnesses remark on the attenuated condition of the battalions that attended them. The garrison maintained in time of peace suffices for little more than the control of the natives. The garrison of Ferghana, bordering on the Pamirs, consists of seven battalions of infantry, one regiment of Orenburg Cossacks, and two batteries ; but a portion of it has been withdrawn under Colonel Yanoff for the Pamir expedition, which has so recently brought Russia into collision with Chinese and Afghan troops. Of transport and supplies for troops there is an abundance in Central Asia, but time must be allowed for collecting them where required. The difficulty of collecting at Merv, Sarakhs, Dushakh, Sherabad, or any other point, the amount of transport required to carry the supplies of an army corps (47,000 strong) across Badghis to Herat, or across the Oxus to Balkh, and the difficulty of maintaining it in a country devoid of water and forage, must be apparent. Each army corps would, it is estimated, need at least 12,000 camels, 8,000 carts, or 30,000 pack-horses and ponies. The supplies, too, have to be brought from long distances. The inference from this is that Russia can and will attempt no invasion of India, until the branch lines of rail towards Chushkaguzar and Chihaldukhteran have been completed.

One of the best allies that Russia has had for the annexation, retention, and development of its Central Asian Provinces, is the oil of Baku. The refuse of the naphtha after the extraction of the oil (called *astatki*) is used as fuel on all the steamers of the Caspian, Aral, and Oxus, on many of those on the Volga, on all the locomotives of the Caucasus and Trans-Caspian railways, and on stationary engines of various kinds. For some years past, however, reports of a decreased output have been

been current; and the exhaustion of the supply seems to be only a question of time. Oil must then be replaced by wood and coal, either from Russia, or from the coal-beds of Kokand and the forests of Turkistan. This change of fuel will require a corresponding change of apparatus in every steamer and locomotive that now burns *astathi*. In view of the exhaustion of the Baku naphtha, the Russian administration in Central Asia has been paying careful attention to forestry and to the exploitation of the coal-fields in Ferghana. Numerous specimens of coal, mostly from that district, were exhibited at Tashkent in the autumn of 1890; and at Tashkent, Samarcand, and Bairam Ali much has been done and is being done to promote arboriculture.

One of the pet fancies of every Russian scheme of Indian invasion is that the native population will simultaneously with the Russian advance rise against their Anglo-Saxon rulers and welcome the troops of the Czar with open arms as their friends and deliverers—a pleasing fiction, which we need not grudge to the Muscovite imagination. What the Russians do seem to forget is that mutiny may begin at home, and that the Turcoman of Trans-Caspia, and the Uzbeg, Sart, and Kirghiz of Turkistan, may possibly select as an opportune hour for revolt the very time when Russia's ambition and earth-hunger have led her to start her armies down M. Bonvalot's 'historical slope.' Within the last three months reports have reached us of two outbreaks in Turkistan: one in Tashkent, where some 5000 Sarts rose in revolt, and obliged Baron Vrevsky, the Governor-General, to take special military precautions against its recurrence; and the other in Ferghana, where the natives were encouraged to break out by the withdrawal of troops to accompany Colonel Yanoff on his filibustering expedition into the Pamirs. What the invasion of the Pamir rouses on a small scale, the invasion of India may rouse on a larger one. In March 1885, two or three days before Komaroff attacked the Afghans at Panjdeh, the Turcomans of Merv and Yulatan (Russian subjects annexed in the spring of 1884) showed symptoms of a readiness to revolt. The population of Russian Central Asia is now about 7,000,000, controlled by a garrison 41,000 strong. In the event of an invasion of India the numbers of this garrison would be reduced, and that alone would be an incentive to revolt. But, if the invading army sustained a reverse, the temptation to revolt would assuredly be too strong to resist.

The recent outbreaks among the Uzbegs of Maimena and Mazar-i-sharif have again brought into prominence the name
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of Sardar Mohammed Ishak Khan, who four years ago, as Governor of Afghan Turkistan, raised a rebellion against his nephew, the Amir Abdurrahman, was after some severe fighting defeated, and fled to Samarcand, where he has since been settled with several hundred followers. His daughter is said to be married to the Amir of Bokhara, who, in addition to this family tie, is united to him by that of a common antipathy against the Amir of Afghanistan. Sardar Ishak Khan would naturally take advantage of the troubles in which the latter Amir is now involved to push his intrigues in the scene of his former Governorship; and the 4000 rebels, who in August are said to have forced the Afghan and Russian lines and crossed the Oxus into Bokharan territory, have gone no doubt to swell the number of Ishak Khan's adherents. If the conduct of the Russians on the Pamirs leads to any serious complications, it is not likely that the Sardar, should he wish to intrigue actively against the Amir Abdurrahman, will find his hands tied by the Governor-General of Turkistan.

Both the Russians and the English in Asia have the firm conviction that all the tribes on their frontiers are yearning to come under the ægis of their respective monarchs, the Czar and the Queen-Empress. In order to realize this conviction they develop a zeal worthy of a proselytizing religion. Each apostle of this faith, be he a Yanoff, an Alikhanoff, or a Sir Robert Sandeman, has but one creed—faith in pressure tempered by persuasion. What the frontier tribes really dream of as the highest aim of their ambition is absolute independence, coupled with a free hand to harry and plunder their neighbours; and in the pursuit of this aim they usually pave the way to their own annexation. No Russian doubts that the 'Chahar Aimak' of Herat and the Uzbegs of Afghan Turkistan are eager to welcome the rule of the Czar, while Major C. E. Yate* states with equal conviction that the Amir's officials 'are probably the only people in the (Herat) province to whom a British occupation would be unpalatable.' India has in the last few years added to the North-West Frontier a score or two of the border Pathan and Belooch clans, of which Mr. Oliver writes so well and with such evident knowledge of his subject; and Russia, having been dormant since 1885, has now again sprung into activity and pounced on the Pamirs. The great advantage that Russia possesses over England in its position in Asia is that its possessions are, so to speak, all in a ring fence. From St. Petersburg to the furthest frontier outpost on the Amur, the Ili, the Oxus, and the

* 'Northern Afghanistan,' p. 18.

Murghab, there is no break, no intervening land or sea held or commanded by an alien Power. Russia is solid ; England is divided by thousands of miles of sea and land from its richest possessions, and its communications with them are ever in danger. We guard them now with our powerful fleet, but the danger is ever there.

Of Russia in Asia we have considered the power for offence, but with respect to England we must look to the power for defence. England has India and Indo-China, the most productive countries of the East, with a population that may be estimated at 300 and a revenue at 100 millions. The means of defence of our Indian and Indo-Chinese possessions are various. First, we have Persia and Afghanistan as buffer-states, so long as we can keep them independent and intact. Unfortunately a weak Shah and a wayward Amir are serious drawbacks to the value of these States, as buffers. Secondly, we have China to look to as an ally. Our relations with China are growing daily more intimate and more important. Both England and China are especially interested in keeping Russia debarred from Tibet, and France from South-Western China, and so preventing the two from joining hands over against the North-East frontier of India and the North-West frontier of China. In the event of England being involved in war with France and Russia combined, China as an active ally would be invaluable to us.

Thirdly, India has a strong bulwark in the desert and mountainous country that extends from the Arabian Sea to the Hindu Kush, and thence along the north of the Panjab, Bengal, and Assam, to the eastern border of Yunnan. It is the sense of the great strategical value of this country beyond the North-West frontier that has no doubt induced the Government of India to bring under its immediate control certain districts which the Amir of Afghanistan was loth to see passing out of the possible sphere of his influence. Of the necessity for this step there could be no doubt. The first line of defence for India is Kabul-Kandahar, and we must secure our communications with this line. It is to be regretted that the prejudices of the Amir and the Afghans preclude our extending roads, railways, and telegraphs to Kabul and Kandahar, and so strengthening both India and Afghanistan for defence and promoting the interests of trade between the two countries. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about our railway communication to the Khojak, it has to be admitted that it is at present of the most precarious character. The single line from Sibi to the Khojak has such steep gradients and rapid curves, and is so liable to be damaged and interrupted by floods, that for utility
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and stability it cannot compare with the Trans-Caspian Railway. When the Mashkaf and Gomal lines are completed, we shall then be able to feel that we have adequate means for concentrating troops on Kandahar. As regards other projects for strategic railways towards Kabul and Ghazni, we must admit that, until the Amir is more amenable, not much progress is possible. In the meantime within our own North-West frontier the network of strategic lines, both for direct and for lateral communications, is being steadily completed.*

In the Hindu Kush, in the Pamirs, and in the intricate mountain country of Kafiristan, Chitral, Gilgit, and Kashmir, we have a naturally strong defensive position, which the native troops of Kashmir and Chitral, supported by a small reserve from our army in India, may be expected to guard. There are some who contend that this natural line of defence is not so strong as it is said to be, and point to the Dorah, Agram, Baroghil, Darkot, and Kilik passes as affording access to the valleys of the Chitral and Indus rivers, along which troops can march easily on Jalalabad and Attock. We believe, however, that no force of sufficient size to act independently can advance by any of these passes or through the mountainous country beyond, owing to the difficult nature of the roads and the absence of transport and supplies. The force that attempted it would run great risk; and having no supports would be certainly defeated, and probably annihilated. In the next section, from the Khyber to the Khojak, there is no single line of advance which can be considered suited to the movements of an invading army large enough to cope with such a force as India, with its 250,000 British and Native troops, can place on any one of those lines of advance. The roads are bad, and supplies and transport are deficient. Within the frontier fortified positions have been prepared, and the railways permit of fairly rapid concentration of the Indian Army of defence at any point that may be threatened. As regards the well-known Quetta defences, though admitted to be excellent in themselves, they fail in this important respect, that they do not cover Bostan, the point of junction of the Harnai and the projected Mashkaf lines; nor will they afford protection to the Zhob Valley line when it is constructed. The Quetta defences can be turned and masked; and the subsequent advance of an invading army by the Harnai or other route on the Sukkur bridge and defences would necessitate the prompt evacuation of Quetta by our troops, unless by a successful counter-attack the invader's communications could be severed. The occupation of Sukkur

* Oliver's 'Pathan and Biloch,' introd. chapter.

by the invading force, thus severing communication between Karachi, our all-important sea-base, and all Northern and North-Western India, would be disastrous in the extreme. With regard, finally, to the tract of country known as Western Beluchistan, extending from the Bolan route to the shores of the Arabian Sea, it is considered that there are no routes across it by which a force of any size could possibly march. We thus see that, assuming that the country from the Khyber to Wakhan, and from the Bolan to the Arabian Sea, is impassable to any considerable body of troops, the front that the Indian Army has to defend is confined to the space between the Khyber and the Bolan.

The real protection of India is its garrison (from which the Army of Defence would be taken), the strength of which is approximately :—

British Troops	73,000
Native Regular Army	150,000
Volunteers (excluding Reserve)	20,000
Imperial Service Corps*	20,000
Total	263,000

These are known to be, for the most part, efficient troops, well armed, drilled, and disciplined. It is true that some portions of the Native troops are of a class that could not be relied on to face European troops, but steps are being gradually taken to improve them. A good deal has been done in this direction in all three Presidencies by disbanding regiments recruited from the non-fighting classes and replacing them by the best fighting material that India can produce. Sir James Dornier's scheme for remodelling the Madras Army is, it is understood, shortly to be put in force; and it is the opinion of competent officers that in the Province of Madras there is ample good fighting material to be obtained. It is impossible here to describe the improvements in the Army that have been carried out during the Commands-in-Chief of Sir Donald Stewart and of Lord Roberts. One important reform that is still awaited is the union of all the forces in India under one Commander; but the amalgamation of all Military Departments and of the Indian Staff Corps is a stepping-stone towards this reform. One-third of the British troops in India should be enlisted for local service there, as in the days of the old East

* The Imperial Service troops consist of 54 squadrons of Cavalry, 14 regiments of Infantry, 2 Mountain Batteries (Kashmir), 1 Camel Corps, 2 companies of Sappers, and 2 large Transport trains.

India Company; the regiments and drafts sent out from home under the present system being not infrequently physically unfit for service in India. But all this means the partial emancipation of the Army in India from the control of the War Office and Horse Guards; and that is not palatable to the authorities in Pall Mall.

One weak point in the armour of India—one that the memory of the Mutiny emphasizes, and which the sanguine Russian schemer cherishes—is the possible disaffection of its 280,000,000 of subject natives. Such disaffection will, however, not unveil itself until the Army of Defence has sustained very serious reverses. More than half the vast population of India may be looked on as too servile, and too wanting in spirit and ambition, to think of revolting, and the whole of it is so disunited, owing to differences of race, rule, and religion, that any great combination is out of the question. Still, it must be remembered that the fire of disaffection is there ever smouldering. Assuming that 50,000 British and 70,000 Native troops, and the greater part of the Imperial Service troops, be placed on the North-West frontier for its defence, 23,000 British troops and about 20,000 Volunteers (exclusive of the Volunteer Reserve, which would certainly be called out in the event of war with Russia) would be left to maintain peace and quiet in India. The Native Chiefs, whose contingents of Imperial Service troops would be sent to the front, would have a personal motive for remaining loyal, and a large proportion of the superior and educated Native classes would be united to us by the bond of mutual interest, whether of a private or official nature. We cannot of course absolutely rely on the loyalty of the large body of Native troops and armed police that would remain in India. Very possibly not more than 40,000 out of the 73,000 British troops would be sent to the front, but in deciding this point it should be borne in mind that the best and safest policy is to mass an army of such strength on the frontier as not only to preclude the risk of defeat, but actually to ensure the repulse of the invader. Internal trouble need not be apprehended until the force defending India has sustained severe reverses.

When we consider the positions of India and Afghanistan at the present time,—the one involved in a financial crisis* and the other in the troubles of a grave insurrection, and both hampered by being on lukewarm terms with each other,—we may venture to congratulate Russia on the intuition

* Sir D. Barbour, the Financial Secretary of India, is said to anticipate a deficit for the current financial year of from 80 to 150 lakhs, or from about 500,000*l.* to 1,000,000*l.*

that has guided her to select so timely an opportunity for a forward movement. It is only too true that the Amir of Afghanistan is now in a very difficult position, and that in a measure of his own making. It is his misfortune that the population of the provinces of Balkh, of Herat, and of the Hazarajat are in the main composed of races of Persian and Mongol extraction alien to and discontented with the Afghans, and ready to grasp at any chance of escaping from their rule. Thus in the 'Chahar Aimak,' Uzbegs and Hazaras, Russia has at her elbow a convenient handle, and in Sardar Ishak Khan at Samarcand a convenient tool for intrigue. The Amir does not treat his subjects of alien race with that justice and consideration which might endear him to them; consequently those subjects yearn for emancipation, and see in Russia their only hope of attaining it; and Russia would be nothing loth to extend the ægis of her protection over them. With so much of common interest we can surmise that communications do pass between Russia's frontier agents and the alien tribes of Northern Afghanistan. In the provinces of Herat, Balkh, and Badakhshan, in the districts of Roshan, Shignan, and Wakhan, and in the Hazarajat, the Amir has to reckon not only with the enmity of Russia, but also with the disaffection of his own subjects.

Grave, however, as the internal state of affairs in Afghanistan is, the tension of the relations between the Amir and the Government of India is still graver. This tension, as has been before explained, is due to the jealousy that has arisen between the two regarding the control of the independent tribes that occupy the Kohistan, separating the Amir's territory from that of India. The result has naturally been that the weaker—the Amir—has gone to the wall; and he resents it. When early in August last came the news of the Russian advance on the Pamirs, the Viceroy at once proposed to send a Mission from India to meet the Amir at Kabul or Jalalabad, or such other point as might suit His Highness best. When it was known that the Amir had politely and diplomatically declined to receive this Mission, for the present at least, it was felt, despite official attempts to explain the matter away, that the Amir could have met the Mission had he wished, and that the excuse offered was a mere evasion. The position looked very dangerous. The Russians were in force on the Pamirs, and who could say that the Amir, who had declined to receive a Mission, would not also decline our intervention in his foreign policy? It was with a sense of relief, therefore, that the news was received that the Amir had forwarded to the

Government

Government of India a report on the Russo-Afghan collision near Somatash, and had asked that Government to protect him from Russian aggression. This, at least, proved that the Amir still appreciated the value of our alliance, and did not intend that differences, however grave, between himself and the Government of India should affect the co-operation of the two against the common foe.

The position of the non-Afghan races of Northern Afghanistan is a peculiar one. Between them and the dominant race, the Pathans, there neither is, nor ever has been, any love lost. The Hazaras have on several occasions—and more especially when we have been engaged in military operations against the Amirs and Pathan tribes of Afghanistan—identified their interests with ours. At the present juncture when the Hazaras, Uzbeks, and others are in revolt against the Amir, it would have been the wisest and best thing for the latter to invite the mediation of the Indian Government, and to that end to have accepted Lord Roberts's mission. This, however, the Amir has not chosen to do, and we now see our quondam friends being harried into subjection with the money, arms, and ammunition supplied by us to our ally, the Amir, for a very different object. This is a reward that the Hazaras can scarcely have expected for the aid given us in 1878-81. The Government of India has in this case, owing to the strained state of its relations with the Amir, lost a valuable opportunity, that of mediating on behalf of the Hazaras and shielding them at once from Afghan oppression and Russian intrigue. What is our loss is Russia's opportunity, and we need feel no surprise if all the non-Afghan tribes of Northern Afghanistan are now fixing their eyes steadfastly on Russia as their only possible protector from Afghan misrule. Had we had political agents at Herat and in Afghan Turkistan, it might have been otherwise.

To a certain extent the Amir has, in his recent attitude towards the Government of India, adhered to the policy which he laid down for himself in 1885, when he declined to consider the Russian seizure of Panjdeh as a *casus belli*. Had the Amir in 1885 consented or desired to go to war with Russia, he must have opened his country to the ingress of a large Anglo-Indian army, and he had sufficient penetration to know that that could only entail a partial loss of his independence, and a possible loss of his *prestige* with his own subjects. In declining to go to war for Panjdeh, the Amir was guided by the reflection, that even if the allied forces of India and Afghanistan issued victorious from a struggle with Russia, the gain to him would not be commensurate with the disadvantages ensuing from a prolonged occupation

occupation of his territory by British troops. It has been suggested in several quarters lately—notably by Professor Vambéry—that if Afghanistan is much longer the prey to internal insurrection and Russian intrigue along its northern frontier, British troops must enter the country in order to ensure its safety and tranquillity. M. Vambéry's suggestion was met by the prompt retort from the 'Novoe Vremya,' that Russia would not allow a British occupation of Afghanistan; but irrespective of this, which is mere bravado, recent experience shows that the Amir will only consent to such an occupation as a last resource. In communicating the account of the Somatash affair, the Amir does not appear to have asked India for any armed assistance. If that has to be given, it will probably be sent *viâ* Chitral and Gilgit into Badakhshan and Wakhan. In view of this contingency, the projected opening up of the Indus Valley route *viâ* Takot, Chilas, and Bunji to Gilgit by General Lockhart's autumn expedition into the Black Mountain country, acquires increased importance. At present the road to Gilgit is blocked to the movements of troops during the winter, whereas the Russians are apparently able to push forward troops to the northern slopes of the Hindu Kush at any season of the year.

The position of the Amir of Afghanistan is unique; and the tenacity with which he clings to his absolute independence is remarkable. Even the Power that subsidizes and supports him cannot of its own initiative send any mission or emissary to his court or into his country. Fifty years ago or more we find solitary Europeans (Christie, Burnes, Conolly, Ferrier, and others) travelling unmolested in Afghanistan, but now every European is rigidly excluded, except one or two in the Amir's own employ. Experience has taught the Amir that such travellers, whether they come in the garb of science, religion, or commerce, do not seek his country's good, and are apt to be the heralds of annexation. Therefore, from the day he entered Kabul as Amir in 1880 at the invitation of the Government of India, he has maintained his isolated independence, deviating from it only so far as to accept the Afghan Boundary Commission in 1884-6, and to visit the Viceroy at Pindi in March 1885. In the eleven years of his reign he has formed Afghanistan into a consolidated monarchy, liable unfortunately, as present events prove, to be disturbed by internal rebellion and external intrigue. In the face of obstacles that would have daunted and defeated most men, he has placed his kingdom on a stronger footing than it possessed in the best days of Ahmed Shah Durrani and of the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan. He defeated his cousin Ayub, crushed the Ghilzai insurrection,

surrection, and drove out the rebellious Ishak. Not only the provinces of Kabul, Kandahar, Herat, and Balkh, but the outlying districts of Sistan, Badakhshan, Wakhan, Shignan, and Roshan, now obey his rule. He has eliminated from his kingdom, either by death or exile, all whom he held to be dangerous to his government. He has organized a creditable army, fitted up arsenals and factories, improved communications, and made important reforms in the several departments of his administration. His rule, if not merciful, at least compels obedience; Amirs of Afghanistan cannot be judged by the standard applicable to civilized countries. It is generally understood that the Amir Abdurrahman not long ago expressed a wish to negotiate direct with the Cabinet in London, thus ignoring the Indian Government; and that he made an effort, which had some promise of being successful, to place a loan of 2,000,000*l.* on the London market. It may be gathered from these facts that the Amir has now arrived at an idea of his own importance, such as in 1881 he can scarcely have entertained even in his most sanguine dreams. He poses now less as the *protégé* than as the independent ally of Great Britain. He sees that the security of his power and the prolongation of his reign are of primary importance to the tranquillity of India. He is equally well aware that it is at all times open to him to transfer his allegiance to Russia, with this proviso, that such an act would as a matter of course make Afghanistan the theatre of the war that would settle the question of British or Russian supremacy in Asia. Probably Abdurrahman sees that such a war would bring him no good, and that his safest policy is to keep in with England, while using Russia as a sort of counterfoil. The memory of the Stolietoff Mission, and of the fate of his predecessor, the Amir Sher Ali Khan, in 1878, will doubtless deter him from putting undue faith in Russian promises of support.

Last year was published to the world a manifesto, reputed to have been issued to his subjects by the Amir Abdurrahman, in which he discusses with perfect candour the *pros* and *cons* for and against a British or a Russian alliance. He sums up in favour of the British. The document may or may not be genuine, but it excited much interest, and showed, from an Afghan point of view, what is the value to them of an alliance with England. There is no sentiment about the manifesto; and indeed in the matter of an alliance with England there never has been any sentiment on the part of the Amir; it has been a pure matter of business throughout. The Pathans are patriotic and fanatical to the highest degree; and in the
Amir

Amir the patriotism and bigotry of his nation are fully developed, and are coupled with an iron will, consummate craft, dogged determination, and merciless severity. It has been his great ambition to resuscitate the kingdom of his predecessors, and he has done so. The remarkable thing is that, in the prosecution of his ambitions, he has met with less opposition from Russia than from the Government whose ally he is. Whatever annoyance the loss of Panjdeh and Badghis may have been in 1885, it is nothing as compared with the irritation which he has felt at the opposition which he has encountered from the Indian Government on his eastern frontier. The Government was right from its own point of view, but at a critical moment went perilously near a rupture with the Amir.

Since the days when the Sikhs forced back the Afghans from the Peshawar Valley, the frontier tribes have been independent of the Amirs of Kabul; and, indeed, even before that their dependence was merely nominal. Still, viewing the matter impartially, the Amir had just as good a right as the Government of India to subjugate these tribes. Naturally, in such an unequal struggle, the Amir has come off second-best. It was of the highest importance to the Government of India that all the passes debouching from the Suleiman range on the Panjab, from the Khaiber to the Bolan, should be in our hands. This has practically been accomplished, but not without offence to the Amir. Add to this, the establishment of the Trans-Khojak railway terminus at New Chaman, in the Amir's territory; the annexation of Zhob, the Gomal, and Waziristan; the refusal to allow the Amir to interfere in Bajaur; the cementing of intimate relations between the Mehtar* of Chitral and the Indian Government; the extension of our power over Western Beluchistan, and towards Chagheh and Sistan; our frequent affrays with the tribes on the North-West frontier; and finally the success of our explorers in penetrating even into the *terra incognita* of Kafirstan, with whose inhabitants, the Kafirs, the Amir himself had been coquetting. To this series of events is due the tension now existing between the Amir and India; and as if this were not enough, we noted within the last two months that the Governor of Farrah had been murdered at Chagheh by the Sanjaranis, that the Amir's agents were stirring up uneasiness in the vicinity of the Gomal Pass and in the Waziri and Bhattani

* The untoward news of the death of the Amin-ul-mulk, Mehtar of Chitral, was telegraphed from Simla on Sept. 11th. His younger son Afzal, who is friendly to the British, has for the present occupied the throne; but the elder brother, the Nizam-ul-mulk, who is suspected of Russian proclivities, will certainly fight for it, and may possibly invite Russian aid.

country, and that in consequence Indian troops had been sent to or are under orders for Wana and Jandula, and lastly that the Kuram Valley was to be occupied by troops from India. These occurrences indicated the continuance of that friction with the Amir which it was so very desirable should cease, and which threatened disastrous consequences. Towards the end of September, however, came the reassuring news that the Amir had ordered his agent at Wana to withdraw, and had notified his willingness to receive, as soon as he conveniently could, a mission from India.

Thus, for some years past, while Russia has remained at least outwardly passive, the Amir has watched the Government of India not only extending its grasp over strips of territory all along his eastern and south-eastern border, but also coiling itself round the north-eastern and south-western angles of his kingdom. In the opinion of one of the leading Afghan refugees in India, Sardar Mohammed Hashim Khan, the Government of India cannot do better than occupy, in Sistan and in the vicinity of Badakhshan, strong positions whence Afghanistan can be at once more effectually controlled and protected from Russian aggression. From a strategical point of view Sistan, connected as it would be by rail with Karachi and Quetta, at once commands Herat and the line of advance from Herat to Kandahar, and protects South-eastern Persia and the Persian Gulf. It is a little more than a year since Mr. MacLean advocated in the House the continuation of the railway from Chaman to Kandahar; and this with a vehemence of zeal that seemed to blind him to the opposition that any such project must certainly meet with from the Amir and the Afghan people. Politicians of the stamp of Mr. MacLean would probably succeed in a very short time in rendering our alliance with the Amir a dead-letter. However important it may be to the Government of India to strengthen its defensive frontier from Chitral on the north-east to Sistan on the south-west of Afghanistan, the Amir is entitled to every consideration. It is to be hoped that the mission under Lord Roberts will start at an early date for Jalalabad, meet the Amir, and there discuss and settle, first, the respective spheres of influence of the Amir and of the Government of India over the debatable land that separates the territories of the two; secondly, the best means of quelling the Hazara revolt (by mediation, if possible); and thirdly, the measures to be taken to protect Afghanistan from Russia's overt attack and covert intrigue. Just at the very moment when the Amir should be strengthening his garrisons in Herat, Maimena, Takht-i-pul, Mazar-i-sheerif, Badakhshan, and the Upper Oxus provinces,

provinces, he finds himself obliged to mass the bulk of his military forces for the suppression of the Hazara revolt. If both the Amir and the Hazaras could be induced to accept Lord Roberts as mediator and arbitrator between them, the Amir's hands would then be free to protect his northern frontier. In the officers who served on the Afghan Boundary Commission in 1884-6, the Government of India has men who, knowing the country and the people, are well qualified to carry out the work of mediation.

The defensive strength of Afghanistan consists mainly in the independent patriotism and fanatical bravery of the Pathan population, and in the inaccessibility of the country itself. Its elements of weakness are the insecurity of the Amir's position on the throne, the want of union among the several Pathan clans, and the disaffection of the subject races. In the Pathan population the Amir possesses admirable material for soldiers; and armed as they now are, or ought to be, with breech-loaders supplied by the Indian Government, these soldiers should, if fairly drilled and disciplined, be a match for Russian troops; as under British officers they certainly would be. We have no accurate account of the strength, composition, and organization of the Amir's army; it will suffice, however, to recall some facts of the Afghan War of 1878-81 to realize that, if Russia invades Afghanistan, she will have her work cut out for her. In that war India had at one time 60,000 troops in the field, and found them none too many, although those troops held nothing beyond the Kabul-Ghazni-Kandahar line. The critical position in which Sir Frederick Roberts found himself at Sherpur, the hardly-won contest of Ahmed Khel, and the disaster of Maiwand, show what Afghans can do and how they can fight. On each of these several occasions the Afghans are reported to have put some 20,000 men in the field; and that when the country was without a king and distracted by anarchy. Working unitedly under an Amir, Afghanistan would make a far more formidable resistance. At the lowest computation Russia would require 50,000 troops to hold Afghanistan in check while her armies pushed on to the invasion of India. Of fortresses and fortified positions in Afghanistan there are few. Herat and Takht-i-pul, near Balkh, are the most important. Of the former, in 1885 Major C. E. Yate wrote,* 'The ride round the outside of the city was a sight alone sufficient of itself to impress the new comer with a sense of the strength of the place. The scarped ditch and the huge rampart with its three

* 'Northern Afghanistan,' pp. 63-64.

lines of musketry fire, one above the other, not to mention the outworks and redoubts, made one feel that one would be sorry to have to assault such a place ;' and again, 'There is every hope now that Herat will shortly be a very strong place of defence.' Takht-i-pul is described by the same writer as 'a sort of walled cantonment ;' but it is regarded by the Afghans as almost impregnable. The Herat-Kandahar route is open all the year round, but the passes further east, crossing the Hindu Kush from Afghan Turkistan to Kabul, are all liable to be blocked by snow for from four to five months in winter. It is thought by many that the Russians will invade India *viâ* Kabul rather than *viâ* Kandahar. It is almost certain that both routes will be used, a diversion being also made on the Chitral and Gilgit side. The Kandahar route is the easiest for a Russian advance, but in order to strike at the root of Afghan independence, Kabul, the capital and stronghold of the dominant Afghan race, must be taken and occupied. Sistan and perhaps Badakhshan are points whence British troops may with advantage deliver counter-attacks against the communications and on the flank of the invading Russian armies. During the Afghan War of 1878-81, the largest body of troops that was moved *en masse* along one road through Afghanistan was 10,000 men—the strength of the force which marched under General Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar—a picked force with picked transport. We may infer from this with what care the Russians will have to advance on India *viâ* Kandahar and Kabul, with 100,000 Afghan guerillas on their front, flanks, and rear, and 100,000 Anglo-Indian troops waiting for them. The best *rôle*, the best plan of operations for the Afghan regular and irregular troops, in a war with Russia, would be a species of guerilla warfare—harrying and harassing, attacking communications and convoys, cutting off supplies and stragglers, sudden or night attacks, without risking a general action. Even the Afghan regulars are not likely to possess the drill and discipline that would fit them to act efficiently side by side with the Indian army in an action fought on modern tactical principles. To endeavour to defend Afghan Turkistan would be futile, despite the reputed impregnability of Takht-i-pul. As the Russians debouch from the difficult passes of the Hindu Kush on the Kabul side, they will have to be very cautious not to give an active enemy a chance of smashing them up piecemeal. On the western side, Herat must make the best defence it can ; if its relief is not feasible, then it must fall in time, as other good fortresses have fallen. Meantime in the vicinity of the Herat-Kandahar road, all supplies, transport, and all that can aid the Russian

advance must be removed and destroyed; and if the Afghan guerillas do their duty, the Russian army will have to advance under the greatest difficulties on Kandahar, there to find itself confronted by an Anglo-Indian army, 50,000 or 60,000 strong, efficient, fresh, and, we may hope, ably posted and ably led. The second line of defence is the Kabul-Ghazni-Kandahar line, offering a front of about 350 miles, flanked on one side by inaccessible mountains, and on the other by a trackless and impracticable desert. If the Anglo-Indian Army is defeated and driven back from the second line, the Indus becomes the third line of defence. When we have to fight on that line, the fate of India will be really hanging in the balance.

Much has been said, and much no doubt thought, of the possibility of a diversion to be effected by landing troops at Bushire and Mohammerah, and threatening Russia in the Caucasus and on the Trans-Caspian Railway. It is easier to talk of this than to do it. It presupposes the fact that Persia will join us. Where is the monarch, where is the minister to be found in Persia, who dares embark on a war against Russia? If we had the Mullahs with us, we might achieve something; but since the tobacco-monopoly outbreak the Mullahs have been to a man against us, and the Shah is but their slave. As for the Wali-ahd (heir apparent), it is difficult to say whether he is most priest-ridden or Czar-ridden. Presuming, however, that this outburst of national fanaticism against us is but a passing humour, and that it has not, as some alarmists state, thrown back our influence in the country twenty years, we have still to consider the difficulties that await the march of our troops from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Russian frontier. If an attack through Persia on the Russians in Trans-Caspia can be regarded as a practicable enterprise, the value of Sistan to us as a military base, connected by rail with the North-West frontier railway system, is very evident. Thence we can, if we consider the prospect of gain is commensurate with the risk incurred, possibly anticipate Russia in occupying both Herat and Meshed. This is a very knotty point for any strategist to settle, and the preponderance of military opinion in India would probably be against it.

Although the influence of Persia and of Turkey on the imbroglio in Afghanistan and on the Pamirs is *nil*, the influence of both on the general fortunes of the Central Asia Question must be of weight. It is not customary to speak of either as 'buffer-states' to our Indian Empire in the same sense as Afghanistan, but as a matter of fact they are so, and that too in an equal degree. In the maintenance of their integrity

integrity as such Great Britain is vitally interested. Had statesmen realized this, British influence would not have been allowed to sink to the low ebb that it reached in Persia before Sir Drummond Wolff was sent there as Minister by Lord Salisbury. As long as Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan can be maintained as strong independent monarchies (especially if their independence takes the form of a neutrality friendly to Great Britain), so long will it be impossible for Russia to attack our possessions in Asia. Consequently, as it is or should be England's aim to preserve them intact, so it is Russia's aim to break them up gradually, substituting her own rule for theirs. It is sufficient for England if these States are on friendly terms with her, open their provinces freely to her trade, and, by permitting the construction through their territory of such railways as are required to connect the coast of the Mediterranean with India, furnish her at once with new markets for her produce and commerce, and with a secure line of communications with her Asiatic possessions, independent of the Suez Canal. It is Russia's aim that none of these things should come to pass; and unless the policy of England is resolutely and undeviatingly pursued, Russia, from her dominating position on the Black Sea and on the northern borders of Asia Minor and Persia, will succeed in thwarting that policy, by pushing forward on the first opportunity from her base in Armenia to the upper waters of the Tigris and Euphrates, and occupying Mosul and Diarbekr. Thence it is but a few steps onward to Baghdad, and then farewell to the Indo-Mediterranean Railway. As for Persia, as Mr. Curzon says,* 'a well-disciplined European force of about 15,000 to 20,000 men could probably overrun and conquer the whole country.' Early in August last Russia regarded the outbreak of a cholera insurrection in Astrabad as a sufficient pretext for occupying that place with a sotnia or two of Cossacks. The insurrection is dead long ago, but the Cossacks were still there in September. The unruly Yomud Turkomans of the Astrabad district are an ever-present pretext for Russian intervention. Were the Shah an able monarch, he would send his best governor and his best troops to Astrabad, rule the Yomuds with a rod of iron, and thus rob Russia of the excuse for interference.

It seems to be the fate of Palestine, or Syria as it is now called, to be the battle-ground of conflicting religious interests. It was so in the early periods of biblical history; it was

* 'Persia,' vol. i. p. 607.

so under the Roman Empire; it was so in the era of the Crusades; and it is so now. In nominating the Governor-General of the Lebanon, the Turkish Government of to-day recognizes the importance of these interests. Of late years Russia has been making decided efforts to advance the influence of her Church in Syria. Recently, however, the most marked feature in the development of that province is the vastly increased immigration of the Jews, the outcome of Russian persecution. This is a circumstance which, if turned to good account, will prove strongly antagonistic to the spread of Russian influence there. If there is a nationality hostile to and hated by the Jews, it is Russia; and if there is one tolerant of and consequently respected by them, it is England. Let the latter then bear in mind and foster this sentiment, overcome the Turkish antipathy to the return of the Jews to the land of their forefathers, and aim at re-establishing there a Jewish power hostile to Russia and friendly to herself. It is twenty-five years since Laurence Oliphant began working to this end, though from philanthropic, not political motives. It will be a remarkable revenge on Russia for its merciless treatment of the Jews, if that people in years to come raise up a power in Syria that will, under the ægis of Great Britain, thwart Russia's schemes of Asiatic aggrandizement.

An analysis of the telegraphic reports that we have received since the early part of August regarding events on the Pamirs leads to the conclusion that what occurred is probably this. Sometime in July last a body of Russian troops from Ferghana, accompanied by two mountain batteries, advanced on the Pamirs under Colonel Yanoff. Colonel Grombchevski, who had just been appointed Governor of Osh, remained there with a reserve force in case Yanoff needed assistance. Yanoff's force divided itself into three parts. One moved on Somatash, close to the Yeshil Kul, and there came into collision with the Afghans. Another moved on Ak-tash, near Chinese Tashkurgan, and obliged the Chinese to evacuate that place. The third party appears to have reached Langar Khisht, near Kala-Panj, in Wakhan. It was said at one time that the Russians had fortified themselves at Ak-tash, and it was expected that they would winter on the Pamirs, so as to maintain their hold on the portions which they have thus forcibly occupied. From Captain Younghusband's description of the Taghdumbash Pamir* there was evidently nothing to prevent them doing so—so far, at least, as climate and supplies are concerned; but according to the

* 'Proceedings of the Royal Geog. Soc.,' Jan. 1892, pp. 224-25.

latest accounts they have abandoned the Pamirs, perhaps leaving some small detachments there, and have retired to the valley of the Murghab, intending to winter there, and be ready for further work next spring.

Now, whatever protestations the Russian press may make, there is no doubt whatever that the Russian expedition has violated the territory actually in possession of the Afghans and the Chinese. Mr. Littledale, in his lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, distinctly states that 'the China-Afghan frontier was at Burzula Jai,' about fifteen miles east of Somatash, which latter place is situated at the north-east corner of the Yeshil Kul. There is no doubt whatever that on the Alichur Pamir the territories of Afghanistan and China touch. Whether the frontier line is east or west of Somatash may be a question; but that the territories of the two countries touch is incontestable. The Chinese contend that Somatash and the Alichur Pamir a little west of Yeshil Kul belong to them. The Afghans, on the other hand, claim Somatash and the territory to the east of it as far as Chadir Tash.

This doubt as to the point of junction of the Afghan and Chinese frontiers is undoubtedly the explanation of the report that there had been a collision between Afghan and Chinese troops also. It can be well understood that on receipt of the intelligence that the Russians were approaching, both the Afghan and Chinese moved out to defend their frontier line, and so came in contact, the frontier being undetermined. The Gond referred to in the telegrams is no doubt the Ghund Dara which separates Roshan from Shignan. Regarding Ak-tash, where the Russians met and drove back the Chinese, Bonvalot in 1886-7 found it held by a Chinese post. He also found Wakhan held by Afghan troops. The evidence then is conclusive that Russia, in occupying Somatash, Ak-tash, and Langar Khisht, has violated both Afghan and Chinese territory. Of Kanjut (Hunza-Nagar), Bonvalot remarks, 'We do not know whether it is independent or whether it is subject to the Chinese, the people of Kashmir, the English, or the Afghans.' This doubtful point has now been solved. A month ago Mohammed Nazim Khan was installed as Chief of Hunza in the presence of British and Chinese representatives, which means that he will recognize the joint suzerainty of the two.

Since the early part of August, when the Pamir Question became prominent, the most extraordinary reports have gained currency as to the probable action of China. These *canards* are not worth repeating here. We may feel sure that the Power that has held on so tenaciously to Kuldja, Tibet, Sikkim, Kanjut,

Kanjut, and the Chinese Shan States, will not neglect its interests in the Pamirs; and it is reported that the Chinese forces there have been reinforced. It has been rumoured several times that China will not act in concert with Great Britain in this matter. We think that it stands to reason that China will and must do so; since both are interested that Russia should be barred from Tibet. The Chinese Minister at the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg is understood to have proceeded to the latter capital some time ago for the purpose of representing to the Russian Government the claims of the Celestial Empire on the Pamirs.

Although the Afghan and Chinese troops fell back from the Yeshil Kul and from Ak-tash under compulsion by superior Russian force, these acts are not to be interpreted into a resignation of their claims. Russia has put forward the argument that the Pamirs, as former dependencies of Kokand, now belong to her. But in 1870, according to the Treaty of Livadia, Russia fixed Mount Maltabar as the southern limit of her frontier on the Pamirs. The Chinese, soon after recovering Kashgaria from Yakub Beg in 1878, placed their posts on different points on the Alichur Pamir, and there Bonvalot found them in the winter of 1886-7. When the Amir Abdurrahman has his hands free from internal rebellion, he will be able, and moreover is said to be prepared to assert his rights in Roshan, Shignan, and Wakhan.

If in the partition of the Pamirs the Granville-Gortschakoff agreement of 1872-3 is to be taken into account, the first point to be decided is whether the Aksu-Murghab or the Ab-i-Panjah is the branch of the Oxus recognized in that agreement as the northern limit of Afghanistan. Since, however, that agreement, which is a striking instance of the folly of working in the dark, was drawn up, circumstances have altered the case materially. Bokhara annexed Kulab, Hissar, Karategin, and Darwaz in or about 1877, and later on the Amir Abdurrahman annexed Roshan, Shignan, and Wakhan. Part of Darwaz is on the left bank of the main stream of the Oxus, and parts of Roshan and Shignan are on the right bank. This is contrary to the agreement. The only method of arriving at a sound settlement of the Russian, British, Afghan, and Chinese spheres of influence in the Pamirs is by the appointment of a joint Commission. We admit that our previous experiences in 1885 have not been encouraging, but by avoiding the mistakes then made we have every reason to hope for a more successful result on the Pamirs. In the first instance, the general lines of the frontier must be laid down by the respective

spective Governments beforehand, and only details left to the Commission on the spot. This is what Russia demanded and insisted on in 1884; and regardless of which Mr. Gladstone despatched a British Commissioner to the frontier only to court and meet with dishonour and disaster. It would be remarkable should it fall to Mr. Gladstone's lot to arrange for the demarcation of the frontier from Bosaga to the headwaters of the Oxus immediately on his re-assumption of office, his failure in connexion with the demarcation of the Zulfikar-Bosaga section having been almost the final fiasco of his last Ministry. However, if the main terms are laid down by the Cabinets of London and St. Petersburg, China being also invited to communicate its views; and if an able, experienced, and energetic official, enjoying the full support and confidence of the Government, is selected and sent out as British Commissioner, then we need not apprehend a repetition of the lamentable defeat of 1885.

The points that the Government must bear in mind are these: (1) That the security of our Indian frontier must be ensured; (2) that the rights of the Amir of Afghanistan must be safeguarded; (3) that England must secure to herself such a position as will enable her to protect the Amir's possessions on the Upper Oxus from future aggression; (4) that it is our interest to support the Chinese claims; (5) that trade-routes between Western China and India must be intact; and (6) that the frontier line must be laid down so fast and firm that there can be no further question of Russian encroachment on Tibet. We will consider these six points more in detail.

It is generally considered, and that on sound grounds, that the danger of an invasion of India from the side of the Upper Oxus is small. That flank is guarded by a high and difficult mountain range (Hindu Kush), crossed by a few passes ranging from 14,000 to 16,000 feet above the sea, and closed by snow for half the year. Beyond this lies the inhospitable tract of the Pamirs, which it appears that Colonel Yanoff with his small force from the Ferghana garrison has found great difficulty in crossing. On the near side of the Pamirs are Kafiristan, Chitral, Gilgit, Hunza, and Kashmir, all countries which by their geographical conformation are unfavourable to the march of a large body of troops. If an attempt is to be made to invade India from this quarter, it will probably be done through Badakhshan into Chitral, and then down the valleys of the Chitral, Dir, and Indus rivers on Jalalabad, Peshawar, or Attock. We thus see how strong is our interest to support Afghanistan in its tenure of Badakhshan, as also of Roshan, Shignan, and Wakhan,

Wakhan, which are, as it were, outposts guarding the former larger and more important district. If we cannot maintain Afghan rule there, we may perhaps find ourselves obliged to push our own garrisons forward to Faizabad or some good strategical point in Badakhshan. It is, however, decidedly preferable that all these trans-Hindu-Kush districts should remain under Afghan rule, partly because the possession of them is grateful to the Amir's ambition; and secondly, because our line of defence is best placed on and behind the Hindu Kush. It will thus be seen that the maintenance of the Amir's rule in Badakhshan, Roshan, Shignan, and Wakhan, and the security of the Indian frontier in that quarter, are, as it were, synonymous expressions. It is, however, useless for us to secure so much unless we also secure such a boundary across the Pamirs as will, when joined on to the S.W. border of Chinese Turkistan, present a frontier to Russia the infringement of which may be considered as a *casus belli*, and which will enable us, if necessary, to support against Russian aggression both China and Afghanistan, whose interests in this matter are identical with our own. We have also to secure a frontier that will place beyond Russian control the important trade-route or routes connecting Badakhshan *viâ* Tashkurgan with Yarkand. If Russia is allowed to occupy any point on that route, then the trade on it passes practically into her hands. Besides, this road from Badakhshan to Yarkand is strategically important to England, China, and Afghanistan, in that it is the line of lateral communication by which their troops may be concentrated for combined defence; if Russia cuts this line at any point, co-operation is impossible. Now it will be seen on consulting the map that the head-waters of the Aksu branch of the Oxus and the sources of the Yarkand river approach close to one another in the vicinity of Tashkurgan; and it seems quite clear that if the interests of England in that quarter, in conjunction with those of China and Afghanistan, are to be safeguarded, the Aksu branch of the Oxus must be insisted on as the line of frontier. This line linked on to the western boundary of Chinese Turkistan promises to provide a 'scientific frontier' that will at once thwart Russian aims, and further those of 'the Asiatic triple alliance' (England, China, and Afghanistan). We can but hope that the present Ministry will bear these facts in mind, and consider it their duty to secure for this country that frontier which presents the most advantages. This duty was most lamentably overlooked in 1884-5, when Russia was allowed to 'bounce' England and
Afghanistan

Afghanistan out of a broad strip of desert which from a strategical point of view was an invaluable defence to Herat. Mr. Gladstone's Ministry acted then with a timidity which might have been accepted as a proof of our absolute inability to defend our rights, were it not well known that the Russian Government was then in no position to go to war with us for the sake of Panjdeh. On the present occasion we may bear in mind that we hold a strong position on the Hindu Kush, supported by the Afghans on one side and the Chinese on the other; and that we are consequently in a position to insist on having the frontier which we consider is essential to our interests and to those of China and Afghanistan.

If we are alert and watchful, we need not be apprehensive of the result of our struggle with Russia for the mastery in Asia. In France Russia has an ally able to render her valuable assistance. The fortification of Biserta by the French as a naval port is a fresh danger to our supremacy in the Mediterranean and to our route to India *viâ* the Suez Canal. And yet, while France is strengthening in Tunis its power for offence, Radical politicians are anxious that British troops should evacuate Egypt. An ex-Foreign Minister of France, M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, recently stated that England's action in Egypt during the last ten years constituted a vested interest, and that evacuation was impossible, almost at the same moment that MM. Ribot, de Freycinet, and de Giers were supposed to be settling in conference at Aix-les-bains the action to be taken by France and Russia regarding Egypt. With China it is most important that England should be on perfectly good terms. The two nations have a common antagonist in Russia, and their wisest plan is to unite to resist her. As regards the Amir of Afghanistan, we have every confidence that the Government of India will remove or modify all causes of friction, and come to an early understanding with him. It seems difficult to believe that a tract of country such as the Pamirs can lead to a serious rupture between England and Russia. At the same time the action of Colonel Yanoff, the Russian representative (the Czar's reputed disclaimers cannot carry weight), the determined tone of the Russian press, and previous experience of Russian pertinacity, give us every reason to suppose that Russia will not yield one inch on the Pamirs if she can help it. This would be incompatible with Indian, Chinese, and Afghan interests. There is therefore reason to apprehend that the Pamir Question may lead to trouble.

- ART. X.—1. *Returns of the General Election, July 1892.*
 2. *Mr. Gladstone's Speeches in Wales, September 1892.*
 3. *Letters and Addresses of the Irish Nationalists.*

SELDOM has a change of Administration in England occurred under more remarkable circumstances than those which accompanied the transfer of power from Lord Salisbury to Mr. Gladstone in August last. A Ministry, which to the last had a working majority of nearly eighty, went out of office without a single charge of any gravity having been brought against it. Another Ministry was formed which did not dare to define its policy on the one great issue on which it was supposed to have been returned to power. The usual places having been distributed, not by any means to the satisfaction of the party which it represented, the new Government prudently decided not to meet Parliament for nearly six months. Some of its supporters demanded an autumn Session, and this was in itself, and coming from them, a reasonable demand, seeing that the leaders had gone about the country declaring that there was not a moment to lose—that the questions calling for settlement were extremely urgent in their character, and that delay in dealing with them might be disastrous. But the veteran campaigner who directed the operations was far too astute to be enticed from ambush into the open field. An autumn session would have revealed all the points of weakness which it was his main object to conceal. Even the few days which were devoted to the debate on the Address brought into prominence examples of the bitter antagonisms which lurk beneath a precarious and slippery majority of forty. The crew were in something like a mutinous condition before the vessel started from the dock. So great an enterprise as that which Mr. Gladstone has undertaken was never before dependent for success on so weak and uncertain a force. That he is fully conscious of that fact cannot be taken for granted, for the power of self-delusion which is almost a second nature to him has not diminished with age. But there was a time, and that not so very long ago, when he saw the danger of 'composite majorities,' and when he appealed to the people of England to give him a majority which should be totally independent of the Irish vote. The present situation is so precisely like that which was put forward by Mr. Gladstone as a mere hypothesis in 1885 that we invite the particular attention of the reader to his words:—

'Let me now suppose for argument's sake . . . that the Liberal party might be returned to the coming Parliament . . . in a minority,
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but in a minority which might become a majority by the aid of the Irish vote, and I will suppose that owing to some cause the present Government has disappeared, and a Liberal party was called to deal with this great constitutional question of the government of Ireland, in a position where it was a minority dependent on the Irish vote for converting it into a majority. Now, gentlemen, I tell you seriously and solemnly, that though I believe the Liberal party to be honourable, patriotic, and trustworthy, in such a position as that it would not be safe for it to enter on the consideration of a measure in respect to which, at the first step of its progress, it would be in the power of a party coming from Ireland to say, "Unless you do this and unless you do that, we will turn you out to-morrow." That, he said, 'would be a vital danger to the country and the empire.'

His actual position now could not be more succinctly or more accurately described. He will be entirely dependent on the Irish vote; and if only half of it is withdrawn from him, or if his irregular levies are not always at hand to obey the word of command, his day of power will come to an end. In the meantime, the conditions under which he holds power are, he has plainly told us, a 'vital danger to the empire.'

Such was the result brought about by the General Election of 1892. That election was carried on under a system which, if not absolutely new to political life in this country, reached a stage of development never seen here before. The Conservatives were, in numerous instances, totally unprepared to deal with it. Misrepresentations are not uncommon in the heat of battle, but they have never been attempted on such a scale, or with so much skilful organization, as the Radicals contrived to show us last July. Votes given in Parliament were deliberately falsified, in spite of the evidence afforded by the division lists. In some cases speeches were attributed to the Conservative candidates which they had never made, and indignant denials and protests seemed to have no power in checking the manufacture of these forgeries. It is difficult, apparently, to deal with a false statement which is repeated with sufficient vehemence and persistence. In many constituencies the cry that the Tory party intended to make bread dear was revived with great effect. It might have been thought that no one in these days could be found ignorant or foolish enough to be deceived by this stale imposture, but Mr. Walter Long and other members of the last Parliament have reason to know that its power over a certain section of the population is as great as ever it was. While these gentlemen were attending to their Parliamentary or official duties, their constituencies were being undermined by local rivals or by the specious emissaries of Mr. Schnadhorst.

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It is, indeed, becoming a matter of increasing difficulty for anyone possessing convictions and opinions of his own to make his way into the House of Commons. An election, in many localities, no longer turns upon great questions of State, or upon vital issues of policy. It is decided by all sorts of considerations of a personal or local nature, or affecting little groups who have combined together to further their own peculiar views. At the recent election, the candidate found himself required to yield to the demands of railway men—who now form a very strong organization—to telegraph operators, discontented persons in other branches of the Civil Service, anti-vivisectionists, anti-vaccinationists, eight-hour advocates, bi-metallists, trade unions, the Peace Society, the drink interest, the Temperance party, Church Reform associations, all sorts of associations which pay no attention whatever to Imperial politics, but which are resolved to insist upon compliance with the demands they have formulated. Many a man must have found himself sorely puzzled last July by a 'stand and surrender' summons of the 'Fabian Society,' in the shape of a modest list of thirty-six questions, presented in the very midst of the canvass, and an answer demanded by return of post. The ordinary candidate probably never heard before of the Fabian Society, and wondered by what right it called upon him to interrupt his electioneering work—arduous as that must be at the best—and give written replies to its formidable volley of questions. Yet in most boroughs this Society had some representatives, and where the contest was close they could not be ignored without considerable risk. If a candidate gives all, or nearly all, the pledges now demanded of him, he must enter Parliament not merely a delegate, but a slave, deprived of the freedom to form his own judgment on any question that may arise. For nearly everything is anticipated by the 'Fabians' and other newly-devised bodies for depriving members of Parliament of the last vestige of independence. Nothing is left open. The member is expected to provide himself with a complete outfit of opinions, specially manufactured for him in the locality which he is ambitious to represent. To fight against all this dictation means a reduced majority, to say the least, most probably the loss of the seat. For the Radical, as a rule, swallows everything at one gulp. There are honourable exceptions, as we all know, and some of them suffer the penalty of their independence. The punishment which they have often put in force against others has fallen upon their own heads. Everything that enters into Parliamentary life is undergoing a thorough change, and it is becoming harder than ever to arrive at a genuine expression of the

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the true opinion of the country on any great issue, because it is in the power of a minority in so many different constituencies to decide the election apart from that issue altogether. These are facts which the Conservative party especially have need to bear in mind, though how they are to be dealt with, unless by a great and constant sacrifice of principle, is a problem which may well baffle the wisest statesmen of our time, especially as most of these statesmen have had their full share in inventing or perfecting the new machinery.

The Radical party not only showed their willingness to do everything they were told, but they scattered gratuitous promises profusely over the land. If as many as ten men were found 'expecting' anything, there was no hesitation in assuring them they should have it. It appears now that a great many intelligent voters took these promises seriously, and fully anticipated that they would be fulfilled. It was not long before the chill of disappointment struck home to these sanguine spirits. Murmuring began to be heard even in the inner circles of the party. The composition of the new Ministry was not calculated to excite enthusiasm among those who imagined that Mr. Gladstone is as democratic at heart as he sometimes is on the platform. As one appointment after another to the Cabinet was announced, the indignation of the 'stalwarts' became more and more emphatic and outspoken. It found expression in some of the 'working-men's' newspapers, as well as in a journal which is supposed to represent the fashionable world. Mr. Gladstone had lived too long; he did not understand the party which he had to lead; he was no better than a drag upon the wheel. He had packed a Cabinet which would be subservient to his slightest wish. The 'ruling families' had again managed to get everything their own way. The heads of the two great spending departments ought always to be in the House of Commons, whereas Mr. Gladstone had unwisely chosen a peer to be First Lord of the Admiralty. With the criticism on that particular appointment we are bound to say we fully agree. What is the use of having the First Lord in the Upper House? All the details of expenditure and administration must be discussed in the House of Commons, if anywhere, and the First Lord is the only proper person to defend his department, or to explain what has been done. The Navy will now be represented in the Commons chiefly by Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, a highly respectable gentleman who has held one or two subordinate posts, but who has no knowledge whatever of naval affairs, and very little experience in business. An unpopular Whip was made Postmaster-General. A gentleman

man almost unknown in the House of Commons, except for having recited a few speeches which had been learnt by heart, was placed in the important position of Home Secretary. One of Mr. Gladstone's followers—for so, we presume, we must call Mr. Labouchere—truly remarked that Mr. Asquith had made half-a-dozen 'memory speeches,' in which the phrases were all 'beautifully balanced, the jingle of alliteration was ever recurring.' Six of these recitations were rewarded with a seat in the Cabinet and 5000*l.* a year. But Mr. Asquith was one of the leading counsel for the Parnell party on the Special Commission, and to him will be entrusted the delicate duty of reconsidering the sentences passed upon the dynamiters who are now languishing in 'British Bastilles.' It was above all things necessary to choose a Home Secretary who was known to have strong Parnellite leanings. Let us, while we can, give Mr. Asquith all due credit for desiring to perform his duty in a conscientious manner. But he has yet to prove his fitness to hold high office, and it is not reassuring to be informed that he intends handing over Trafalgar Square to the mob, and that only in rare instances will he sanction capital punishment.

This was the 'new man;' concerning the rest, the Radicals themselves declared that the 'old gang' had been foisted upon them. They were the 'fine gentlemen brigade,' the 'above-the-gangway gentlemen,' the people with money or with family influence. We should have thought that some of the minor members of the Government might have been exempted from this reproach—men such as Mr. Edmund Robertson, the new Civil Lord of the Admiralty, an industrious member of Parliament, and Mr. Burt, the best type we have yet had in the House of Commons of the 'labour representative.' Though totally opposed to the views which he holds, we welcome his appearance in the Ministry as one of the most judicious of all Mr. Gladstone's appointments. But he is the sole representative of his class upon whom Mr. Gladstone deigned to smile. Many of the offices appear to have been filled at haphazard, and they must be regarded with the same cynical amusement as that which was caused by the fact that Mr. Gladstone had not been two weeks in office before he had sent two new peers to the House of Lords—the body against which he is always endeavouring to excite the prejudices of his countrymen, and which he has more than once threatened with destruction.

But the composition of the Ministry was not the only thing which shocked those members of the Gladstonian party whose views had, as they contended, won the victory in the country. What sort of a victory it was we shall presently consider.

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sufficed to make Mr. Gladstone Prime Minister, and it was taken for granted that he would forthwith proceed to indicate some kind of 'programme' which should be acceptable to the various sections of his supporters. But it required the usual outside pressure to move him. For a time he did nothing, said nothing, promised nothing. The Labour party expected day by day to hear from him; the Scotch party asked what he proposed to do about the 'systematic and insulting neglect of Scotland'; the English Radicals very much desired to know what had become of the Newcastle manifesto; the Parnellites were imperative in their demands for the reinstatement of evicted tenants; the Anti-Parnellites, though less peremptory, warned him that Home Rule must be framed upon Irish, not upon English, ideas. The Welsh party were pertinacious in their enquiries as to Mr. Gladstone's intentions with regard to the 'alien Church' established in their midst. Something had to be done to soothe their susceptibilities, for Mr. Gladstone felt himself compelled to acknowledge that 'no portion of the country so distinguished itself at the late election as Wales,' and therefore it had 'established a claim upon the care and consideration of the Liberal party.' He felt quite certain it would not 'forget these proceedings.'* On his own mind, 'these proceedings' had the effect of stimulating his zeal for the Disestablishment of the Church; and if his words have any meaning, he did not confine himself to the Welsh Church. 'I am quite sure,' he said, 'that we have reached a point at which the establishment of strict religious equality will be alike for the interests of all classes and combinations, and for the harmony of the country.' Then came the customary qualifying remarks on the virtues of patience, and on a 'spirit of sobriety as to the amount of your expectations,' qualified in their turn by a promise that 'whatever the pressure of the Irish demands or any other question may be, even one Session of Parliament will not be allowed to pass without our being enabled to give some earnest to the people of Wales of our desire to deal with, and as far as we can to promote and push forward, the realization of their just demands.' Something, then, is to be done next Session towards bringing about Disestablishment in addition to passing a Home Rule Bill for Ireland; and we must assume that Mr. Gladstone means what he says, for he declared in the same speech that 'no greater fault could be committed by a public man than to cast out before the country a whole bundle of promises and engagements' which he might not

* Speech at Carnarvon, Sept. 12th.

be about to fulfil. There is much truth in that, though it comes with a bad grace from the author of the 'Newcastle programme.' For the moment this bid for votes seemed to have wholly slipped out of his memory, but that was, perhaps, of little consequence, seeing that many of his followers were already condemning his promiscuous 'bundle of promises and engagements' as ludicrously inadequate to the requirements of the present day. But Wales was promised something more than Disestablishment, which, as Mr. Gladstone was particular to explain, includes Disendowment. He took care not to complete his Welsh tour without giving a new and lasting impetus to the Welsh land agitation, thus adding one more to the many bequests which he will leave to the nation to work evil after he has gone. He lent the weight of his authority to the statement that rents in Wales are too high, and, in effect, he promised legislation which would bring about a compulsory reduction in them. He professed to be quite shocked at the intelligence, which he 'heard with pain,' that the Welsh landlords had only lowered their rents some 7 per cent. or so, while in England the reduction had been about 24 per cent. And in some parts—probably, as was very justly pointed out at the moment, in the vicinity of fashionable watering-places—rents had actually been increased. 'Such a question as that,' he said, 'could not fail to receive the serious attention and consideration of the Government which had just taken office.' The statement was soon proved to be altogether unfounded, but the fire was well kindled, and Welsh landlords now know what they have before them. If these Welsh speeches had been laid before some one who had studied Mr. Gladstone's past history, but who had been absent from the country for some time, and therefore did not happen to be familiar with the results of the late election, his first conclusion would be, 'There must be a good strong contingent of Welshmen in the new Parliament whose support is a little doubtful, and whom it is therefore necessary to win over by fair means or foul.' And such a conclusion would have been perfectly correct. The Welsh representation in the new House of Commons consists of twenty-eight Radicals to two Conservatives, and the Welsh Radicals were a source of considerable trouble to Mr. Gladstone even in the last Parliament. They refused to be guided by his advice, and displayed the most obstinate determination to take their own course. They even resisted him in a Grand Committee, and obliged him to attend for many hours at a time, opposing a line which they had taken up from a sheer determination to annoy him, and to do injury, as they hoped, to the Church
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of England. On the meeting of the new Parliament they held counsel together, and gave their nominal leader very clearly to understand that, while they would not oppose his Irish Home Rule operations, they did not intend to have their own demands thrust into the background. It was evident from their tone that if he wanted their support he would have to bid high for it. He took the earliest opportunity of bidding as high as he could go with any regard for public opinion elsewhere, and he did it in the presence of some of the Welsh members who had been particularly threatening in their language. For to run the risk of estranging twenty-eight Welsh votes, besides the nine Parnellites, who must always be marked doubtful, was not to be thought of for a moment. The 'Labour members' are few in number, and are not united in their policy. Some want an eight hours' law, and some do not. They can be put off till a more convenient season. But the Welsh are strong, dogged, and are not afraid of Mr. Gladstone. The most active of their number received a minor appointment in the Ministry, and the rest were bound over to keep the peace by promises which the Welsh people would be sure to accept in settlement of their claims. It is nothing that the tenantry in Wales are to be thrown into open hostility with the landlords, even in districts where fairly good relations have hitherto prevailed. All must now join in the new agitation. A well-disposed tenant, who is satisfied with his landlord, and is not at all eager to go into a land war, must 'wheel into line,' or he will soon be drummed out of the regiment. There will be a repetition of the course of events which we have witnessed in Ireland. It has been our duty more than once during the last few years to warn the public that the 'prairie value' theory could not be kept for use exclusively in Ireland; that in due season we should hear of it in Scotland, Wales, and England; and that the security of landed property would be shaken to its centre in each of those divisions of the country. That time is now near at hand.

Thus the 'Newcastle programme' soon received important additions. In fact, no programme seems to hold good for more than a month or two in the present stage of our political and moral progress. By that time somebody else introduces a new scheme to the notice of the multitude, going a good deal further than anything yet laid before them, and the old leaders find themselves outstripped in the race. The 'great chieftain' exhibits great dexterity and alertness from time to time, but he cannot go fast enough for the impatient crowd at his back. Melancholy as it is to record the fact, we are compelled to

acknowledge that the rank and file look upon their leader with much suspicion and distrust. They are bent on attaining their several ends, with his assistance if they can get it, without it if he stands aloof. It is true that Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose ignorance of practical politics is on a level with his belief in his own infallibility, recognized in the division on the motion to turn out Lord Salisbury's Government a wonderful proof of the unity of the Gladstonian party. He wrote of the 'iron discipline which has kept a majority of 40 together' *—for one division only. It does not seem to have occurred to his mind that for this particular occasion no exercise of discipline was necessary to hold the forty together. They were all agreed upon the necessity of getting rid of the Tory Government to begin with. It is the subsequent part of the business that will call for discipline, and Mr. Gladstone has taken six months to consider that. But there is nothing to fear. Mr. Frederic Harrison has settled everything for him beforehand. The Standing Orders of the House of Commons 'must be mended or suspended.' The Home Rule Bill must be rushed through by Easter. One debate 'on principle' may be allowed, not more. For consideration in Committee two or three weeks may be given as a maximum. The Closure must be moved 'every hour.' 'Constant, hourly resort to Closure'—Mr. Harrison keeps on repeating that. He does not seem to know that the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees must be reckoned with before the Closure can be applied. They have never yet allowed this instrument to be used in a tyrannical manner. Nor is Mr. Harrison aware that the House itself will not tolerate 'constant and hourly' interference with free discussion. No doubt the Closure has already been put into force to end a debate on a Bill. But it was only after ample time had been allowed for the consideration of the measure—time not to be reckoned by days, but by Parliamentary weeks. Mr. Harrison talks lightly of abolishing the present Standing Orders. That is a process which could not be carried out on his rough-and-ready method. There must necessarily be prolonged discussion, carried on under the present Standing Orders, which, as we have said, render it incumbent upon the presiding officer not to permit the deliberate and wilful suppression of free speech. In that light the rules concerning the Closure have hitherto been applied. If Mr. Harrison had taken more pains to understand the affairs on which he pours forth torrents of 'wild and whirling words,' his advice would be better worth

* 'Fortnightly Review,' September 1892.

attention. As it is, we might as well spend our time in listening to the man at the street corner.

Mr. Harrison is sufficiently acquainted with the course of Parliamentary proceedings to be aware that 'Closure every hour' will not be in itself sufficient to pass a Home Rule Bill. There is the House of Lords in the background. Scarcely any rational man contests the right of that House to make itself the means of giving the nation an opportunity of expressing its opinion on a measure which was carefully concealed from it during the time when it was sending its representatives to the House of Commons. The country asked for explanations; some of Mr. Gladstone's own followers joined in the demand. There was this very Mr. Asquith to whom reference has just been made. He called upon Mr. Gladstone to put the people in possession of the details of his measure. At a later date he expressed a confident opinion that full information would be given before the general election; but if not, then he would go into Parliament with a 'perfectly free hand.' No information whatever was given by Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Asquith went into Parliament prepared to give a blindfold support to anything that might be proposed. He could not obtain any particulars as to the Bill, but he was invited to move a resolution of 'no confidence' in Lord Salisbury's Government, with a high appointment to follow. That was 'information' enough for Mr. Asquith. But there was another class of 'Home Rulers' with whom Mr. Gladstone was much more communicative. He recognizes the difference between people who have power and those who are merely office-seekers. The Irish contingent, or at any rate those who represented the majority of that division of his forces, appear to have been able to extort from Mr. Gladstone all the guarantees they required. While the new Ministry was being formed, it was announced in the morning journals that 'Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Dillon had an interview' with the Prime Minister. In a speech delivered before the 'Irish National Federation' in Dublin, on the 24th of August, Mr. Dillon boasted that he and his friends 'took means to thoroughly inform Mr. Gladstone and his Ministers as to what were the demands that would satisfy Irish national opinion. They did not do so publicly'—they were not quite so imprudent as that—but they did it privately.' And then they boasted publicly of what they had done privately. Mr. Gladstone must at times most devoutly wish that he had allies to deal with who could keep some little guard over their tongues. But he satisfied Mr. Dillon, and that at the moment was the all-important thing. 'He was perfectly convinced'—we continue
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to quote from Mr. Dillon's speech—'that Mr. Gladstone would not finally decide upon the form of any Home Rule Bill without consulting those who were entitled to speak for the majority of the Irish people.' And what was his interpretation of that? Let us hear him once more, for certainly nothing more instructive has been uttered throughout the later phases of this discussion. 'To-day,' said Mr. Dillon, and with perfect truth, 'all the machinery of administration, and all the immense power which gathered round the Executive Government, were, practically speaking, *in the hands of the Nationalists* of Ireland.' This statement was received, as well as it might be, with 'loud and prolonged cheers.' And then Mr. Dillon continued: 'They would understand and fully appreciate the full meaning and far-reaching consequences of that event when they recalled to their minds that not even in the days of Grattan's Parliament was the Executive Administration under the control of the people of this country.' Did the people of England vote in the general election to bring about this result? No—they were told from every platform that the supremacy of the British Parliament would be amply secured—that the Irish Parliament must be subordinate to it; 'liable if need be,' as Mr. Gladstone said at Nottingham, 'to be corrected by it.' Is that what the Irishmen understand by a 'free and independent' Irish Parliament? Far from it. In the presence of the entire Irish party, not a member of which dared to contradict him, or to change a single word in his statement, Mr. John Redmond defined their expectations, during the debate on the Address, on the 8th of August. He insisted on Mr. Parnell's 'irreducible minimum,' that 'on the laws passed by an Irish Parliament there should be no English veto, except the constitutional veto of the Crown,' which, as we all know, is a thing of the past—a mere fiction. The rights of the Imperial Parliament 'would remain dormant so far as Irish affairs were concerned.' And he proceeded to make his meaning still more clear: 'What the Nationalists asked was that in the Home Rule scheme of the right hon. gentleman there should be a clause or a satisfactory undertaking, that while the Irish Parliament continued in existence, the powers of the Imperial Parliament to legislate for Ireland would never be used. . . . What the Irish members objected to was not the retention of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament in the sense that that Parliament could take away the Irish legislature, but that there should be a right of revision, amendment, review, and repeal of specific Acts of the Irish Parliament acting within its proper limits.' Where, then, comes in Mr. Gladstone's condition that the Irish Par-
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liament shall always be liable to be 'corrected' by the British Parliament? Or what becomes of Sir William Harcourt's great principle, by which he is—or was—prepared to stand or fall, formulated no longer ago than April 1891:—'The principle for which the Liberal party had contended had been the right of the Irish people to manage their own affairs, subject, always subject, to the control of the Imperial Parliament.' As for the system demanded by Mr. Parnell, and described by Mr. John Redmond, 'it was one which the Liberal party had never countenanced, and one which they would never support.' But the Irish party—for let it be repeated, Mr. Redmond spoke on this point for the whole of his party, and not a dissentient voice was heard—will have this 'system,' and nothing short of it; and if Mr. Gladstone attempts to fetter it in any way he will find the Irish vote cast against him. Sir William Harcourt can, and no doubt will, quiet his conscience by resigning his office, but Mr. Gladstone must go on with his work. If any illusions are lingering in his mind with regard to the claims he will have to meet, he cannot henceforth throw the blame on his Irish allies, or complain that they misled him. He endeavours, as is his wont, to ignore claims which he does not see his way clear either to meet or to repudiate. Thus, he replied to the important speech of Mr. John Redmond with the wholly futile remark, that he 'had not had the advantage of hearing it.' He will be obliged to hear the same thing over and over again. On the same night that Mr. Redmond presented his ultimatum, the leader of the other and larger section of the Irish party, Mr. Justin McCarthy—a gentleman who is always studiously moderate in his language—warned Mr. Gladstone and all concerned that the proposed Home Rule Bill must be 'acceptable to the people of Ireland. Of course, if it was not acceptable, there was an end of the Home Rule Bill.' Mr. John Redmond simply filled up the outline in the manner we have seen. The only Bill which will be 'acceptable to the people of Ireland' is one which will put Ireland under their control, and leave in existence nothing but a purely formal and nominal connexion with England. We can scarcely suppose that Mr. Gladstone imagines they will be contented with anything short of that; and if his followers imagine it—and most of them protested that they did during the general election—the events of next Session will be amply sufficient to undeceive them.

It is undeniable that the majority of the Irish people look for complete independence, the proposed new Parliament being a mere 'stepping stone' to it—as all their influential leaders
have

have from time to time plainly said—and that they expect Mr. Gladstone to release the dynamiters from gaol and restore to their farms all the tenants who were evicted after a certain date. No doubt they are prepared to admit that there may be some difficulty about turning out the present occupiers, who have bought and paid for their holdings, but they leave Mr. Gladstone, who is a great financier, to deal with that. The persons who would not pay their rent are to be reinstated, and the persons who did pay their money honestly are to be thrown out upon the roadside. They are only ‘land grabbers,’ and to talk of compensating them for robbing them of their land and purchase-money is nothing but ‘treason’ to the Irish nation. The case of the dynamiters is equally clear. It was very well put in August last to a meeting of 10,000 persons in the Phoenix Park. The chairman, Mr. Pierce Mahony, reminded his hearers that ‘it was during Mr. Gladstone’s administration the political prisoners were convicted.’ They must be released, but, continued Mr. Mahony, ‘they went further, and demanded the release of all men imprisoned for political offences, even supposing they were guilty.’ It has been repeatedly explained to us that the use of dynamite against the ‘Saxon usurper’ is a political offence; it is part of the ‘legitimate warfare’ waged by a weak people against a strong one. Fine-drawn distinctions in this case cannot be admitted. The demand, whether urged in or out of Parliament, is that all the prisoners shall be released. No exceptions are to be made. And Mr. Gladstone, in handling the question in the House of Commons, did not think it expedient to deny the justice of this demand, or even to criticise it. He merely reminded the Irish party that ‘in every case of criminal conviction, it is the duty of the Secretary of State at any time, when cause may appear, to examine into allegations of miscarriage of justice, and not only to do that, but to consider all the circumstances which may point either to the mitigation or the remission of any sentence that has been passed.’ And a few days afterwards he proceeded, as we have seen, to appoint to the office of Secretary of State one of the Parnellite counsel, a gentleman standing peculiarly high in the favour of the Irish party. It is true that the Nationalists were not satisfied, for they remembered what was said by their late leader in Committee Room 15—‘Mr. Gladstone is an artful old gentleman.’ He might only be throwing dust in their eyes, after all. They wanted to see their friends out of prison at once. In default of that, the true Parnellites issued a manifesto in which they warned their countrymen that ‘the hottest part
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of the battle may be yet to come.' They also said: 'It is when a British Government profess to be friendly rulers in Dublin Castle that danger threatens the National cause, for then men are tempted to lay down the arms that have enabled them to advance so far on the road to victory, forgetful that the struggle is not yet over.' We shall probably see better what all this means during the coming winter.

What is perfectly manifest is that Mr. Gladstone means, or meant, one thing and the Irish party another. Take a single example. Mr. Oscar Browning, a candidate for East Worcester-shire in the general election, pledged himself to the statement that any Bill passed by the Irish Parliament would be subject to the veto of the Crown on the advice of the English Ministers. Some one asked Mr. Gladstone whether this would really be the case, and in his reply, of May 26th last, he said: 'Mr. Browning's account of the veto, if I understand it correctly, is right, and the opposite contention is absurd.' Now, what was the opposite contention? That the veto would be exercised on the advice of the Ministers appointed by the Irish Parliament. That was pronounced by Mr. Gladstone to be absurd. But what did Mr. John Redmond declare in the House of Commons on the 8th of August last? 'As to the question of the exercise of the veto, Mr. Parnell had demanded that the veto of the Crown should be exercised as it was exercised in Imperial affairs—that was to say, in accordance with the advice of the Ministers of the Crown—and what Irish members meant was that it was to be exercised *in accordance with the advice of the Irish Ministers.*' No interference from the English Ministry was to be tolerated. As for Mr. Oscar Browning's plan, if, said Mr. John Redmond, 'that were enacted, it would make the Home Rule Bill an utter sham and a farce. It would be re-enacting under the Home Rule form the old Poynings law.' How are these views of the Irish Home Rule party and of Mr. Gladstone to be reconciled? No power on earth can do it. Either Mr. Gladstone must disappoint his Irish allies, and take the consequences, or the Irish must give way, and accept terms which they have hitherto rejected with contempt, even with abhorrence. Is the latter alternative probable at a time when the Irish hold in their hands the key of the whole position? They put Mr. Gladstone in power, they can keep him there, but he cannot by any human means be kept there without their active concurrence. Who is the most likely to yield under these circumstances? Then what becomes of Mr. Gladstone's solemn promises to the English constituencies, made by himself or by his supporters acting under his instructions, that the Imperial Parliament

Parliament should remain supreme? A signal defeat would have been inflicted upon him wherever the Irish vote was not predominant if he had defined this 'supremacy' as a veto sanctioned by the Irish Ministers. Many of his followers went before the people with pledges which were simply fraudulent. Some declared that the proposed Irish Parliament was to have no other powers than those which were exercised by the municipality of an English borough. It was the Rossendale imposition over again—'gas and water.' Thousands of voters believed it. A vast number, taking the country all through, had necessarily come upon the register since the previous election, as must always be the case. Some of them were very young; few had followed the course of public affairs with close attention. Still fewer were accurately acquainted with the details of the Home Rule controversy, or knew anything whatever of the long series of blunders and failures which marks the previous attempts of Mr. Gladstone to effect a 'final settlement' of the Irish question. In one place we heard an intelligent elector declare that at this moment any Irish tenant could be turned out of his holding at a moment's notice, without the slightest compensation for his improvements. No time would be allowed him for borrowing or raising the money with which to pay his rent. And this elector said he would vote for the Radical candidate in order that this special injustice might be prevented. He had never heard of Mr. Gladstone's Land Acts, to say nothing of the extension of the principle of those Acts under Conservative rule. And he was not an ignorant man, but one who occupied a highly respectable position in the midst of one of the most intelligent constituencies in England. Ignorance such as this is a terrific force to fight against. It was that force which lost the Conservatives many seats even in England, where information is more readily accessible, and more generally diffused, than it is in 'gallant little Wales.'

In the face of all this—of the darkness and mystery which have been thrown around the projected Home Rule scheme by its chief promoters, and of the deliberate misrepresentations of that scheme which have been circulated by his followers—there are people who tell us that the House of Lords will have no right to refer the new Home Rule Bill to the nation should it ever pass the House of Commons. The Bill has not yet been explained to the country: no one but Mr. Gladstone, two or three of his colleagues, and the Irish leaders, know anything about it, and the nation is to have no opportunity of expressing its opinion upon it. Then what is the House of Lords for? Abolish it, say the Radicals. By all means, when you have found

found out how to do it, for the absolute necessity of a second Chamber would soon become manifest, as it has been in all other countries which endeavour to work a Parliamentary system; and then we should at least have a body which could interfere with effect in such emergencies as these. There is but one way now in which the constituencies can let us know whether they approve or disapprove of the new Home Rule Bill. It is by the House of Lords sending it to them. Mr. Gladstone's majority in the Lower House will, we assume, pass the measure. If the Lords fail in their duty, it will become law without the nation having had the smallest chance of declaring their opinion upon it. And this is a measure which strikes at the present Constitution in a vital part, and practically cuts off one section of the country from the other. It is not a trivial measure, not one the effects of which will be slight and transitory. It will shake the Empire from one end to the other. But still, and in spite of all, it must not be submitted to the judgment of the people. And this is the new theory of Democratic Government. A more intolerable form of despotism was never even imagined in this country since the days of Charles I. The House of Lords would deserve any disgrace that could be inflicted on it by its bitterest enemies if it made itself a party to such a conspiracy as this. We do not say that it would be justified in refusing to pass a Home Rule Bill any number of times *after* the nation had expressed approval of it. But we do say that it will be more than justified in refusing to pass it until the nation has said Yea or Nay to it. We can only hear the verdict by a direct appeal to the constituencies. For the House of Lords to take this or any other Bill from the hands of a Dictator would be an ignominious forfeiture of its place in the Constitution, and a base betrayal of its duties and functions. We cannot suppose for a single moment that any member of that House will value at a pin's fee the menaces which are addressed to it, either by Mr. Gladstone or any of his supporters. These menaces are conveyed in a truculent manner by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who is just worth listening to on this point because he blurts out plainly what some who are in authority only venture to hint. He wishes to accomplish a certain end, but he is not by any means clear in his own mind as to the means. The House of Lords, if it should presume to interfere with the great Home Rule Bill, must be abolished. But how? When he faces that question, it is evident that Mr. Harrison is in a hopeless muddle. There must, he says, be a 'Bill for the Superannuation of the House of Lords.' Superannuation is 'good,' like 'mobled queen,' but

but what does it mean? How is a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature to be superannuated, or even superseded, by the other branch? Does the superannuation scheme include, as is customary, a system of pensions? There may be as many 'Bills' as you please, but there cannot be an Act until the House of Lords has agreed to it. Mr. Harrison has come to the conclusion that the 'Peers might refuse to pass a Bill for their own extinction.' We think it highly probable. Therefore the 'simplest arrangement would be for the Upper House to disappear in fact.' How is this wonderful process to be carried out? There would seem to be no great difficulty about it. 'An enabling Act would empower Peers to sit in the Commons.' Lord Salisbury and others would gladly enter the House of Commons, and the 'whole retrograde body of supernumeraries would retire to their counties in dudgeon.' And so vanishes the House of Lords. But not quite, for Mr. Harrison still sees that a Bill passed by one House cannot be an Act of Parliament under the present Constitution. Therefore he has another remedy. 'The formal consent of the House of Peers could be given by a few quiet officials, just as business of the Privy Council is still solemnly transacted in ancient form.' The House of Lords is, then, not to be abolished, or superannuated, but it is simply not to meet. It is to go back to the counties in dudgeon. Some 'quiet officials' are to declare its assent to whatever Bills are sent up to it. Here we have practical common-sense applied to politics. This is the last and finest fruit of the statesmanship of what Mr. Harrison is pleased to call a 'genuine democratic Republic.' It is incredible that such stuff should be seriously put forward by a man who has arrived at years of discretion, and who sets himself up as a leader of other men, or of any party which is in search of a leader. But we take the facts as they are, and as an exponent of Hyde Park politics Mr. Frederic Harrison is perhaps not the most rash and heedless of his tribe.

But still the question recurs, Are the people to be allowed to express their opinions on the Home Rule Bill? Mr. Gladstone is going to force that Bill through the Lower House, if he can, by an Irish majority. For in Great Britain he has no majority—the country is entirely at the mercy of the Irish vote. The tail wags the dog. Mr. Gladstone would have been in a minority but for that section of the population which has always boasted of its eagerness to pull England down from her lofty place in the world, and to begin by driving her out of Ireland. That the Irish have a perfect right to be heard on this issue no one would deny; but that she has a far more powerful voice

voice than she ought to have—that she is extravagantly over-represented in the House of Commons—is equally beyond denial. We were in hopes that the late Government would have redressed this grievous wrong, but it was led into legislation of a wholly different kind. Ireland now has 103 members in the House of Commons, whereas on the basis of population she should have no more than 82; and if any other basis were taken as the standard—such as the contribution to Imperial taxation—she would have still fewer. We need scarcely remark that Lord Salisbury is perfectly well aware of this, and indeed he distinctly called public attention to it in a speech delivered at Rossendale on December 3rd, 1890. ‘I quite admit,’ he said, ‘that at the present moment Ireland is over-represented. I believe that the great defect of our present representation is that the Celtic races of the country on both islands are represented enormously out of proportion to the rest, the Anglo-Saxon population.’ Moreover, it has been pointed out that while London returns 62 members to the House of Commons, or one for every 68,000 inhabitants, Ireland returns 103, or one for 45,700 inhabitants. The ‘Times’ has shown that 28 great towns in England return 141 members, or at the rate of one for 66,600 inhabitants. ‘If the 28 towns were represented on the same scale as Ireland, they would return 205 members instead of 141. Roughly speaking, any two Irish voters from Munster or Connaught have as much power to control the destinies of this Empire as any three voters in London, Liverpool, or Birmingham.’ It is impossible to defend this inequality; in fact, we have never seen any attempt to defend it, except by the argument that the Act of Union prescribes 103 as the number of members to represent Ireland. But in a still more solemn manner this Act declared that the Protestant Episcopal Church ‘shall be and shall remain in full force for ever.’ Mr. Gladstone made short work of this Article, and the one which comes immediately before it is of no greater sanctity or binding force. The Irish vote, unfortunately for the nation, is not confined to Ireland. It is strong enough in too many English boroughs to decide an election. And wherever the Irish vote is found, it is cast upon one broad principle—that of uncompromising hostility to England. All other questions go for nothing. The English community in a borough is probably pretty equally divided, in the absence of any exceptional issue which has excited much popular feeling. The difference in numbers between the two parties does not exceed, in very many cases, more than two or three hundred.

Then

Then comes in the Irish vote and swamps the borough. Take away this vote, and there would scarcely have been a solitary member sent from England to Parliament to support Mr. Gladstone except from some of the Northern boroughs. The effect of this was well brought out by Mr. Balfour in a speech made in July last. He pointed out that the position now taken up by Mr. Gladstone and his friends is that the 'United Kingdom is to be governed not as a United Kingdom, but as a kingdom composed of three or four separate nationalities, each of which is to manage its own affairs.' His argument, which is absolutely unanswerable from the Gladstonian point of view, ran thus:—

'If that doctrine is to be accepted, then I say we have a right to exclude from a decision upon English matters those Irishmen who live in England but who do not join either English party, and who remain Irishmen though resident in England, whose allegiance is to an Irish and not to an English party, who are governed by Irish and not by English organizations, who remain in fact members of an Irish nationality, although accident may have caused them to live in England. Why should we, if we are to be governed by nationalities at all, if that principle is to be accepted, be controlled by the Irish vote in our great towns? . . . Who doubts, *if the Irish vote were expunged from the boroughs*, that the Unionist party would sweep them from the North of Scotland to the South of England? Mr. Gladstone represents not the majority of his Scotch constituency—on the contrary, he represents the minority of his Scotch constituency, with the Irish contingent superadded. There are, I suppose, about a thousand Irish electors in Mid-Lothian, and they all voted solid for Mr. Gladstone. He was returned by a majority of some 700; therefore on the Scotch vote in his constituency he is not a member for Mid-Lothian at all, and has no right to speak for the Scotchmen in the constituency. And what is true of Mid-Lothian is true of countless constituencies in the United Kingdom. There is not a seat in Manchester—I speak of Manchester because I represent one of the constituencies there—there is not a seat in Manchester which would be gained by our opponents if it were not for the Irish vote. So that really we are being brought to this under the new system of nationalities—that the Irish are to manage their own affairs in Ireland, which we are not to be allowed to touch; they are to manage our affairs in England by means of representatives sent over from Ireland to Westminster—representatives, recollect, who have not the slightest interest in our welfare—and, in addition to managing our affairs by means of Irish representatives sent over to Westminster, the Irish are to manage our affairs by means of the Irish vote in the big towns and in the manufacturing districts of this country.'

Some day the English people will turn their most serious attention to this subject, and then they may take measures to
prevent

prevent this great country being governed wholly by Irishmen. If 'revolution' is to be the order of the day, why not take it with a little self-defence thrown in?

As to the facts, there is no possibility of explaining them away. They must reach the public mind sooner or later, in spite of the misrepresentations and the ignorance of some of the foolish agitators who are clamouring for the destruction of all the institutions under which the country has grown great. Even they will be obliged to see by and by, if they do not see it now, that England has sent to Parliament a majority of 71 members against Mr. Gladstone's schemes. Taking Great Britain from end to end, he is still in a minority of 15. There are ten counties which did not return a single Gladstonian representative—among them Kent, with its unbroken phalanx of 15 for the Union—and there are 17 more which show Unionist majorities. Two hundred and thirty-six Conservatives and 32 Liberal Unionists were elected from English constituencies, as against 196 Gladstonians. Before the general election it was candidly admitted by some of the Irish leaders that, if there were not a majority in England in favour of Home Rule, it would be impossible to carry the measure. They may not have been so ready to acknowledge this since the election, but the truth remains the same. Lord Brassey, speaking at Hastings, confessed that, as regards Home Rule, 'no great change can be attempted by the Liberal party without a commanding majority on this side of St. George's Channel.' The Liberal party is in a huge minority on this side of St. George's Channel, but the 'Celtic races' came in and overruled the voice of England. In Wales, in parts of Scotland, and in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone carried the day. Wherever the illiterate voter is most numerous, or ignorance is most rife, there he found the bulk of his supporters. But he was shaken in Scotland in some important constituencies, not forgetting his own, where he lost 4000 votes as compared with 1885. In Ireland priestly intimidation was used without mercy on his side. The late member for East Wicklow, Mr. Corbet, speaking as an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, and a Nationalist, put the matter very plainly in his farewell address to his constituents:—

'In Ireland the Ballot Act and the extension of the franchise have not secured freedom of election. There is no use mincing matters: under episcopal and clerical influence the exercise of the franchise has become a mockery and a farce; and unless a rescript from Rome, or, failing that, an Act of Parliament from Westminster, puts a stop to the personal interference of priests at elections, save as regards the exercise of their own legitimate civil rights, Mr. Speaker might just

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as well issue his writs to the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland instead of to the High Sheriffs, and the franchise might as well be confined to the clergy themselves.'

It is notorious that the Anti-Parnellites owe their successes to shameless 'coercion,' put into operation by the priests, who in some cases practically took charge of the polls, and compelled the electors to vote according to their orders. We do not contend that these voters would have gone over to the Conservative party in any case, but care was taken that there should be no room for the slightest show of independence. And even under these circumstances the Unionists won five seats in Ireland, no unimportant gain, especially when we remember that a Dublin constituency was among the five. Ulster, where we were told that ignominious defeats awaited us, more than held her ground, for she compelled Mr. Sexton, who was always threatening Mr. T. W. Russell with extinction, to take refuge elsewhere. Mr. Sexton himself will admit that this was not a very pleasant incident of the election. Mr. T. W. Russell, who has laboured hard in the cause of the Union, was returned by an increased majority. That was a thoroughly satisfactory reply to Mr. Sexton's frequent taunts that Mr. Russell was a 'carpet-bagger,' who would be turned adrift by South Tyrone at the first opportunity which presented itself.

Looking at these results, any reader of ordinary intelligence will be able to form his own conclusions with regard to Mr. Frederic Harrison's boast, that 'no great policy has ever received so thorough, precise, and unqualified a sanction from the people' as that of Home Rule. The English people have condemned it by an overwhelming majority, and we presume they are still a part of this nation, though at present they must submit to the dictation of the Irish. That is a state of affairs which cannot last. Mr. Gladstone has a majority of 40 now, but in 1868 he went into office with a majority of 115, in 1880 with one of 165, and in 1885 with one of 170, including the Parnellites, who became his allies during his two last Administrations. What became of those majorities? In the course of a comparatively short time he managed to scatter them to the winds. The process of attrition and desertion will go on at a more rapid rate than ever when he brings his forty to the usual Parliamentary tests. It will be impossible to 'square' all the groups beforehand, as the Welsh group was 'squared.' There are always some persons, on the formation of every Ministry, who consider that they have been grossly ill-treated, and who go about with a grievance rankling in their hearts.

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There seem to us to be an unusually large number of these 'soreheads,' as the Americans call them, in the new Gladstonian party. Many expected 'recognition' who have failed to obtain it. One or two have been imprudent enough to proclaim their grievances from the house-tops. Others have only remonstrated indirectly through the medium of kind friends. It is not for us to decide whether Mr. Gladstone has used any of his friends in a way which they have reason to resent, and some of his omissions recommend themselves to every impartial looker-on. It was not without intention, we may be tolerably sure, that he left Professor Stuart, the author of the famous Dopping fable, out in the cold. Mr. Gladstone was made to eat so much dirt in connexion with the Dopping gun, that he must have thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of rewarding the ingenious patentee. But these 'lepers' and outcasts have votes, and they may possibly use them in an unexpected manner, or refrain from using them at some critical moment. There may not be a settled intention to embarrass the illustrious head of the party, but the chapter of accidents will always be against him.

Nor is the general voice of public opinion in his favour even at the outset. The circumstances under which he had to withdraw from office in 1885, and those which accompanied the close of Lord Salisbury's Ministry, form far too striking a contrast not to have made a deep impression on the minds of all who are capable of remembering what has happened even during the last decade. Almost everything that could humiliate a Minister or his country marked the history of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration. He had waged costly and unnecessary wars; he had made more than one dishonourable peace; he had brought Ireland 'within measurable distance' of civil war; he had increased the national expenditure of one year to 100,000,000*l.*; he or his colleagues had given great umbrage to most of our colonies, stirred up great ill-feeling in India, engendered bitter animosities between the 'classes' and the 'masses' in England, and when he retreated from Downing Street he left us on the brink of a war with Russia. His own followers were as amazed at his acts as all the rest of the world. The record of disgrace was completed by the great surrender to the Parnellites in his short Administration of 1886. Taken altogether, these two Administrations are full of events to which no one can look back without a feeling of shame. No reputation but that of Mr. Gladstone could have survived them. Fortunately for him, the larger number of the people of this country, in the present day, rarely recollect anything which occurred more than a month ago, and, as he has remarked, they

are 'ignorant of foreign politics'—an ignorance which many a time has been his best friend. Even the educated class forget quickly, and do not judge of a man's fitness for power by his past history. In the case of Mr. Gladstone, the utmost generosity is always shown. It is not surprising that it should be so. If we look at him from all sides, he is the most interesting man in England. No one is so versatile, no one of his age is capable of doing so much hard work, no one can make himself more agreeable in any and every sphere of life. He is always before the people, and generally in an attractive light. His great age and his marvellous facility in adapting himself to the circumstances of the moment throw a sort of romance around him. He is still first in the House of Commons. Whatever he has to do there, be it a small or a great matter, he does well—we mean, of course, from a strictly Parliamentary point of view, and apart from considerations of policy. He is almost the only man who preserves the dignified manner and tone of the better days of the House of Commons. He will move the adjournment of the House in a way that for a moment produces the impression he is performing an act of the highest State importance. Wherever he goes, he manages to excite enthusiasm. If he is on a little tour, some one of 87 or 88 who has come a long way to meet him will be introduced to him, and the two old men will stand talking pleasantly before a great crowd, who are delighted with the sight. It is the 'one touch of nature' which pleases everybody. He knows exactly how to win the sympathies of the people. These characteristics are seen and remembered when his mistakes as a statesman are forgotten. Future generations will not understand how it was that he possessed such enormous influence, in the face of the long series of blunders which are recorded against him from the days of the Crimean War down to the bombardment of Alexandria, and onward again from his determination to hand over Ireland and its destinies to the very men whom he had publicly accused of seeking to 'march through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire,' men 'whose footsteps were dogged by crime.' They will not comprehend why, after leading his country into so many terrible errors, he should at the age of 82 have once more been able to climb to power. They will have to give the fullest weight to the consideration that, in spite of our reputation for being a phlegmatic and cold race, we are in reality at heart emotional and sentimental; and no public man has ever understood the art of playing upon those weaknesses so skilfully as Mr. Gladstone. Thus it came to pass that he always contrived to 'live down' or explain away the consequences

consequences of acts which would have ruined any other public man we have ever had in England.

But, when all is said, there remains the fact that he went out of office in 1885 with a history which was so shameful that it did, for a time, bring him very low, and prepare the way for his signal defeat in 1886. But in August last, as we began by remarking, there was absolutely no serious charge to be alleged against Lord Salisbury's Ministry. The cry of 'Coercion' was raised, but no coercion was practised except against those who wilfully broke the laws. It was not as it was in Mr. Gladstone's time, when persons could be arrested for being found outside their houses between sunrise and sunset, when all 'strangers' were liable to be seized by the police, and when any person could be imprisoned for six months without even being informed of the nature of the charge against him. Then the Irish jails were filled with 'suspects,' and most of the Irish leaders, from Mr. Parnell downwards, were deprived of their liberty. This was something like Coercion; but under the Crimes Act of Lord Salisbury's government, no injustice was done to any man or woman,—nobody was imprisoned who did not deserve it. And in the end what was the state of Ireland? Lord Salisbury left it more tranquil and more prosperous than it had been for many years. There were no longer two Governments in Ireland, one carrying on its work in the name of the National League, and the other—the less powerful of the two—in the name of the Queen. The National League was reduced to a mere name, and the lawful Government was everywhere supreme. It is important that this should not be forgotten, for Ireland may once more present a very different picture before many months have passed away. It took about five years of 'resolute government' to convince the agitators and their dupes that Mr. Balfour was not to be trifled with, and that retribution was sure to follow and overtake crime. But the lesson was learnt very thoroughly. Disorder of any kind became exceedingly rare, and when Lord Salisbury went out of office there was not a single person in jail under the provisions of the Crimes Act, and the Act itself was withdrawn so far as the greater part of Ireland was concerned. The only 'cruelties' that were perpetrated from the autumn of 1886 to that of 1892 were those which could be traced directly to the hands of the Irish leaders. Those leaders, especially Mr. Dillon and Mr. Wm. O'Brien, forced many a tenant to refuse to pay his rent, and thus to sacrifice his holding, under the promise that he should be 'well taken care of'; and then they left him to starve. They ruined many a family who had no desire to quarrel with their landlords, and who were as
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able as they were willing to pay their rents. No Government of modern times has so much heartless wrong-doing to answer for as that which drove prosperous tradesmen and tenants out of Tipperary into the desolate waste of 'New Tipperary,' where bankruptcy and starvation awaited them. This was the work of Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Dillon. They led the people to give up good homes and take refuge in wretched cottages and shanties; and what happened at last? Most of the tenants were glad to return to the old town, after paying heavy costs. Some were hopelessly sunk in debt. The National League could not or would not give the assistance it had promised. The houses in New Tipperary were worthless, whereas some of the shops in the old town had a valuable 'goodwill' attached to them, and all were doing a prosperous business. The new town was a grotesque failure from the first. This was what came of taking the advice of 'patriotic' leaders. Is it to be supposed that the Irish people were taught nothing by these events? Doubtless they were taught much, and that partly accounts for the collapse of the National League before Lord Salisbury's retirement. But when the change of government took place, and when their leaders went about telling them, in effect if not in so many words, that henceforth they had nothing to fear from magistrates or the police, they naturally believed that the 'no rent' flag might again be hoisted. Preparations were begun for another attack upon the landlords, and among these preparations not the least significant were the assertions freely made in the Gladstonian journals, that the landlords had made up their minds for an extensive campaign of evictions during the winter. This was, of course, designed to make the way easy for a new rent war on the part of the tenants. First throw suspicion on the landlords by accusing them of an aggressive movement against the tenants, and then there would be no danger of the sympathies of the public flowing in the wrong direction. The device has frequently been put into operation with success, and there is no reason why it should fail now.

Fortunate, indeed, shall we be if we have not good cause to remember the condition in which Lord Salisbury left Ireland when we cast our eyes over that country a few months hence. We have briefly compared it with the Ireland handed over by Mr. Gladstone to Lord Salisbury in 1885 and again in 1886. Events are moving rapidly. Mr. John Morley has practically caused it to be announced that the Crimes Act is extinct. He cannot, it is true, repeal it, but he can decline to put it into execution, and it is quite understood that he intends to adopt that course. He has decided to appoint a 'small Commission,'
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which shall act promptly, to enquire into the cases of the evicted tenants, and consider what means 'should be adopted for bringing about settlements' and their 'reinstatement.' Thus one of the foremost and most pressing demands of the Nationalists is likely to be satisfied. Another great concession to the agitators is that of appointing magistrates of whom they are pleased to approve. This is one way of 'making things pleasant' for the law-breakers in Ireland. It would be a great convenience to the criminal classes everywhere if they could make sure of being tried by their own associates, or by persons who held that they were not to be bound by 'foreign laws,' and that all laws were 'foreign' which were likely to have the effect of throwing criminals into prison.

The two Irelands, the Ireland of 1885 and the Ireland of August 1892, sufficiently marked the distinction between Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Salisbury's method of government. If we turn to Foreign Affairs, the contrast is equally striking. In this field Lord Salisbury has no adverse critic. During his Administration there were no wars, although the country was greatly strengthened to meet any emergency that might arise. The Navy was once more rendered worthy of its great traditions and of the imperative requirements of the present day. The largest and finest vessels of war were turned out in the shortest space of time ever known, and smaller battle-ships were completed at a rate which astonished naval men in all countries. We were put into a far better state to meet war than we had been for at least half a century, and at the same time war was kept at a distance from us.

Yet many circumstances occurred between 1886 and 1892 which, in Mr. Gladstone's hands, might easily have led to a fresh series of 'military operations,' carried on, as he said of his Egyptian wars, 'on the principles of peace.' The jealousy of France concerning the English occupation of Egypt, the Triple Alliance, the threatenings and bluster of the United States over the Behring Sea seal-fisheries, the crafty intrigues of Russia in Turkey, the attempts of Russia to set our North-West frontier in India in flames—all or any one of these difficulties might, in less skilful hands than those of Lord Salisbury, have been a source of great danger to the country. With consummate ability and tact he steered safely past them. His correspondence with the United States on the Behring's Sea dispute is a masterpiece of diplomacy. Sometimes he was met in what appeared to be a deliberately quarrelsome and irritating spirit, especially in the later despatches from Washington, but he succeeded in getting the best of the
controversy

controversy without yielding a single point which it was his duty to defend. As for Egypt, immense boons have been conferred upon the whole country, her finances have been placed upon a sound basis, and disorder has been quelled. We are on terms of amity with every foreign nation. To none has Lord Salisbury given just cause of offence. He did not have to begin his work at the Foreign Office with an abject apology to Austria, after deliberately insulting her. He avoided casting foolish and needless reproaches upon Turkey. He continually showed a firm front to Russia. But as soon as it seemed likely that a general election would restore Mr. Gladstone to office, the progress of Russian aggression on our Indian frontiers was resumed. When Lord Beaconsfield was doing his utmost to keep Russia from advancing to Constantinople, Mr. Gladstone sought to neutralize all his efforts, and to give Russia all the encouragement in his power. He once told us that he had 'no fear of the territorial extensions of Russia in Asia, no fear of them whatever,' and that he looked upon such 'fears as no better than old women's fears.' When he was last in office, Russia pressed on with so much vigour that eventually Mr. Gladstone himself was obliged to think of measures of defence. He had done much to imperil our friendly relations with Germany. Prince Bismarck was Chancellor at that time, and he had not taken much trouble to disguise his opinion that it was a rash and foolish thing to entrust the destinies of a great country like England into the hands of Mr. Gladstone. He had more than once made some caustic remarks, which could have but one application, as to the imprudence of placing a man at the head of affairs because he happened to be a great orator. Such men, he said, were too poetical, too full of imagination to deal with serious affairs of business. They became mere advocates, ready to defend one side of a question to-day and quite the opposite side to-morrow. Their opinions changed with every gust of public opinion, or what they took to be public opinion. Between Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck a great coldness sprang up, and it affected all our relations with Germany. This evil also passed away when Lord Salisbury succeeded Mr. Gladstone in 1886. But the Russian official journals lost no time in avowing that Russia 'could not trust Lord Salisbury.' Under all the circumstances, it is not desirable that Russia should have cause for rejoicing over the accession of any particular Minister to office. We desire to remain on amicable terms with Russia, but we do not desire to derive from her any assistance in the management of our foreign policy.

What Mr. Gladstone handed over to Lord Salisbury was a
chaotic

chaotic mass of misunderstandings, quarrels, and miserable intrigues. What Lord Salisbury handed back to Mr. Gladstone is a country at peace with all the world, and with the law supreme within her own borders. The dangerous entanglements which had been incessantly accumulating from 1880 to 1886—for Lord Salisbury could do nothing in the short interval of office which came to him in 1885—had all been swept away. Much had been done to advance the welfare of the people, taxation had been materially lightened, measures had been adopted for multiplying small holdings, education had been made free. No one can ever allege that the late Administration was too Conservative in its treatment of public questions. Many are of opinion that it went much too far the other way. But it must always be remembered that the Conservative party was not in power between 1886 and 1892. It had allies, and without their aid it could not have carried out its first and greatest pledge, that it would maintain the Union. The position was extremely difficult from the first. Without the Liberal Unionists—some of whom were extreme Radicals, acting with the Conservatives on one issue only, and exercising great power over the Government—Lord Salisbury could not have remained in office a month. Their regular attendance in the House, and their regular support when the division bells rang, were absolutely indispensable. They never neglected these duties. The division lists will show that they formed an essential part of every majority recorded for the Ministry. In other words, if they had been absent, or if any considerable section of them had been lukewarm, the Government would have been left in a minority. They numbered 78 at the opening of the Parliament of 1886, and 64 at its close. The leaders, Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, were always at their posts when they were required. The alliance was perfectly successful in its main object, but, to speak plainly, it had to be paid for. Sometimes the price was heavy. And it is well worthy of observation that the measures of the late Government which were and are ascribed to the influence of its Radical allies, failed to strengthen the Conservatives in any part of the country. The Radical party did not thank us for them, and many Conservatives were estranged from us. 'If,' it was often said, 'a Conservative Government exists only for the purpose of passing Radical legislation, it is far better for the country that the Conservatives should be in opposition, for then at least they may serve to act as a drag upon the wheel. The pace may be retarded.' The friends of voluntary schools greatly dreaded the consequences of the Free Education Act, and it remains to be proved that their alarms were

were groundless. In some boroughs where the Radicals have almost everything in their own hands, and where the best of the voluntary schools are under Conservative control, there will be a great deal of friction. The provisions of the Act enabling a small number of persons to demand free places in any school have but recently come into operation, and there has not yet been time to see how they will work. If the schools in question are to be free to some, they will soon have to be free to all. No advantage will be gained by some parents paying fees when all the pupils are placed upon the same level. The 'safeguards' and 'restrictions' which were contained in the Act of 1891, were good for nothing as soon as a Radical Government came into power. It is true that the most profuse promises were given that the voluntary schools should never suffer injury, but the Radicals in the House of Commons fairly warned the managers of these schools that such promises were no better than the idle wind. The general election took place a few months after the Bill became law, and not a single Conservative was favoured with an extra vote on account of it. If he claimed any credit for it on behalf of his party, he was laughed at. Such is the reward which Conservatives invariably receive when they borrow their ammunition from the Radical arsenal. We should hope that this last lesson will create a deeper and more abiding impression than many of the same kind which have preceded it.

It now remains to be seen how much further the party in power will carry what is called 'Democratic' legislation. The theory that everything must be sacrificed to Home Rule will not, in our judgment, hold good in practice. Mr. Gladstone would perhaps prefer to carry out his professions in this respect, but a good many warnings have reached him, even in these early days of the Parliament, that he is not master of the situation. He will doubtless be allowed to make the introduction of a Home Rule Bill his first important measure, but we doubt very much whether he is strong enough to keep it first all through the Session. His 'candid friend' has told him plainly that the people do not care so much about this Home Rule question, in any of its phases, as he seems to suppose; and that if he insists on pressing it forward at all costs, he will bring a crushing defeat upon his party at the next election. He has been obliged, as we have seen, to succumb at very short notice to 'gallant little Wales.' This is not the way to keep up the discipline which Mr. Harrison was so overjoyed to perceive in the vote for turning out Lord Salisbury. One concession involves another, and Mr. Gladstone will find that times have
changed

changed very much since he could decide upon a line of action without consulting even his colleagues. He will have to open up the Disestablishment question in some form or other, for to that he is distinctly pledged. Then there is a new Registration Bill, about which his English supporters are exceedingly importunate, and he will continually be badgered from below the gangway concerning the Payment of Members, 'One Man one Vote,' and the other nostrums which he has himself recommended to the country. The war of the 'masses' against the 'classes,' which he has done more than any other man to excite and embitter, must go on. It must be fought out to the end, whatever that end may be, and on that point it is unnecessary to make any predictions. The few are not likely to prevail against the many. It is often said that the prophecies of evil which were uttered in 1832 have all been falsified. It is not true. One after another they are being fulfilled. The movement began very slowly, in accordance with our English nature and habits, but it has been steady and continuous, and always in one irrevocable path. No step towards that general upheaval of political and social life which was foreseen years ago has ever been reversed. Now it is going on with great velocity. The Land, the Church, Capital, all must pass through the furnace. That shrewd observer, Prince Metternich, said long ago that of all the revolutions hanging over Europe the most destructive was that which would be witnessed in England, because there a Church and a landed interest still remained to become the 'spoils of the ravenous democracy which was working its will over the European monarchies.' The man must be blind who cannot see how much nearer we are to the grand attack than we were a few years ago. The present Government may not last very long, but it will last long enough to carry us one stage further on the road. And when next the Radicals obtain possession of power, no one will have cause either to complain or to boast that the predictions of 1832 and of 1867 have been long in course of fulfilment. The 'ruling families,' who still find some sort of shelter under Mr. Gladstone's protection, had better make the best of the brief day which is before them. They have helped to accelerate the revolution which will at no distant date sweep them away. The 'noble lords' in the present Cabinet are not looked upon with indulgent eyes by the real leaders of the people. Even Lord Rosebery, who has tried to keep up with the foremost, is assailed as one of the aristocrats who must be relegated to their proper place. There will be no distinctions made when once the 'workers of the country

take hold of the State machine.' At present, Mr. Gladstone is sowing the wind. His successors will reap the whirlwind. Even to him the prospect is not unclouded. If he had the power to bring into existence a party and a Ministry after his own mind, we should see a considerable change in the composition of the House of Commons and in the list of his colleagues. It is but just that he should be made to work with the weapons which he had no scruple in using when he was seeking to reach power. We shall not have long to wait to see a good many of them turned against himself. Would that this were the most and the worst that we had to look forward to!

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